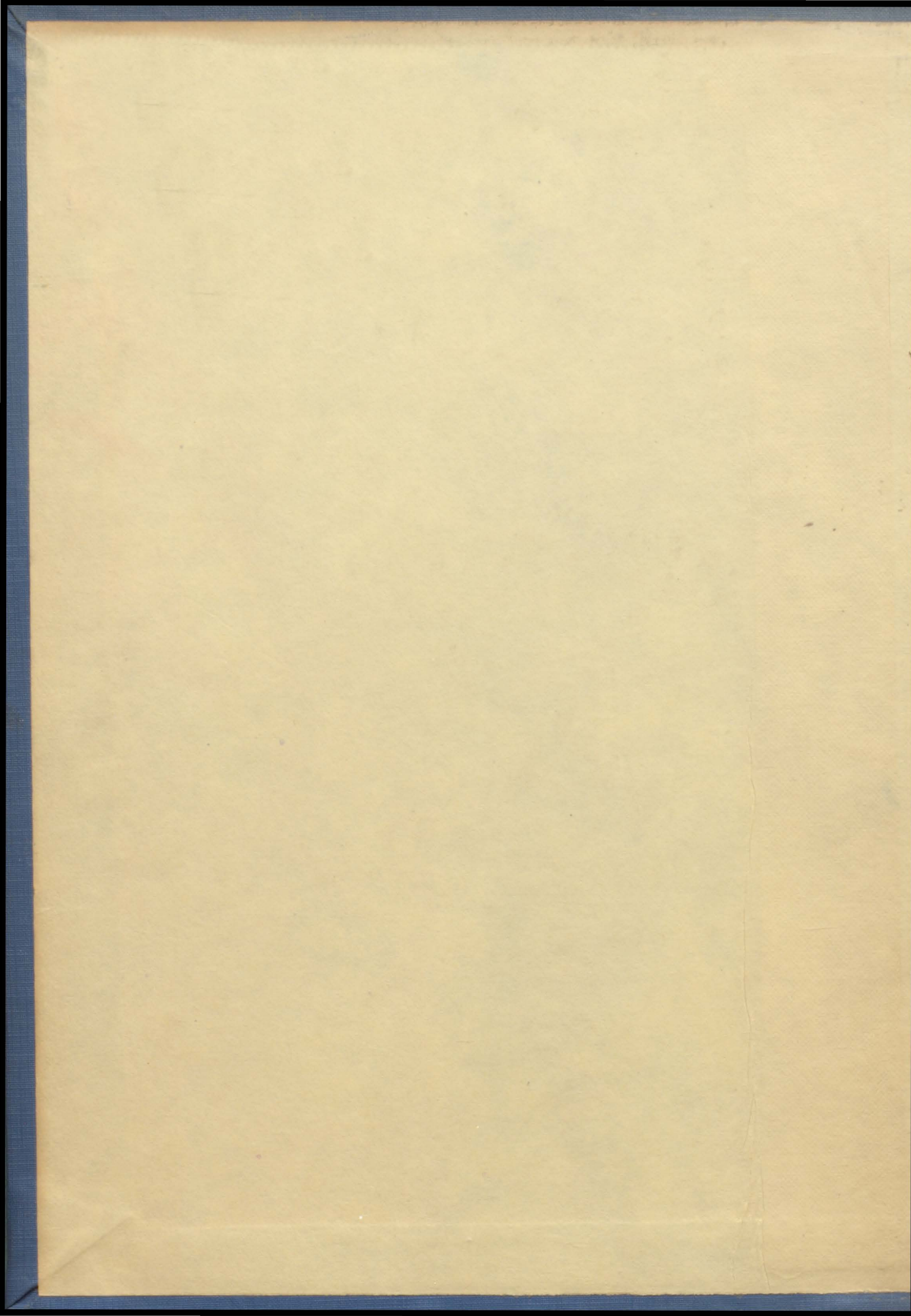
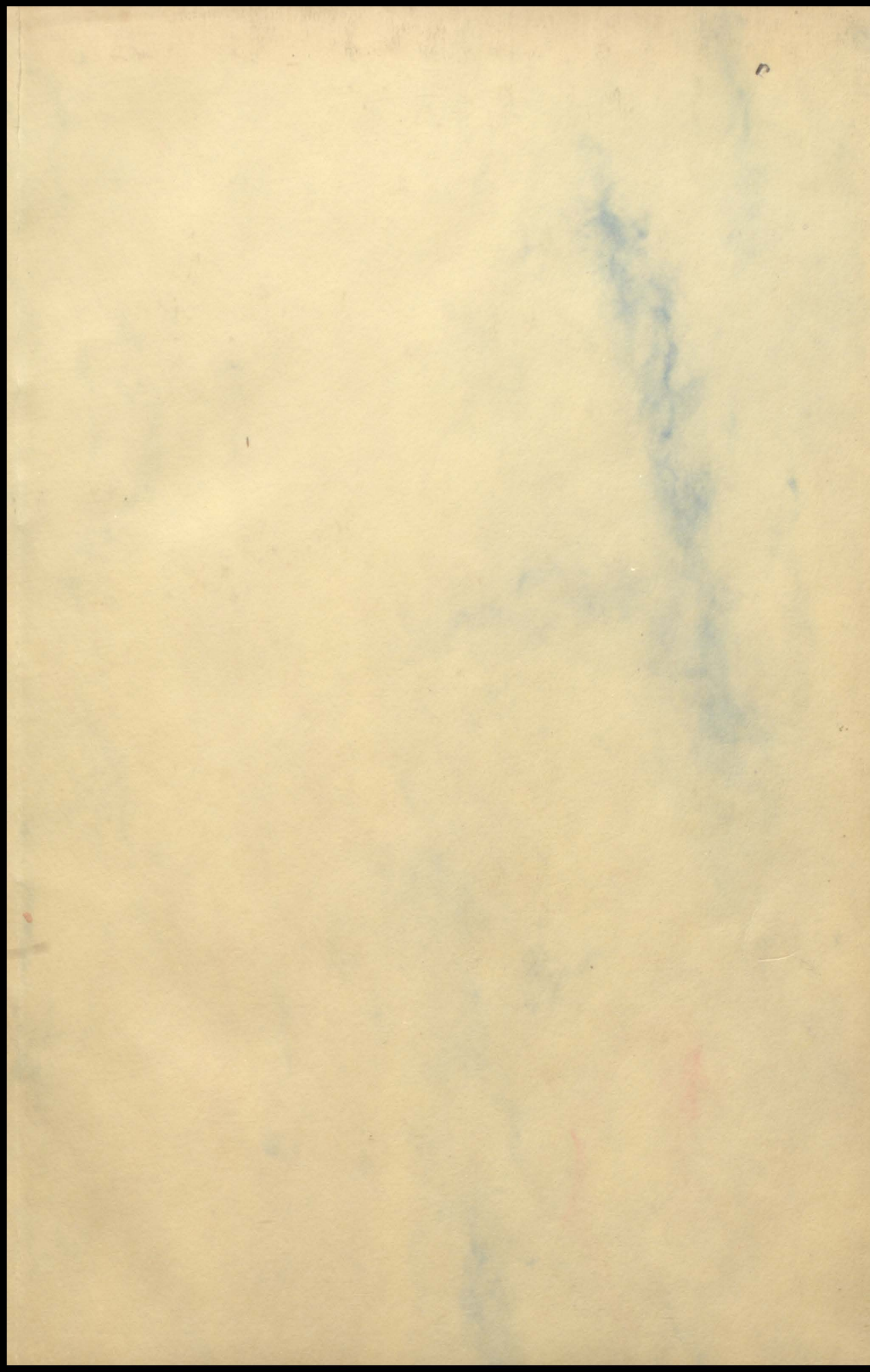
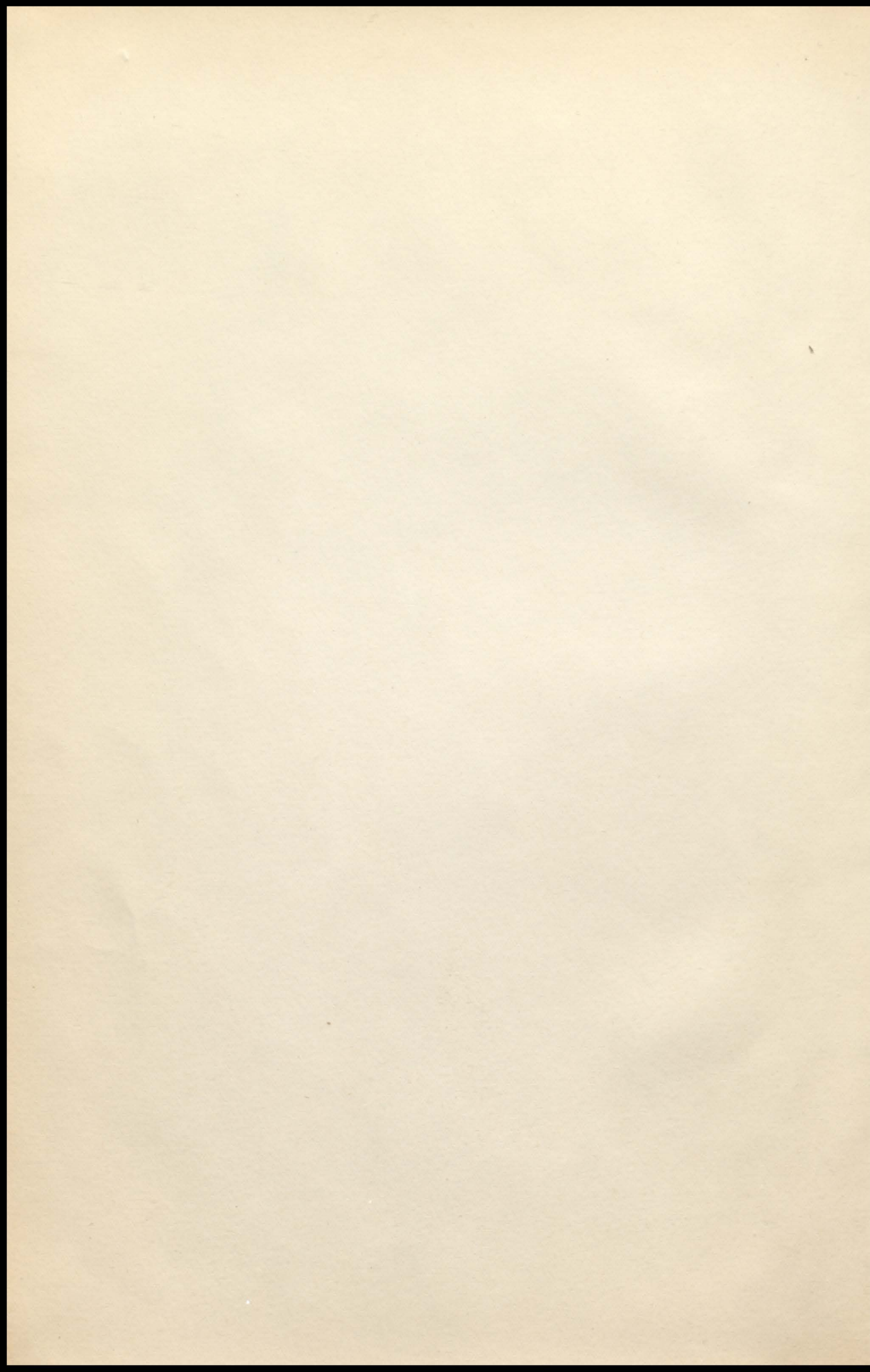
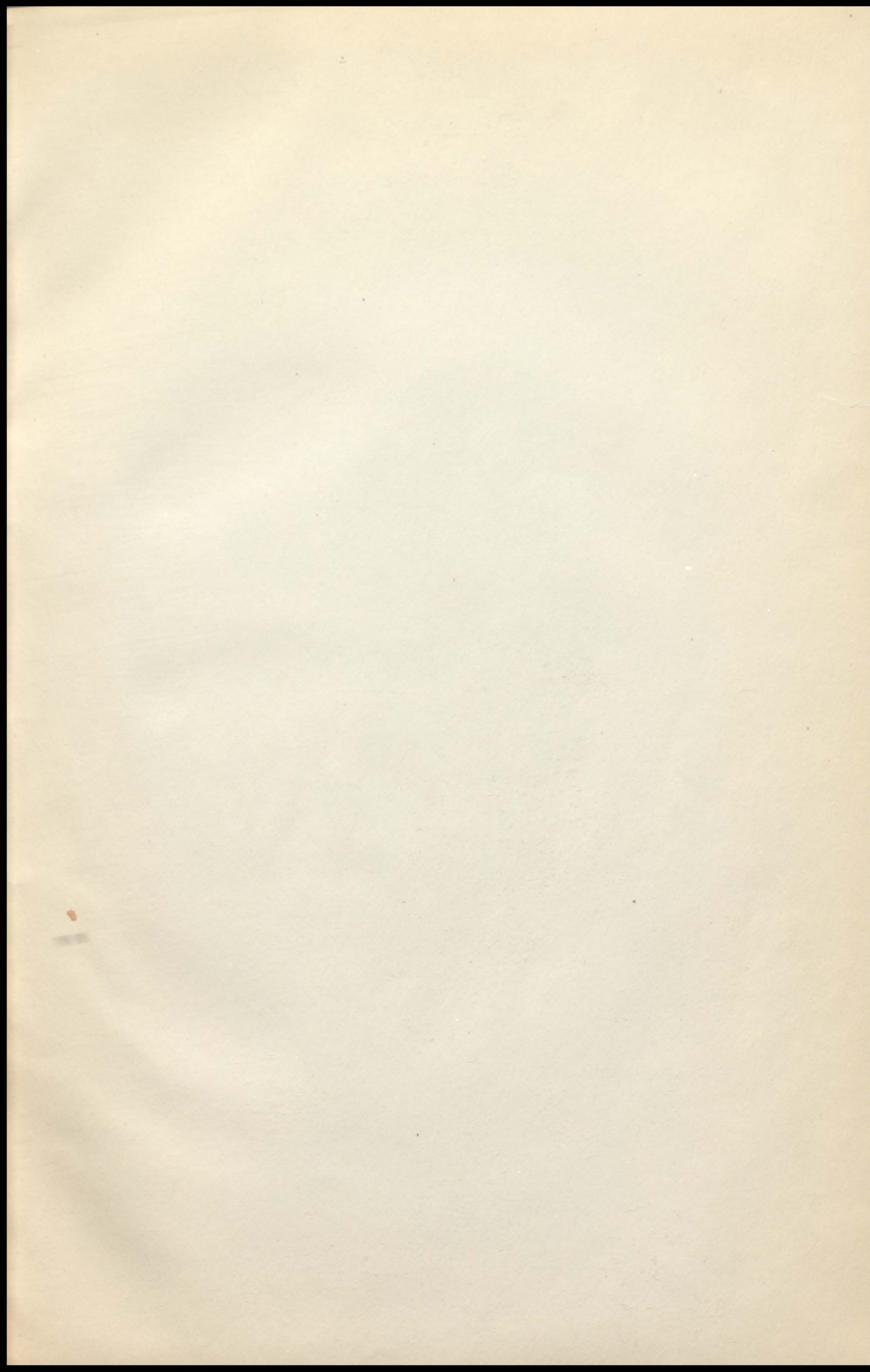
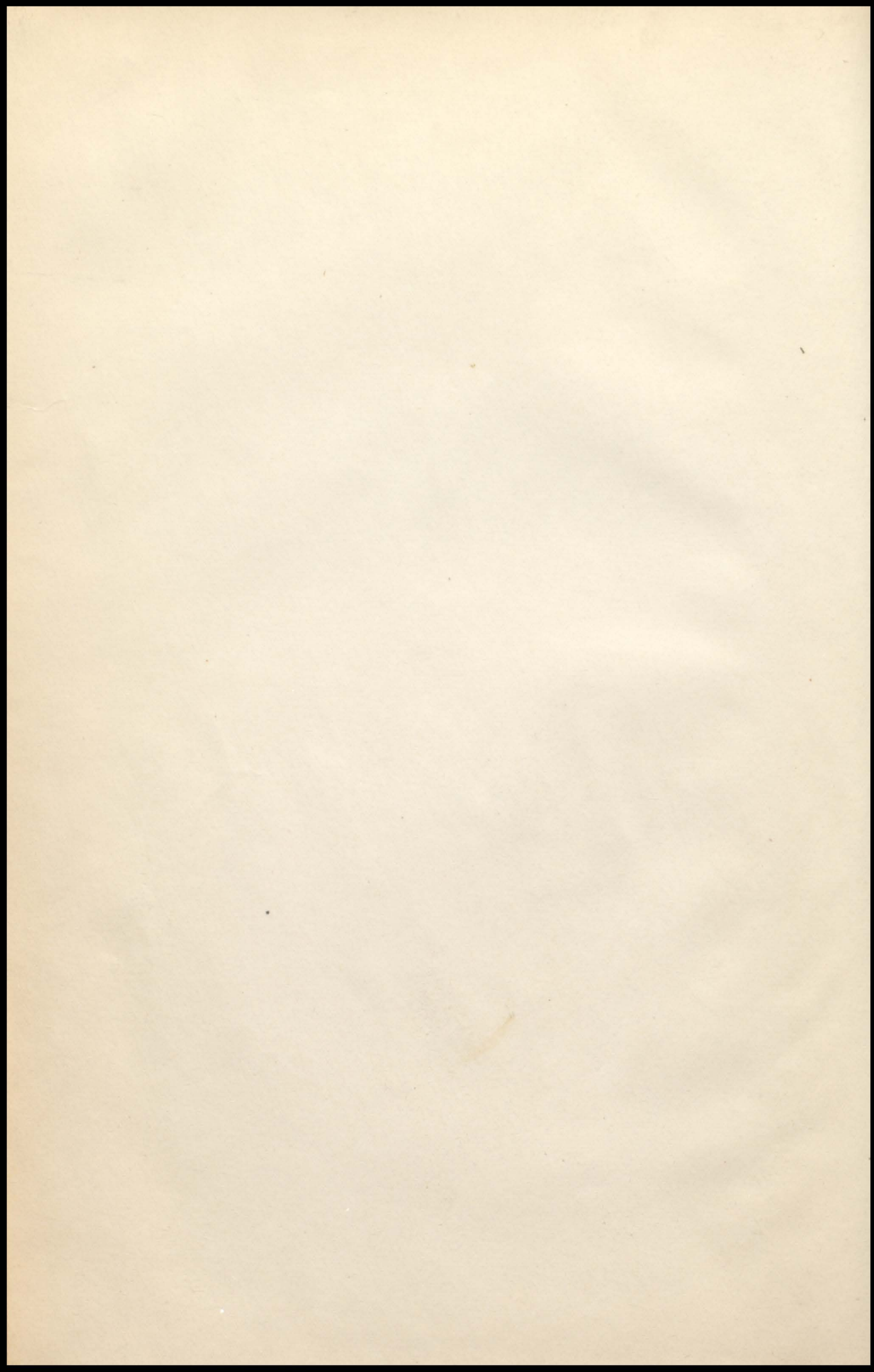












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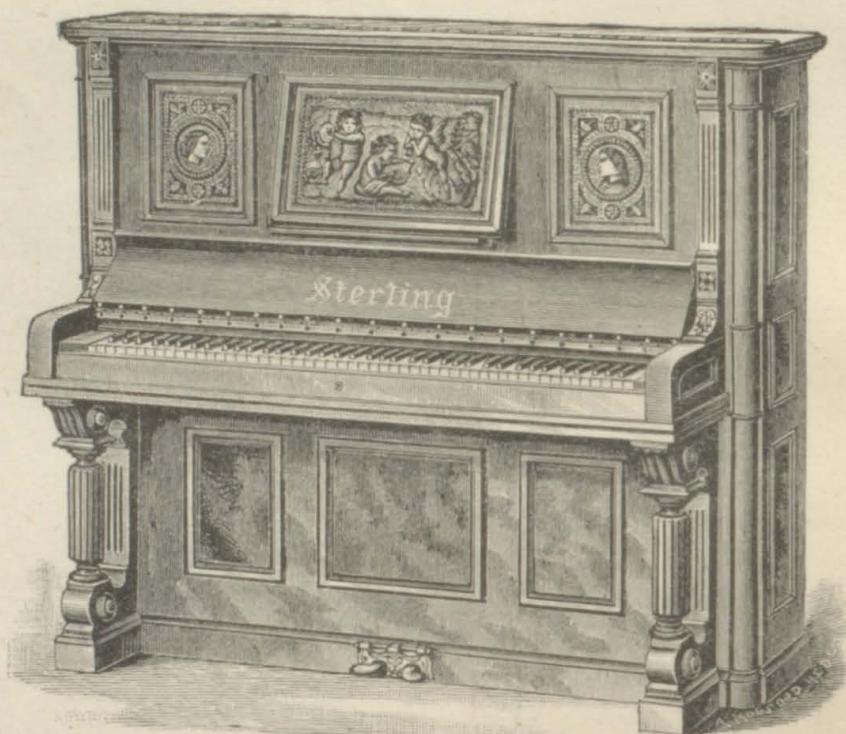
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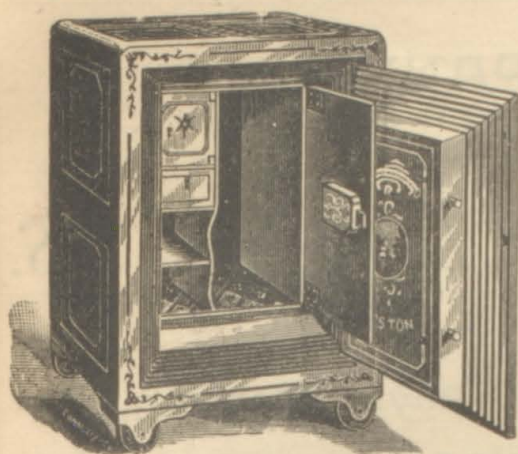
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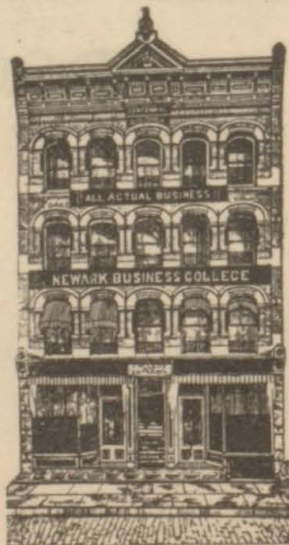
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1890

THE HIGH

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ANNUAL

A Selection of Essays, Orations, Etc.

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# HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

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NEWARK, N. J., 1890.

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## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ANNIE C. RUDD, CLASS OF '90.

WE know the old, old story,  
How on that Christmas morn  
In Bethlehem's lowly manger  
"The Prince of Peace" was born.

No cradle of costly splendor  
Waited his holy birth,  
But lo! in that manger lying  
The King of all the earth.

No scepter of earthly power,  
No crown of jewels rare,  
And naught save the golden glitter  
Of his clustering locks of hair.

But over the hills Judean  
Angels their voices raise  
Chanting in tones of triumph  
Their joyous notes of praise.

Glory to God in the Highest!  
Peace to the men on earth,—  
Praise for the Father's goodness,  
Joy for the Savior's birth.

From the far-off, distant countries,  
Wise men his cradle sought,  
And they to this shrine of worship  
Their choicest treasures brought.

Shall not we, too, with gladness,  
Our grateful homage pay  
And on the Savior's altar,  
Our hearts, our treasures lay?

Bring with the myrrh from the forest,  
Bring with the gold from the mine,  
Loyal, living and trusting hearts,  
Sweet gifts for the Lord divine.



Prize Essay, 1889.

## "THE VIKING'S DAUGHTER."

GENEVIEVE S. GRORK, '89.

ART is most perfect, and is best accomplishing its mission when it brings the world to a higher sense of its shortcomings, by revealing to it the heights to which it might attain. Art is not art if it is of no benefit to the world, and happy may that worker be who has wrought that which will lift his fellow-creatures up to higher things.

This crown of happiness may justly be conferred upon Mr. F. S. Church, for in his painting, "The Viking's Daughter," and indeed in all his better works, he has truly tried to create a standard higher than any which we now possess. He has shown to us what in these degenerate days we most need—a pure, a perfect woman. He has revealed the influence which lies in the small palm of a woman's hand. Even the beasts and birds of the air are subservient to her, and, like the omnipotent love, her influence extends to every living creature.

The first impression of the "Viking's Daughter" is of the mere beauty of the work.

The old sea-king's child stands on the bleak sea-coast, enveloped in her pale-green drapery. Back on the breeze floats her wind-blown hair, and about her head is clustered a snow-white, billowy, shifting mass of sea-gulls, white as the foam of their native seas. From the canvas the spirit of the North is breathed forth. The cold, rushing wind, with its icy, stinging particles, blows full in the face: the loud, piercing screech of the sea-gulls, and the confused flutter of their wings fall upon the ear, while, out from all, the sweet, delicate face of this child of the North gleams distinctly forth.

Mr. Church has called her a viking daughter, but never such a creature this has been praised in the song of the old northern scald; never such a face and form as these have been seen in the lands of ice and snow, and hence, why she a viking's daughter?

Mr. Church is eminently an American artist, for the face of his picture is a pure American ideal. The woman he has portrayed is not the soft, feminine, luxurious loving woman of the South, nor yet is she the strong, hardy type of the German, but she is thoroughly American, and through her veins is coursing the blood of her old ancestors, the far-away Norsemen.

She feels their spirit moving within her. The sea-gulls are whispering it to her: "Maiden fair, take our gifts," they cry; "far across the northern seas have we brought them to you. The foam of the sea breathed them to us, the icy mountains whispered them to us, and deep in your heart receive the old independence, the sturdy rectitude and the brave courage for which your fathers were famed in the old sagas of the North."

This, then, is why she is a viking daughter. She is the child of to-day with the impulses of many years gone by.

In his painting Mr. Church has tried to typify a woman who, while still remaining a woman, will by the force of intellect and by the balance of her powers become a factor in the world's greatness. She shall not be the clinging, effeminate creature of the Middle Ages, standing on a lower level looking up to man, to whom she is considered a mere accessory; nor shall she lose her womanly traits and enter into the man's province, but she



shall be that most perfect thing which God has created—a true, pure, strong woman, sent into this world to be a helper and companion. Nor in so being shall she lose in physical power what she has gained in mental strength, for, although the predominance of physical matter may be wanting, she will possess that equipoise of mind which is needed to make up a well-balanced nature, and her delicacy will be the symbol of her refinement.

Ah! did a spirit enter into that artist's heart? Did a small voice whisper in his ear? or was the gift of foresight given to him that he could thus penetrate that veil which hangs between the present and

future to see the woman whose coming he heralds?

Sweet maiden, I look in your fair features and I read a prophecy. I see a promise of good without end. I see a new race of women, grand in their union of mental strength with feminine graces, and I see a world made brighter, better by their presence in it. Be thou, O maiden fair! the dawn of a new womanhood, and as that dawn ripens into day, may the world be able to say of thy descendant that she is

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command."

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ROBIN HOOD, RELATED IN "IVANHOE."

MARGARET NICHOLS, '90.

NO character in "Ivanhoe" excites more interest than the mysterious yeoman who, in his coat of Lincoln green, with his bow at his side and his arrows in his belt, attends the Tournament of Prince John. There, by his outspoken opinions, he incurs the disfavor of that Prince, who challenges him to contend, on the following day, in the feats of archery. He accepts the challenge, and shoots an arrow from his bow with such skill as to split, exactly in the middle, a thin, straight willow wand. Great was the amazement of those who witnessed the shot; for never before had they beheld such skillful archery. This skillful archer was Robin Hood, or better known in "Ivanhoe" as "Locksley."

In the next scene it is night time. The swineherd, now Ivanhoe's faithful attendant, is travelling through a dark, deep ravine, on both sides of which are high banks, overgrown with dwarf trees and bushes. Suddenly, from the depths of the

thicket, four men spring out and seize poor Gurth and conduct him to their captain, who proves to be Locksley, the winner of the golden horn at the Tournament. The captain counts the swineherd's money, and, finding that there is no more than enough to purchase his freedom, returns it to its owner; for of Robin Hood it may truly be said, that he was "of all theeves the most gentle theefe." But before Gurth is dismissed he must contend in fair fight with the sturdy miller of the robber gang. Fiercely they fight, and well. But Gurth gives such powerful blows with his club that the miller is glad to yield, and Gurth is escorted from the woods, charged to tell no one of his nightly adventure.

It is said that Robin Hood was religious. And, from Sir Walter Scott's account, a jolly Father Confessor he had for his band. Friar Tuck, or better known as the "Jolly Hermit," inhabited a little hut in a lonely part of Sherwood forest. He was more fond of feasting than fasting, and nothing



did he enjoy more than good wine and venison from the Royal deer.

When, we meet "Brave Robin Hood," again, he is knocking loudly at the door of this worthy friar's cell. The "Jolly Hermit" admits his captain, who summons him to the assistance of the captured party of Ivanhoe. Quickly the friar is transformed from a monk to a green-coated woodsman. When the jester remonstrated with the Clerk for transforming himself from a "Holy Hermit" to a sinful forester, the Jolly Hermit replies, "I will but confess the sins of my green cloak to my grey-friar's frock, and it will be well again."

Next in the bloody assault of the castle, foremost among the brave Englishmen moves a little band of yeomen, clad in Lincoln green, doing brave work to aid the weak and oppressed. Fast fly the arrows from the long bows of the woodsmen, until the castle walls are stripped of defenders.

After their weary siege of the day before, we find the merry woodsmen resting from their labors beneath their trysting tree in Hart-hill Walk, where they have collected their rich spoils from the castle. So much law and order prevailed among this outlawed band that not one of them would have dared touch a part of the booty until their captain had divided it, giving to each one his share according to his rank.

Their trysting-tree was an aged oak that stood in the midst of the forest. Be-

neath the tree the outlaws had built a throne of the green turf, on which their chief was seated at all their mysterious midnight meetings.

Robin Hood's heart was kind and sympathetic, for when the daughter of Isaac of York is lost he aids the distracted father in his search for the beautiful Rebecca.

The last scene of all best shows, I think, the character of the brave outlawed yeoman. After the skirmish with the band of men sent by Prince John to kill his brother, the King, the "Black Knight" acknowledges himself to be Richard of England. Almost as soon as the name is spoken, the yeomen, following their chief's example, kneel at the feet of King Richard, tender him their allegiance, and beg his pardon for their wild deeds. Robin Hood, although "king of the forests," was willing to kneel at the feet of his true appointed monarch, and, without a murmur, receive from his hands the punishment for his wild deeds. King Richard nobly said: "King of Outlaws and Prince of Good Fellows! No deed of thine done in our absence shall ever be remembered against thee."

A study of this brave outlaw's character reveals to us certain traits and noble qualities that made his name long remembered and honored in England. A true Englishman, truly he answered, when he said "I am the friend of my country and my country's friends."

---

### WILLIAM.

(A Character Sketch.)

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NATHAN KUSSY, '90.

WILLIAM was my chosen companion, my intimate friend, the child of my care. He was very gentle when not aroused, at times almost lamb-

like in his disposition. But I grieve to say that William was not admired for his good looks. It did hurt me to hear Patrick O'Flynn remark, "Oi don't want



hurret yer feelin's, but yez can't denoy thet William raly ain't ez beautiful as Vanus."

I acknowledge that Patrick was, to a certain extent, correct in his estimate of William's personal appearance. Although I never had the pleasure of forming the young lady's acquaintance, still I believe that I may with impunity assert, and my assertion is based on the charms attributed to the aforesaid lady, that he was not specially endowed with that fatal gift—beauty. In this respect an affinity existed between us.

In spite of William's gentleness, he cherished some germs of original sin which caused him to be disliked and disowned by his family. But I loved William and brought him to my home and made him the sharer of my joys and sorrows. Time sped; the days came and went, and in the quietude of my home William thrived. Gradually he learned to appreciate my society; my advances were no longer rebuffed; but his conduct was at times very improper. I sometimes gently stroked his head and endeavored in a kind tone of voice to expostulate with him on his ill-behavior. But he also expostulated, and in such a manner as to quite vanquish me by his forcible arguments. So the matter dropped—and I generally yielded.

I do not claim that William possessed any abnormal intelligence, and yet a circumstance once occurred which greatly impressed me. I was sitting in my cabin, and having, like many other isolated individuals, acquired the habit of soliloquizing, I gave utterance to my thoughts.

"William," I said, "it appears to me that you are about the homeliest specimen that I ever saw."

William walked to the door and gazed thoughtfully at the distant hills.

"It seems to me you are totally depraved, William."

He said nothing, but continued to gaze at the hills.

"I have endeavored to civilize you, but my efforts have signally failed."

Not a word from William.

"I am aware that you are an——"

Reader, you may not believe me; you may call me a prevaricator, but it is the plain truth that, before I completed the sentence, William turned his head toward me, and in a contemptuous voice cried, "Bah!" I was wide awake and distinctly heard that one contemptuous exclamation.

Though William was usually docile, he was easily irritated. On hot summer days I loved to stroll along the banks of a broad pond near my dwelling, and let the cool breeze fan my noble brow. One day I seated myself upon a mossy rock beside the placid water, and as I gazed into its depths, my thoughts reverted to former days. I thought of childhood, of the parents who nurtured me. As I sat there lost in revery, a picture of the old school house rose before me. I saw the irate teacher brandishing his rattan as he strove to preserve order. I heard the loud whisper, "Ba-a-ah."

The prosaic voice of William dispelled my dreams. Would he never allow me to enjoy a moment of calm recreation? I turned with an angry exclamation and gave him a rebuke in the side. William did not utter a sound, either of pain or anger—he simply arose. By a strange coincidence I arose at the same time——!! Do not question me further in regard to that occurrence. It is always painful to have certain recollections inadvertently aroused, especially is this the case when said recollections tend to produce mental pictures which are not at all conducive to pleasant associations.

One autumn afternoon it flashed upon me that I had not seen William since early



morning. Disquieted by his prolonged absence, I made a thorough search for him. I called, but there was no response. Near my house was a dense forest which had been penetrated by a railroad. Had William strayed to the woods and lost his way amid the underbrush? I walked along the only path through the forest, halting at intervals to search among the bushes that skirted it. Suddenly I heard the loud, clear whistle of an approaching train. Another minute and I came into the clearing divided by the track. As I did so, a loud "ba-a-ah" sounded a short distance behind me. I turned and saw William emerge from the bushes. He walked to the middle of the track, halted, and gazed curiously about. The train was moving swiftly toward him, and he appeared to be astonished at the audacity of the thing that

dared approach. His pugilistic instincts were aroused; with a loud ba-a-ah, he gave a spring forward to annihilate his opponent. The train was not wrecked by the collision. Finding a piece of meat near the place of encounter, I buried it and erected a small monument upon which was carved the following

## EPITAPH.

O shed a pit'ying tear  
Upon this earthly mound;  
William, the billy-goat,  
Sleeps in the cold, cold ground,  
  
In warlike mood he stood  
Upon a railroad track;  
He sought to wreck a train,  
He sought—alack, alack.  
  
And when the train had passed,  
A piece of meat was found,  
'Twas all that's left of him—  
He's in the cold, cold ground.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ARTHUR M. BARNES, '92.

**A**MONG the various branches of education pursued in our public schools, there is none so important and yet none so neglected as the training and building up of our bodies. This glorious country of ours spends one hundred million dollars annually for mental training and an equal sum for moral instruction, but the amount spent for physical culture is shamefully small. I do not mean to underestimate the other branches, but I claim that physical culture is at least important enough for thoughtful consideration.

In the country Mother Nature converts the fields and forests into perpetual gymnasias, but in the city, where the space is limited and the air impure, the need of exercise is greatest. It is true that there are places in the city where children may

gain muscular strength and agility, but these places are not for the public, nor within the means of all. There are parks also, but in order to have a frolic on the velvety turf, children must shut their eyes to the sign, "Keep off the grass!" and at the same time be very watchful to dodge the brass buttons.

In the ancient days it was considered just as important for a boy to develop a strong, shapely body as it was for him to master all the knotty problems in mathematics. But that idea has lost favor until now the general belief is, that if a boy goes to school five hours a day, has plenty to eat and drink with eight hours sleep, he will grow up strong and intelligent. There is no doubt that he will grow up if he lives, and doubtless he will be well educated if he attends properly to his



studies, but the question is, Will he be strong? I think he will not.

Youth is the time to be preparing for the trials of life, and if boys and girls do not take regular and systematic exercise, they will not be able to endure the hardships of mature life. They may be mentally prepared, but their minds, however well developed, will be useless to them without strong constitutions.

The youth of our day are too apt to patronize the cars instead of walking to and from school, and are too fond of eating candy as a substitute for wholesome food. While reading is excellent in its way, it seems to me wrong to study all day and then come home and read instead of refreshing the body with exercise.

We are inclined to think that the athletics of ancient days was something impossible for us to duplicate. Phillipides, when sent on an important errand involving life or death, ran one hundred and forty-eight miles in forty-eight hours. This was considered a remarkable record, and so it was, but Chas. Rowell eclipsed it recently when he completed one hundred and fifty miles in only twenty-four hours with no greater object at stake than money. So the halcyon days of Greece and Rome were necessarily no better for athletics than these which we enjoy.

Mr. Gladstone, now a man of eighty

years, beside walking several miles each day, takes an axe and going into the woods, fells a tree. On the anniversary of his seventy-fifth birthday before an audience of friends, he cut down a large oak tree unassisted; and oak is not poplar either. Who knows but that his axe may yet free Ireland?

Boston, often called the "Athens of America," because of her learning and literature, has recently shown that she is broad-minded enough to do something out of her immediate line. In the beautiful park on the shores of the noble Charles River an out-door gymnasium has been established with play ground, running track and numerous improved apparatus. All is under the supervision of a competent instructor. To this gymnasium all the boys of Boston may go; young or old, rich or poor, regardless of state or condition.

In the High Schools of Boston the boys are taught military drill every day; besides the discipline which this gives, it is a grand gymnastic exercise. The whole school forms a regiment called the High School Cadets, and on public occasions this regiment parades, doing great credit to the training of the school.

Boston has set us a grand example, and these things will be well to remember when we build our new High School.

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## THE LABORATORY.

FOR two years the science students have been formed into societies, with weekly meetings, for the study of topics kindred to the course pursued in class. The seniors studying geology are known as the Weston Chapter; the second year boys in physics have an Edison Chapter, while the first year classes are divided into the Cook and

the Dana sections. Considerable interest has been developed in science studies through the instrumentality of these societies. It is to be hoped that a new chapter will soon be formed from those members of the school who are not engaged daily in the study of science. Quite recently these chapters have formed themselves into a general organization, which has taken the



name and constitution of the old Agassiz Association.

An appeal was made in the last ANNUAL for a microscope. As there was no response, the members of the science department, at the suggestion of their teacher, determined to raise the necessary funds among themselves. In this work they were assisted by the second year class of the ladies' department. The text-book committee of the Board of Education recognized the industry of the pupils and lent a helping hand. It is to this committee that the science department is now indebted for an excellent microscope. Acknowledgment should be here made for liberal subscriptions to this object from Congressman Lehlbach, Postmaster Conklin, Messrs. Leroy and Ira H. Ormsby.

A new text-book in physics has been adopted for the second year class—Avery's. The students now have a book that is up to the times, particularly in electricity.

The Hammer Prizes this year were awarded to Gustav Voigt and Frank Roller respectively for the best practical work in electricity and best general work in physics. Mr. Hammer has expressed himself as highly satisfied with the exhibit made by the entire class of last year. He also speaks in praise of Crane and Jaehnig, who left the school to accompany him as assistants at the Paris Exposition. Terhune and Hedges, members of recent classes, are now engaged at the Weston Laboratory, and Durand has a position in the Edison Lamp Factory in Harrison. Manual work seems to be of a decidedly practical value to our boys when they come to leave the school.

A phonograph lecture on December 2d added some money to the microscope fund,

and gave enjoyment to three hundred pupils and their friends. Can we not continue these evening entertainments during the winter? We understand that there is a prospect of a lecture in January on the Paris Exposition.

The New Jersey Assembly of the Agassiz Association was held in our school hall on the 14th of December. After the usual business, there was presented an interesting programme, consisting of a lecture by the celebrated botanist, Dr. Rusby, on "Experiences in South American Travel," a talk on "Bees," by Prof. Downing, a lecture on the "Anatomy of the Oyster," by Dr. Chas. Lehlbach.

The following cablegram was sent by Mr. Hammer to Frank W. Roller, the recipient of the prize for practical work in the Laboratory. It is dated from London December 8, 1889. It reads:

DEAR SIR:

I was glad to receive your letter of November 20 which was forwarded to me here from Paris, and I congratulate you upon securing the prize. I have from time to time examined the work of Mr. Sonn's pupils, which speaks volumes for the teacher and for his pupils, and it has been a pleasure to add a little encouragement to both their efforts.

In answer to your question about a description of the Edison exhibit, I guess the best thing will be the "United States Official Album of the Paris Exposition," which is almost ready for the public. I will send you one by and by when published.

Wishing you every success and a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, I remain yours sincerely,

WM. J. HAMMER.

Edison's grand Electrical Exhibit at the Paris Exposition was managed by six of our High School boys, all of whom received their first lesson in electricity while with us: Wm. J. Hammer, Manager-in-Chief; W. F. Sonn, Edwin A. Hammer, Paul Jaehnig, Frank Crane, Horace Gould

THE "Spirit of '90" wishes to know the connection between the Library steps,

12.29 P. M., and that sad yet thrilling tale, the "Last Loaf."



## LA TOUR EIFFEL.

CARRIE S. ROMER, '92.

“**L**A BELLE FRANCE” sings the Frenchman, and my heart echoes the notes as I stand on the banks of the Seine; the green fields, the serpentine river, the beautiful city, whose every outline, every motion, says: “Gayety! color! merriment! Enjoy life while you may; if not in Paris, then where?”

Thus I ponder as I wend my way from the Trocadero and over the bridge which crosses the silent river to the goal of my ambition, “La Tour Eiffel,” so marvelously slender in structure that the first impression is one of disappointment. Can it be as tall as is said? Could we put Bunker Hill Monument on top of Washington Monument, and on this place our Statue of Liberty, and would this great Beacon Light still look down upon our virgin's lamp? Almost one thousand feet, nearly twenty times the height of our High School. I try to imagine twenty High Schools placed one above the other.

Why, since a site is wanting might we not remove the old building and erect in its place a Tower School modeled on a smaller scale after Eiffel? If a tower one thousand feet high will hold ten thousand people how tall must a tower be to hold two thousand people? I give it up, since I do not know the size of the base, and, any way, it is vacation; one is not supposed to know aught out of school hours. When I return to Newark I shall suggest my plan and offer my problem to the Board of Education.

One must not suppose I am ascending the tower during this soliloquizing. Oh no! I am simply waiting in line for the privilege of exchanging two francs for a blue ticket, the open sesame to the first stage. I am early at the entrance, but

there is a crowd before me; good-natured, in holiday attire and voluble—as the French ever are. No one is impatient, for each knows before he starts that a half day will be consumed.

After the ticket is purchased I walk slowly up the stairs, stopping at the numerous landings to admire the beautiful pictures, framed by the cross-pieces of the iron work. The view from the first floor extends many miles. The Arc de Triomphe is the chief object of importance. This structure was once pre-eminent, but is now utterly dwarfed by Titanic Eiffel.

I now look directly downward and see an immense throng of people hurrying to and fro, who remind me of the busy ants that one often sees building their tiny homes in the earth. The people look so small that I think they are not moving. It is already after twelve. How quickly time passes! It was hardly a quarter after eleven when I entered.

There are four large restaurants on this floor. At my left is the “Alsation Lorrain,” at my right the Anglo-American and opposite these are the Russian and French. They are as large as any restaurants in Paris and look inviting. I enter the Anglo-American and enjoy a delicate luncheon. On leaving the restaurant I hardly know whither to turn, but bend my steps to the side from which to view the heart of the city. The picturesque Seine divides the landscape into two parts. The bridges, which I can see, are covered with people, and many of the boats on the river are also filled. How bright the city looks with the flags of all nations flying about. After thoroughly enjoying this scene I turn toward the stairway, thinking that I can see bet-



and farther from the second floor.

At the foot of this I meet a friend. Having each bought a white ticket for one franc we ascend together. He tells me among other items of interest that the tower weighs about seven thousand tons, and the iron, drawn into a wire a tenth of an inch in diameter, would make a telegraph wire around the world. This structure is supported by four curved uprights, with arches between, which are one hundred and sixty-five feet high. The span between the feet is three hundred and thirty feet. The base being of cement gives it a very light appearance, but in reality it is embedded by foundation stones extending farther in depth than the bed of the Seine. Two and a half million rivets were used in the construction of this tower. Besides four staircases, there are five lifts, three of which are constructed on the French and two on the Otis system, of which America is justly proud. These elevators ascend at the rate of three and a third feet per second. The first floor holds six thousand people, the second fifteen hundred and the third five hundred, together with two thousand on their way up, make a grand total of ten thousand people. Enough to make a small city. The money-making capacity is about seven hundred and fifty dollars per hour, or nearly one-thousandth of its entire cost. For one hundred thousand dollars it can be taken down and re-erected on another site. So if the World's Fair in 1892 cannot have an Eiffel Tower of its own, we might borrow the French one for six months.

The parts of the tower, like the parts of Solomon's Temple, were not constructed at the place where it now stands, but were finished in the factory and brought to the site all ready to put together. It was commenced on the 28th of January, '87, and completed March 30th, '89.

By this time we have reached the second floor, at the north pillar, quite close to the printing office of the "Figaro." We move toward the railing, from which we can view the palace of the Trocadero, situated on the right bank of the Seine, and erected for the exhibition of '78. We decide to go higher, and accordingly buy our tickets, having in the red, white and blue invested five francs. There is no staircase, so we step into the lift. As we ascend the iron trelliswork is more slender and there is more space between the different parts.

On the third floor we are so fortunate as to meet M. Eiffel himself, who cordially invites my friend, whom he knows, and me to his private rooms, where he spends pleasant hours far above the thin of the earth. The staircase which leads to these apartments has only ten steps. The rooms which we enter are large and triangular. They have double wood walls, and the space between the two walls is filled with mineral cotton, which is light, a non-conductor against heat, and proof against vermin. This makes the rooms warm in winter and cool in summer.

From these rooms we go out on a balcony which is about three yards wide. Here learned men are able to try experiments that must be made in the open air. Up here the noise of Paris is gone; only a hum still reaches my ears. The earth below seems like the land of the Lilliputians; everything is so small. As high as this is, we can go still higher. A straight staircase of thirty steps leads to a small round landing scarcely a yard in diameter; we then come to an iron trellis in which there is a door. Opening this we see within a ladder on which we must crawl on our hands and feet to a small balcony. We can go no higher, for we are at the lighthouse.



The guardian of this lighthouse tells us that it takes him more than half the day to keep the prisms and classes clear. He also says that the electric light in the tower can be seen for a radius of eighty miles.

We must descend in the lift to the second platform, though we would linger to take a last walk around the square, see the printing press, buy a paper and write a postal. We look down through the centre of the tower at the labyrinth of iron bars and try to believe we are still four hundred feet above the earth. The descent is made in less than a minute.

As I again find myself on the smooth, graveled walk under the immense stone arches that support this admirably constructed lighthouse, I take a seat and watch the surging crowd walking beneath; anon I gaze at the dizzy altitude, trying to grasp the height, the depth of this iron lion. Although so small that it was contained in the convolutions of one man's brain, now that the conception has taken stable form, to be seen by millions, the mind through the eye fails, and it is impossible to realize the generous scale on which this Modern Babel is built.

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Prize Oration 1889.

## THE POWER OF MIND.

EDMUND K. HOPPER, '89.

MIND is always young: profound thought, always original. It is a wrong belief which some have entertained that, as the world grows old, mind becomes aged and enfeebled, exchanging its ancient originality for present weakness and debility. Man has the same power to-day that he possessed in the days of Pericles and Augustus; the same glory of intellect shed upon the empires of the old world, may brighten this republic of the new.

Every mind exerts an influence. As the sun, setting beyond the western hills, leaves a trail of light behind it, so wherever man moves he leaves behind him influences either good or evil; energies potent for blessing or for future ill. The world still feels the evil effects of Nero's cruelty. A thousand years is not long enough to stay the tide of social pollution created by men of genius like Byron and Voltaire. But let us look rather at the good influences of mind.

About three hundred years ago there

were born in England two men whose names have become immortal. Shakespeare was a child of nature. His mind was not fashioned by rule, but seemed to expand under the guidance of its own instincts. When we reflect upon his early circumstances, the age in which he lived, the state of learning and public sentiment at that period, we are inclined to regard him as the most remarkable man that any age or any country ever produced. His works are a living source of moral and literary instruction for the whole world.

Milton was a child of culture. How many there are whose minds have been enlightened by his acute reflections and profound views, whose piety has been warmed by his religious devotion, and whose cravings for greatness and sublimity have been satisfied by "Paradise Lost." Shakespeare and Milton—their works bear not the impress of common minds; they are not the puny and perishing efforts of ordinary men, but the durable monuments of strong and gifted intellect.



The German poet Schiller, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Franklin and Hugh Miller, and Sir Walter Scott, all live because they have left behind them a noble record of mind. All men honor Wilberforce and our own Whittier—the one so instrumental in freeing the slaves of Africa—the other in breaking the chains that bound the slaves of America.

Notice now a few of the great minds which have expressed themselves in deeds and spoken words. Savonarola lived in an age when unblushing wickedness and degrading vice prevailed throughout Italy, an age of social corruption. Against these evils he raised his voice, sounding a warning cry in tones that were heard from one end of that fair land to the other. Savonarola has long since passed away, but the influence he exerted can never be lost.

At about the same time the German monk, Luther, appeared. This genius did not come like a meteor, whose glare is soon to be extinguished; but like the light of the morning, struggling at first through opposing mists, but at length shining in the unclouded splendor of the noon-day sun.

Following Luther's guiding influence, men once more began to think and feel; to understand their rights, and appreciate the blessings of freedom. The spirit of liberty once aroused, went from nation to nation, preparing the way for the English revolution, and, were it necessary, there would be little difficulty in tracing distinctly the settlements and revolution in America to the same fruitful source. And who can question the influence of that revolution and consequent independence?

But our country has produced men of mind whose record we may point to with pride, and whose influence we still feel. Such a man was Alexander Hamilton; one of the great leaders of our revolution; to

him we are in a great measure indebted for our Constitution.

Another such man was Daniel Webster; the greatest of our American statesmen and orators. His early advantages were limited; but by diligent application to study he rose step by step, until he became the representative man of America. Webster's dying words were, "I still live." And how true! He does still live in the hearts of men, and in the words of counsel and advice which he bequeathed to the world.

As we realize the influence exerted by the powerful and fully developed intellect, what is it that makes our own hearts beat so rapidly? Is it not a feeling that we, too, have within us a spark of that flame which burns a central heat in the moral world? that long after we have passed away, we, too, may exert an influence to ennoble and refine? Let us then cultivate our intellects and attain such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men. Where the love of knowledge has found a resting place in man, such love will stir into active energy every element of his being. He will learn to blend his honest efforts for the good of others with his own highest improvement. Let us not do as we see many doing,—let us not chase that gilded bauble,—wealth, as if thereon depended our eternal happiness. When this passion has taken full possession of a man, it eradicates alike every sentiment of honor, and every desire for intellectual culture. May we be brave enough to sacrifice worldly gain, if need be, in order that

"We may to our own selves be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
We cannot, then, be false to any man."

Near the ancient city of Thebes, stands the colossal "Statue of Memmon." During the night, this statue stands cold and silent, but when the morning sun covers



it with light, it gives forth the sweetest music; and so, man, standing alone in nature, is cold and silent, but when the ideal of a perfect manhood inspires him, he looks above and cries in tones of joy,—“Thou Infinite and All-powerful Mind.”

## ZEITVERGEUDUNG.

EDWIN J. STEWART, '89, COM. DEPT.

German Commencement Essay.

WAS ist Zeitvergeudung? Im eigentlichen Sinne des Wortes giebt es nichts derartiges wie eine Vergeudung der Zeit. So zum Beispiel scheint der Schlaf Zeit vergeudung; allein, wenn wir schlafen, ruht der Koerper und das Gehirn, so dass wir dann wieder besser befahigt sind, zu arbeiten. Aber wenn wir zu lange schlafen,—das heisst, schlafen, wenn wir wachen sollten,—dann ist die Zeit vergeudet und wir werden dadurch traege.

Ferner, wenn wir lesen, erweitern wir unsern Verstand; wir gewinnen mehr Kenntniss ueber das, was vergangen ist und das, was um uns her geschieht. Wenn wir jedoch diese billigen oder fuenf Cents Novellen lesen, dann waere es vielleicht besser fuer uns, wenn wir nichts laesen.

So koennten viele Beispiele angegeben werden. Wir muessen eben immer etwas thun; entweder wir essen, oder lesen, oder schreiben, oder denken, oder thuen irgend etwas anderes; und so lange wir unsere Zeit verstaendig gebrauchen, so verwuesten wir dieselbe nicht.

Dagegen vergeuden wir alle Zeit, welche wir nicht fuer unser eigenes Wohl oder das Wohl unserer Nebenmenschen anwenden.

“Morgenstund hat Gold im Mund” sagt ein altes deutsches Sprichwort, und es ist wahr. Sicherlich ist kein Mensch in der Welt zu grossem Ansehen gekom-

men, der seine fruehen und besten Stunden des Tages verschlafen hat.

Ungluecklicherweise giebt es vielleicht Niemanden, der so viel Zeit verwuestet als die Schueler in den Schulen. Sie vergessen die Wahrheit des Wortes, dass Zeit nicht mit Gold zu bezahlen ist. Zu spaet lernt der Schueler, wie unschaetzbar die Zeit war, welche er vergeudet hat. Dann natuerlich ist er traurig ueber die verlorenen und vergeudeteten Stunden. Mancher wuerde mit Freuden irgend einen Preis bezahlen, wenn er die vergeudeteten Stunden noch einmal zurueckrufen koennte. Allein sie kehren nicht wieder, und nur zu bald sieht er es dann ein, wenn er zum Beispiel ein Examen zu machen hat und nichts weiss. Er hat eben sein eigenes Wohl auser Acht gelassen und auch das seiner Mitmenschen. Wahrlich *der* hat seine Zeit verwuestet.

Doch giebt es natuerlich auch wieder viele Schueler und viele Personen, welche ihre Zeit nuetzlich anwenden, und welche einsehen, dass sie keine Zeit zu verwuesten haben.

Wie viel besser waere es, wenn wir alle in der Zeit einsehen lernten, dass jeder Augenblick des Lebens zweckmaessig angewandt werden sollte.

Und nun, meine lieben Freunde, ob ihr wieder zur Schule geht oder in ein Geschaeft, gedenket meiner Warnung, lernet durch die Erfahrung eines Andern und vergeudet keine Zeit.



## NORMAL ECHOES.

We heartily respond to your invitation. We deem it an honor once more to blend our echoes with the familiar strains which rise in Christmas song from our revered Alma Mater. If the echoes prove but feeble, please attribute it to the fact that we are pioneers in this department of literary work.

Time has wrought great changes among us since we departed in that blaze of glory, that transport of rapture—Commencement! The brilliant constellation which illumined the literary firmament of '89 has undergone a marked change. Our first magnitude star, which attained its maximum brilliancy June 17, has changed its position and now sheds the effulgence of its rays in the constellation known as Packer's. Another, which, on June 17 shone as a first magnitude star, has disappeared from our firmament, but will doubtless in later years startle the world by suddenly reappearing with increased brilliancy. We also note the disappearance of a few of our "lesser lights," caused by their near approach to the *Son*.

And so in our musical world. The full, rich tones of our dark-eyed contralto thrill no more the quiet air of the school room. We miss from our number our bonny blue-eyed musician and artist who carried away the mathematical honors of '89. Our classmate who so wildly and vividly portrayed our future careers no longer terrifies us with her supernatural vision. Of the five gifted Seniors whose "sage unique effusion" but one short year ago graced the opening pages of this time honored Annual, three have sailed away "To their work beyond the school room, to the great world that awaits them."

As yet we have hardly become acclimated to the atmosphere of the Normal School. The change has been too sudden. We find ourselves precipitated from the

dignity of seniorship with its offices of emolument and honor, its astronomical researches, its studies in the intricacies of Trigonometry and the sublimity of Virgil, its critical analyses of character and of fiction, its discussions, in fact from the very Parnassus of literary attainment, to the lowly position of Junior and to the role of Primary School Ma'am with its monotonous A, B, C, "Once upon a time, 1, 2, 3, etc."

Since we made our pedagogical debut, novel indeed have been our experiences: our firm grasp of the governmental reins, the awful din, the almost wild despair, and all those feelings inexpressible which come to us, as careworn and weary, with locks dishevelled and spirits depressed we wend our homeward way.

The converging lights of our many lines of investigation brought to bear upon the sciences have pierced the enshrouding mysteries, and revealed to our startled mental gaze many remarkable facts. The most noteworthy of these, the bold claim of a young enthusiast, is that political economy is the science of the human soul (sole?).

The star-gazers of '90 would be interested in our "break-neck endeavors," although conducted in a somewhat different line. Exciting it must be to trace the erratic wanderings of our (we forbear to say *heavenly*) bodies as they shoot through the gymnasium's airy dome.

We wish the rising Seniors a year as replete with happiness as that which crowned our High School days—when we proudly bore the title of "Jack-o-lantern-light-uns!"

With hearts filled with loving memories of "Auld Lang Syne," and thanking you for your kind interest in our welfare, we unite in wishing you, each and all, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



## OUR SOCIETIES.

THE Montagu Society is in a flourishing condition holding its meetings as usual on Friday afternoons, but the girls are no longer crowded into one room. The two rooms in the rear of Miss Greene's room are thrown open, and comfort and air are thus secured while the members enjoy a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" in the shape of essays, recitations and readings.

On Friday afternoon, December 20th the programme was of a highly interesting nature, as William Dean Howell's farce, "The Elevator," was rendered before a large and appreciative audience. The piano, rejoicing in a new cover was pushed back against the black-board and decorated with a bouquet of flowers. Miss Greene's desk, resplendent with Christmas gifts, was also given a position in the background, Mrs. Sherwood's rug, Miss Leyden's and Miss Antz's chairs and Miss Crane's table transformed the platform into "Mrs. Roberts' luxurious drawing-room." With these auspicious surroundings, the troupe made its first appearance. The cast included the best artists of the Dramatic Company of the Senior Class.

Moustaches,—gray, black and various

shades of brown,—overcoats and Derby hats played a conspicuous part in every scene, Miss Williams in her role of Mr. Roberts excited much merited applause. Mrs. Roberts' (Miss Albertson) lamentations over the non-appearance of her guests and the failure of her dinner-party were quite dramatic. All the acting in the Elevator scene was strong and effective. Miss Baker, in her part of Mrs. Curwin, fainted in a manner truly artistic and Miss Rudd, as Mr. Miller, frantically waved his (her) wife's fan over the unconscious lady. Miss Melick and Miss Tunison performed their parts of young Mr. Bemis and Miss Lawton with such truthfulness that their little side play produced the effect of being a scene from real life. Other scenes followed, equally felicitous in presentation and the performance closed with a very effective farewell—the whole troupe appearing on the stage singing their adieux while love-smitten gentlemen hung highly-colored hearts on the "the weeping willow tree," (in this case the gas-fixtured). Every one pronounced the farce a brilliant success, and the next production of this company will be hailed with enthusiastic delight.

"Do you ever receive contributions written on both sides of the paper?"—asked a man as he entered the office of the editor. "No sir," replied the editor. "All right; I was going to endorse this check to your order, but I don't want to break your rules." And he went out, leaving the editor in a deep green study.

PROF.:—"Gentlemen, was Minerva married?"

PUPIL:—"No sir, she was the goddess of wisdom," and then he didn't know what they were laughing about,

Books were put away and the Junior class was called to order. "Write a pun," said the teacher. Two girls sitting together looked in consternation at each other. "What is a pun?" whispered one. The girl addressed took her paper and wrote the following: "The poor King of Annam is dead. This is the most notable case of suspended annamation on record." Her seatmate slyly looked over her shoulder, saw probably only the first sentence and turning to her paper wrote:—"Mrs. Jones is dead. This is a pun."



# HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1890.

## EDITORS:

WM. H. OSBORNE,      MISS GENEVRA F. TOMPKINS,  
NATHAN KUSSY,      MISS NELLIE S. KINNARD.

## BUSINESS MANAGERS:

ALBERT G. CLARK.      HENRY HAHN.

## EDITORIAL.

AS we enter upon the duties of amateur journalism, we feel the responsibility of our position, and shall endeavor to do what we can to make this issue of our school paper interesting to our readers and useful to the school. We fondly hope that a generous public will smile kindly at our mistakes, and give us more credit for our efforts than they really deserve. However this may be, here is the Annual to speak for itself; on other pages will be found "metal more attractive" than school-boy editorials. Between the covers of this magazine are grouped the choicest products of the wit and the diligence of our pupils. Yet, bear with us a little, while we our tale unfold.

Last June, amid the acclamations of a well-filled house, and the parting regrets of their teachers, the class of '89 left us for a new sphere of action. On the September following, an unusually large number entered upon their duties at the High School. In order to make room for the increasing force of pupils, the whole building at No. 103 Washington street is now used for the "annex." How long, oh, how long must we wait for a new High School building! When the class of '90 returned to the High School in September, they were filled with regrets upon realizing that this was their last year in the old school, but these cogitations were agreeably disturbed when they discovered that

the last remnants of Paleozoic time had been replaced by shining rows of new single desks in the assembly room.

Since last year the number of papers and magazines used by the Composition Department has greatly increased. The various classes now subscribe for the following: *North American Review*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Magazine of American History*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, *Youth's Companion*, and *The Christian Union*.

During the past year the classical department has made some improvements and is about making others. Its "Kennan" lecture was a complete success, clearing three hundred and fifty dollars, which will be used for a stereopticon with views, and books for the classical library.

The latest addition and improvement to our school happens to be stationary on West Park Street, and usually goes by the name of the Free Library, a building filled with books of all descriptions and on all subjects. It is, and is bound to be, a great aid to students of all classes.

Oh! what a help it is to the pupil who seeketh after science: there he may be seen, the enthusiast, the gatherer of scientific facts, earnestly examining that journal of science called "Puck," or extracting psychological notes from "Judge." And also he abstracteth the Seven Day Book, undoubtedly with the intention of studying ethnology as delineated in the characters of the wily aborigine and the Mexican cowboy. Oh, what an excellent use of an excellent thing!

WE cannot conclude without a word in favor of our advertisers. Representative business men of the community, they are well known and worthy of patronage. We thank them for their aid and recommend them to our readers.



THE High School records testify to the fact that the Senior Class of '90 (gentlemen) is larger than any previous graduating class. At the beginning of the year it consisted of twenty-four young gentlemen possessing undoubted abilities, unlimited knowledge, and vast resources of wit. This is not unusual, for you have all heard that any household possessing the convenience of a sixteen-year-old boy may dispense with all dictionaries and encyclopædias. You have also heard that a young man of sixteen invariably knows vastly more than his father. This particular Senior Class, besides being the largest, is also the brightest—at least so the teachers tell us. This, however, doesn't turn our heads, because the teachers say the same thing to each class every year. But we fear this class is rather naughty; should this be the fact, the case is very sad.

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EVERY year brings with it changes—changes in the school as well as in the home. German has been introduced into the girls' department as an optional study—the choice being between that and Latin. The large number of pupils who have chosen the new study thus indicate their preference for the Teutonic language of to-day instead of the “dead language” of the ancient Romans. Miss Buettner is guiding the classes of the main building through the mazes of the German primer, while Miss Bigelow and Miss C. E. Crane teach the “Annex” German classes. The “Annex” comprises six classes, Miss Freer being in general charge. The other two first year classes are still in the main building. The three second year classes go on about as usual, the general routine being varied on Wednesday afternoons by Mr. Sonn's lecture in the Laboratory. He has offered a prize to the scholar who shall

write the best abstracts of his lectures. The Juniors now occupy the two rooms in the rear of the Seniors, and are presided over by Miss Crane and Mrs. Sherwood (formerly Miss Winans.)

The Seniors? Well, they are *Seniors*. Time flies so quickly they can hardly realize that the culminating point is reached, that soon the school doors will be closed upon them and they will be numbered with the classes of the past. They have developed extraordinary talent in the line of amateur lectures on astronomical subjects and bid fair to become brilliant and world-famed star-gazers—these wonderful Seniors who have never yet viewed the heavens through the magic lens of a telescope. To Miss Leyden, who has initiated them into the mysteries of the celestial sphere, they have declared themselves ready to “believe almost anything.” With all the assistance which is at their command, they should pursue their search after knowledge with comparative ease, but in Geometry, especially, there is considerable faltering and stumbling, though it is not caused by the “stubbornness of Miss Polyedron,” but by the seeming unconquerableness of Miss Plane and her sharp angles. With the exception of such small class difficulties, High School affairs seem to be in a favorable condition, with prospects of an ever-widening influence for the school. The editors close with wishes that the New Year may be a happy and prosperous one for the friends and patrons of this institution of learning.

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WITH feelings of pain and sadness we record the untimely death of our young friend and schoolfellow, Frank B. Voorhees, a member of the Senior Class, who died on December 20, 1889, at the home of his parents in this city. He associated



himself with the High School four years ago, and during that time his career gave ample assurance of future success. Of amiable disposition, genial temper, and large social tendencies, he endeared himself to teacher and pupil alike. He was a faithful student, apt and ready to learn, and if life and health had been spared, would have graduated with honor. We shall ever hold him in pleasant and affectionate memory:

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
He sparkled, was exhaled and went to heaven."

WE have on our table a goodly number of essays and poems which we would publish if we had room, but even our four extra pages will not suffice for them. Among the articles laid over are "The Dew-drops Story," by Miss Edith M. Jacobus, '92. "A Picture in the Coals," by Miss Clara G. Simonson, '92. "Biddy," by Miss Carrie J. Osborne, '93. "A New Year's Call," by Miss Maria H. Ely, '93. "Sea Weed," by Miss Minnie Ochs, '93.

IT is to be feared that the grandeur of some of Shaw's periods will be eclipsed by the brilliant rhetoric of the Senior girls' recitations in literature.

ONE quietly made us acquainted with the fact that a new word has recently been coined by saying: "Spenser is still the third name in our literature, and he has not been *surplanted*, except by Dante, in any other."

#### BABY MAUD.

The sun was shining his brightest,  
The skies were of deepest blue  
When Maud and I went walking  
And roaming the meadows through.

Such a dear, sweet, little maiden,  
Her years only numbered three,  
But I think 'twas the fairest vision  
That ever appeared to me.

Her cheeks were pink as the wild-rose,  
Her eyes of the violet's blue  
That hide in the green, grassy meadows,  
And peep through their leaves at you.

Said Maud, in a faint, little whisper,  
"I feel so happy, don't you?  
I've wondered and I've wondered  
Aunty, why the sky is so blue.

'Tis the color of gentians and blue bells,  
And the color of mama's eyes,  
And I think whenever I see them  
They're made from part of the skies,

"And I'll tell you something, Aunty,  
In them I always see,  
Two dear little angel faces.  
Smiling and laughing at me."

Dear baby, God keep her ever  
So pure in life's long race,  
That whatever reflects her image  
Shall show an angel's face.

A. C. R., CLASS OF '90.

#### PRIZES OF 1889.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship and Deportment of the Class in German during the year—Edward Goeller Prize—CHARLES R. FLOYD.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment, and Attendance of the Graduates of the Commercial Department—Gift

of the Gentlemen of the Class of Seventy-Nine—MAX HAMMERSCHLAG.

For the highest total average of all the examinations for the four years by the Young Ladies—Gift of the Alumni—JENNIE B. HARVEY.



For the best Oration—Gift of the Alumni  
—EDMUND K. HOPPER.

For the highest per cent. in Mathematics  
during the past four years—John L. John-  
son Medal—KITTIE V. N. CRANE.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship  
of the entire Class as shown by the final  
examination—George B. Swain Medal—  
CARRIE D. SCHIECK.

For the best Rhetorical work during the

year by the young ladies—Tichenor Medal  
MARION THOMAS.

For the best final Essay of the young  
ladies — Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal —  
GENEVIEVE S. GRORK.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship,  
Department, and Attendance of the entire  
Class during the year—Hovey Medal—  
HESTER B. DEAN.

### MARRIAGES.

Miss Annie M. Force, '71, to Mr. Harvey J. Poinier.  
Mr. Charles E. S. Thorn, '76, to Miss Minnie Hyde.  
Mr. Albert D. Burgesser, '77, to Miss Ella Finter, '83.  
Mr. William L. Hazen, '79, to Miss Olive Starr.  
Mr. Elmer L. Rodrigo, '79, to Miss Anna M. Paulin.  
Miss Sarah E. Bowers, '80, to Mr. Henry Applegate.  
Miss Mattie Putnam, '85, to Mr. George E. Rowland.  
Miss Lillian B. Jerolomon, '85, to Mr. Charles Brintzinghoffer.  
Miss Grace Dawson, '86, to Mr. Robert O. Bell.  
Miss May Hendrick, '88, to Mr. William M. Berry, Jr.

### DEATHS.

Mr. Willis Bristol, '74.  
Miss Helen Tunison, '93.  
Frank B. Voorhees, '90.

FRANK B. VOORHEES, CLASS OF '90.

DIED DEC. 20, 1889.

Closed are the eyes that have sparkled with laughter,  
Sealed are the lips that have smiled in pure mirth,  
Silently, noiselessly,  
Angels surrounded thee,  
Bore thee triumphantly  
Hence from the earth.

Gone in the bloom of thy youthful ambition;  
Gone from our midst, facing death undeterred.  
Silently, noiselessly,  
Angels surrounded thee,  
And immortality  
On thee conferred.

Silence now falls in the place of thy gladness;  
Silence has buried thine earthly strife.  
Pensive and thoughtful we linger in sadness,  
Never again may we meet in this life.  
Dead! the world cries,  
Dead! echo sighs,  
Dead.

Dead to the world, but to us thou art near:  
Vision may fail, yet is memory dear,  
List'ning, there come to us words of cheer,  
"Joyous I dwell in happiness here."  
Living! the angels cry.  
Living! echoes reply,  
Living.



## IAGO.

WM. H. OSBORNE, '90.

## "Honest Iago."

IN the ancient days of gnomes and fairies, when superstition and wild imagination pictured impossibilities to the untrained minds of savage Britons, it was popularly believed by those barbarians, that his Satanic majesty preferred to transact his business by proxy, so he kindly imbued with his spirit some choice human being, and thus established an agency on earth.

Perhaps, in delineating the character of Iago, the poet intended to convey some such impression, for, in none other of Shakespeare's plays, is there a character so much resembling Mephistopheles.

Not a hundred yards from the Rialto, in Venice, once stood the mansion of the venerable Brabantio. Upon the scene of action enters a young man not yet thirty; a young man clad in a sombre suit of dark green, with brown topped boots and sword at his side; a cavalier, a soldierly looking fellow he appears. His thin black hair is already streaked with gray; he has a thin, gristly nose and the slightest possible pointed mustachios and goatee; rather oblique eyebrows and gray eyes; cold, keen, gray eyes. This is Iago, honest Iago. A handsome face, truly, but wicked; a sinister, sly, deep face: honest Iago—deep, devilish Iago.

Iago was the friend of Othello, the friend of Cassio, the friend of Roderigo, and—the enemy of them all,—honest Iago. Slighted by the Moor and subordinate to Cassio, he hated them both. It was not a passionate hate, but a cool, gentlemanly, inward hate. "When a man bleeds inwardly, it bodes no good to him:" when a man hates inwardly, "it

bodes no good to others." With a villain, hate and revenge are synonymous. Masking his revenge under a plausible excuse for jealousy, Iago played the villain. To study the character of the general, to find his weakest point, to lay the plot—in the fertile mind of Iago, "is but thought of and 'tis done."

We cannot but admire the consummate art of the villain. Evidently a master of intrigue in war, it was pastime to lay a plot in peace. Shakespeare has a happy faculty of voicing through the mouth's of his villains some of the most virtuous expressions of thought. Thus Iago gives utterance at times to the most beautiful sentiments: yet they serve only the more to blacken his character. His evident reluctance to discover Cassio to the Moor, his "divided duty" between friendship and justice, testify to the cunning of this Satan. Pretending to pour oil upon the rankling wound, Iago carefully sprinkled it with salt; in making light of Desdemona's alleged fault, he made her appear the worse. O, he was no common butcher, this Iago: a practiced surgeon, one to perform the most delicate operation, to separate the finest tissues. In completing his great scheme, Iago was never heated, but always calm, cool, and collected. The proper (improper) consummation depended on a cool head and sound judgment: a false step might prove fatal—to Iago. Iago was no courtier, no ladies' man: "You might relish him better in the soldier than in the scholar." He was but an honest soldier: it was not his cue to play the flatterer like a common villain, an obsequious knave; no, no, he knew better,



Time works wonders. With the patience  
of a saint, Iago calmly waited for the end.

"O, beware the fury of a patient man,"

Now comes:

"The night  
That makes me or fordoes me quite."

He has guarded every point liable to be  
attacked, and now his plan is a success or  
a failure: now will he receive his reward  
or his punishment. Mistaken Iago:  
Cassio lives, Roderigo lives: not to share

in the reward, but to aid in the punishment.  
The building totters—falls: before him is  
a death of torment; yet he is unmoved.  
No muscle betrays his agitation: he is the  
same calm, imperturbable Iago. Nay, he  
even cranes his neck forward to see Othello  
stagger to the bed and die: it is a pleasure  
to him.

"O, villain,  
O, Spartan dog!  
More fell than anguish, hunger or the sea,  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed."

## I WONDER WHY?

BESSIE W. HARVEY, '93.

THE child looks out with wond'ring eyes,  
To him the world's a great surprise.  
In vain he strives to understand  
The myst'ries wrought by Nature's hand,  
He asks—"Why don't the waves stand  
still?

What makes the trees grow on the hill?  
Say, does the sun light heaven, too?  
What holds the stars up in the blue?  
Why do the clouds go sailing by?  
I wonder why?"

The youth sees many puzzles, too,  
Though often of a graver hue.  
The keynote now he seeks to find,  
To myst'ries of the human mind.  
He cries,—“I cannot understand  
Why men grasp evil by the hand.  
Why do we duty shirk, for fear  
'Twill bring perhaps a frown or sneer?”  
Alas, in vain he still does sigh,—  
“I wonder why?”

Too soon the youth has reached his prime,  
But still his wonder grows with time.  
He queries still as when a boy,—  
“Why do some suffer, some enjoy?  
Why is it some men roll in gold,

While others die of want and cold?”  
Vice prospers, hearts are sold and bought,  
Our sweetest plans oft come to naught,  
Our hopes are blighted while we cry  
“I wonder why?”

Old age comes on; he wonders still,  
“Why must man lose his power and will?  
Why must his mind and strength decay?  
His eyes grow dim, his hair grow gray?  
Why must he lay his loved ones low?  
Is there no lasting joy below?  
Some toil for wealth, for fame some crave,  
Then leave them for the silent grave,  
Why is it that we all must die?  
“I wonder why?”

Poor tired heart, when thou art free,  
These problems shall be solved for thee.  
Eternity holds naught concealed,  
There hidden truths shall be revealed.  
Rejoice; soon shall a heavenly light,  
Banish for thee earth's darkest night.  
Why spend thy days in fruitless quest,  
So near the land where all are blest,  
Where weary souls no more shall sigh—  
“I wonder why?”



## TWO FRIENDS—BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

GINEVRA TOMPKINS, '90.

WHO has read Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" and not been impressed by the profound knowledge of human character there displayed? How true at the same time to history and to their own individuality are the personages that *live* in this effective play! We see Cæsar, "In all but name a king," hesitate to accept the crown he would gladly possess, we detect his ill-concealed fear and superstition, we hear his boastful words and then—he lies before us "still in death." We are thrilled by the masterly eloquence of the talented Antony and we follow the noble-minded Brutus, the avaricious and ambitious Cassius, through the vivid scenes to the time when "in their death they were not divided."

Assuredly, the most prominent figures of this "tragedie" are the two friends, Brutus and Cassius. It may have been the very difference of their characters which united these Romans in the ties of friendship. Each nature was completed and perfected by the other. Brutus's gentle and steady disposition restrained the impulsive nature of Cassius: Cassius had the keenness in judging men's actions which Brutus lacked. Brutus had the virtue, the nobility of character, the disinterestedness, of which his friend possessed but little.

The friends enter the play on the day of the feast of Lupercal when Cæsar is thrice offered a crown. Meeting on the street, Cassius determines to discover how Brutus regards the present state of things in Rome. Adroitly turning the conversation upon "great Cæsar," he puts into words the thoughts that have troubled Brutus of late. He hints that Rome can be saved only by the death of the despot.

But from what different standpoints each regards the perplexing question! Brutus sees the state's threatening danger and feels the oppression of Cæsar's ambitious rule; Cassius simply hates the ruler.

Brutus, the friend of liberty, declares,

"If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death,"

while Cassius, possessing but little of his friend's patriotism and stung by some personal slight visited upon him by Cæsar, cries,

"Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great?"

Brutus passes several sleepless nights in deciding between the claims of personal affection and the demands of patriotism. Cassius, knowing that Brutus has been aroused, spends the time in seeking new friends to the conspiracy.

In the grey light of early morning, the conspirators meet at Brutus's home. Brutus says:

"Give me your hands all over one by one."

Cassius:

"And let us swear our resolution."

"No, not an oath!" cries Brutus,

"What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress?"

And Cassius, knowing that Brutus must be won, and seeing that he will never be bound by oath to such an undertaking, acquiesces. But when his friend opposes the assassination of Antony, Cassius does



not so quietly agree. He, the keen observer of men, recognizes in Antony an enemy dangerous to the conspiracy. Cassius's acuteness and better judgment are again overruled by Brutus in permitting Antony to have the ordering of the funeral. Cassius rightly analyzes Antony's expressions of friendship; Brutus takes him for what he seems.

Cassius says:

"Brutus, . . . .  
You know not what you do.  
. . . .  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?"

Brutus, confident that theirs is a good cause, and believing that others will regard it as such, answers:

"It shall advantage more than do us wrong."

Cassius replies:

"I know not what may fall; I like it not."

The succeeding scenes show that his fears were but too well founded.

The friends appear again in the masterly Quarrel Scene. Brutus is calm and collected; Cassius, heated and passionate. Brutus shows how he scorns base means of obtaining wealth or power. Cassius is stung by the rebuke in his words, and answers with passion. Brutus's anger is aroused, but still he maintains his dignity. Cassius then becomes the sorrowful and deeply wounded friend. At once Brutus's heart is touched, his anger is gone and he cries:

"O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again."

Then with clasped hands their friendship is renewed. Cassius's exclamation on hearing of Portia's death,

"How scap'd I killing when I crossed you so?"

gives double force to what has gone before. Brutus is a Stoic; he shows his philosophy in the way in which he bears his wife's

death. Cassius followed the principles of Epicurus; he says truly:

. . . "My nature could not bear it so."

When consulting as to the plan of battle, again there is dissension between the friends. Cassius advises that they postpone the battle till the enemy seek them; Brutus urges an immediate march to Philippi. He is eager to have the battle, to know the result, to free the people or die in the attempt, and Cassius, after some opposition, agrees to the plan of his friend.

What dignity and beauty in the conversation between the generals on the eve of the battle!

Brutus says:

. . . . . "But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;  
Forever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why, then this parting was well made."

And Cassius replies:

"Forever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the battlefield. Cassius, with his bond-servant, Pindarus, has retired to a hill. He has sent his friend, Titinius, to discover

"Whether yond troops are friend or enemy."

The servant climbs higher to determine the fate of Titinius. He reports to Cassius the capture of his friend. Cassius tells the slave to "come down," to "behold no more." Impulsive even to the last, he cries:

"O coward that I am to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!"

and directs the bondman to guide to his master's heart the sword that killed Cæsar. The command is obeyed and Cassius is no more. But Titinius had met friends instead of enemies and returns with a garland to



deck the brow of Cassius. Finding him dead, he places the wreath of victory on the cold forehead and with Cassius's sword ends his own life, Brutus, upon seeing the dead body of his friend, calls him "the last of all the Romans," and says:

. . . . . "Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay."

\* \* \* \* \*

Again it is the battlefield. The second fight is over and Antony is the victor. Brutus and a few of his friends are gathered in one part of the field. Turning to his companions, Brutus asks three of them, in turn, to slay him, but all refuse. One, he reminds of the time when they "two went to school together" and begs him for that "love of old" to assist him in ending his life, but the other replies:

"That's not an office for a friend, my lord."

Some one cries out that they must flee. Brutus says to each "Farewell," tells them he rejoices that he has found in all his life no man who was not true to him and declares that he will receive more glory

in his defeat than Antony and Octavius in their victory. Brutus is left alone with his friend, Strato. Again he broaches the subject of his immediate death, and Strato, after earnest entreaty, turns away his face and holds the sword upon which Brutus runs, exclaiming:

. . . . . "Cæsar, . . . .  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will."

Thus they lived and thus they died—the two friends, Brutus and Cassius. Of Cassius we can say that, while possessing little of Brutus's virtue, disinterestedness, and freedom from personal motives, he had the practical qualities, the insight and tact, lacking in his friend. Of Brutus we say with Antony:

"He was the noblest Roman of them all.  
All the conspirators save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

## A SCHOOL-ROOM COMEDY.

FRANCES G. FISHER, '93.

Scene—School-room, 8.45 A. M.

**I** CAME to school rather early one morning, seated myself in the window-sill and began to read, but my attention was so distracted that I laid down my book and sat listening to the conversation of the girls gathered in the room, but was able to hear only scraps of their talk, such as the following:

"Isn't this a cold morning? I slipped and fell while walking down to school, and who do you suppose came along just at that moment and assisted me to rise, but"——

"A drove of sheep, girls, look!! (And every girl near the window, accordingly, craned her neck to see.) They are probably going to be"——

"Hung upon a line in the back yard. I saw them, I really did, Alice, and my mother says that they are as"——

"If I were going to have a new dress I should have it made of"——

"Three yards of calf-skin will make the whole thing, bag and all."

"Yes, he gave her an umbrella, and she isn't"——



"A pig is real cunning when it is little with"——

"A stove-pipe hat—why, he's too tall to wear such a high"——

"Board fences enclose the pond, so we will have to"——

"Kiss her!! Why I should feel like a"——

"Dog in that ash-barrel, girls, I *should* think the people would"——

"Set it on top of their heads, but"——

"The heart is a hollow muscular organ. Oh! *Do help* me to learn this Physiology lesson. It is a"——

"Lovely girl, and she told me that he said"——

"'Nonne homo animal est.' I don't know how to translate that sentence. Do tell me, Annie, she will surely call on"——

"A perfect goose she is. If I were she I would have"——

"A cowhide they say he used. Wasn't it dreadful? It makes me"——

"Use two ounces of peppermint, a pound of sugar, a spoonful of butter, a quart of molasses, and it makes"——

"A beautiful horse seven and a half hands high, with the most handsome tail and mane"——

"Twenty-three yards long, and it takes an enormous amount of carpet to cover it, and I don't believe that a"——

"Kg-2 1-5 pounds, which you see would make the answer"——

"Narrow ribbon, with accordeon plaits going"——

"The house was very large, with an elegant entrance, which was"——

"At the theatre we had a splendid seat; we went to see Booth and Modjeska play in"——

"A barnyard full of chickens, and the handsomest"——

"Pieces of lace, girls, just think of it! Her aunt brought them to her from"——

"The canal is several miles long and we"——

"Drank any quantity of it, and the glasses were real cut glass with"——

"Several elephants walking around the upper part, but the other animals were"——

"The Hot Springs are just the place, I knew Mrs. Smith was cured of"——

"Twenty-eight pounds of butter—I do declare I never heard of"——

"Grey hounds are considered very graceful"——

"Porpoises are fish and go in schools and are only found in deep"——

"Mud!! just look at the bottom of my skirt and then you can see whether it is muddy, or"——

"Physiology is the lesson I like least of all because it treats of"——

"Nix quattuor pedes alta. Do you understand this sentence? If so, then please translate it for me, that's a good"—

"The first bell has rung girls, come to order!" and I heard no more that morning.

## THE DRAWING EXHIBITION.

ON the 24th and 25th of last May an interesting exhibition of the specimens from the drawing and writing departments of our Public Schools was held in the Belleville Avenue Rink, under the auspices of the Board of Education

and the immediate direction of Miss Fawcett.

The spacious rink was filled with frames on which were fastened drawings showing work in Construction, Representation, and Decoration in all possible forms. The



High School had an excellent exhibit, having sent one hundred and sixty-eight drawings. These specimens illustrated how the working drawings of simple objects lead to the drawings of machinery and architecture, how the representation of models is the foundation of landscape and picture drawing, and how from simple flowers can be drawn the most elaborate

designs in all branches of decoration.

On tables were objects modeled from clay, cut from soap and from wood, hammered in brass, and made in other ways. These models showed the connection between drawing and manual training,

In the rear of the rink were choice bits of penmanship and a multitude of copy books.

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IF.

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FLORENCE V. FARMER, '91.

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**I**F, though so small a word, occupies a very prominent part in our conversation. Sometimes the word is uttered in a tone which indicates a bright hope depending upon some expected event, but often it is spoken in such a melancholy way as to indicate a despondent heart.

"If next year we are better off," says one. "If I had done a trifle better or tried a little harder," says another. "If I had taken the advice of those whose larger experience entitled their counsel to more consideration, these troubles would not have come upon me," remarks a third. Then they picture a golden future in which they figure as ideal men and women.

Their hopes may never be realized, few of such hopes are; but it is perhaps better to have exaggerated aspirations than to have none at all. If there were no hope, there would be no encouragement in the world and no ambition to do better things. Hope buoys us up to do great and noble deeds.

"Hope on—hope ever! by the sudden springing  
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;  
And by the burst of free, triumphant singing,  
After cold silent months the woods among;  
And by the rending of the frozen chains,  
Which bound the glorious river of the plains;  
Hope on—hope ever."

We all know that if Blucher had not

come to the aid of Wellington, Napoleon would not have lost the battle of Waterloo; but if Grouchy had made his appearance before Blucher, the result of that great battle might have been very different.

If England had not taxed her American subjects unjustly, we might still be under her rule, and if Washington had not been such a good soldier and general, we might not have been victorious in the war which gave to America her independence.

In a village near Newark, there is a social organization which is known as the "If Club." The name grew out of the frequent exclamations of the members while playing their favorite game of whist:—"If you had not played that card," says one or, "If I had had a trump," says another, with these and similar expressions, indicating what they would have done, if they had had different cards or what they could have done, if they had not been obliged to do something else.

The losers of course are the loudest in their ifs, the others kindly helping them to see what might have bettered their chances.

Thus, in the words of the poet:

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt."



Such a club might perhaps be a help to the High School girls, if permitted. They could discuss how much better they could learn, if their teachers were just a little different; how much better they could recite, if they studied longer and were allowed to get a last peep at their books, just as the questions were put to them; and what good times they might have, if they were allowed a holiday every day in the year.

If the Board of Education would erect a new High School building and thus afford better accommodations for the pupils to pursue their studies, probably a brighter and more healthy class of graduates would leave this institution. If they

had more sunlight in their class-rooms, perhaps so many of the girls would not be seen wearing eyeglasses.

If the Free Public Library had not been instituted, there would have been less temptation for pupils to pass much of their time in reading works of fiction instead of devoting it to study; but if, on the other hand, the same pupils would wisely read the right books in connection with their lessons, they might become so interested as to study with great pleasure and much greater profit.

Beware of relying too much upon probabilities, and remember that our success in life depends more upon our individual efforts than upon subjunctive *ifs*.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS.

OF the Class of 1889 Irving Cook is in Harvard; Chauncey B. Griffiths is in Columbia; Luther E. Gregory is in Columbia, School of Mines; Carlyle E. Sutphen is in Yale; John N. Teeter is in Bellevue Medical College; Miss Mary Watson is in Harvard Annex; Miss Genevieve Gork is in Packer Collegiate Institute; Miss May Harley, '87, is in Women's Medical College, New York; Miss Georgie Hegeman, '88, is in Barnard College, and Miss Florence Patton, '80, has a private school for young ladies and children at Allendale.

THE flag presented to us by the Lincoln Post, G. A. R., has floated from our building every pleasant day this year.

THE grandfather of Shelley, the famous English poet, was born in Newark, N. J., in 1731. He was an American.

THE Commercial Department is doing its work quietly but effectively. The boys are sought after and are filling important places in almost every business house in

this city, and there are so many of them that go to New York every morning that a certain train is called "The High School Train."

THE Class of 1884 has kept up its class organization since graduating, having meetings semi-annually and once a year a grand dinner. We are proud of our Commercials.

A FEW days since a hundred men appeared in Washington street with picks and shovels, and now we have a street railway in front to add *its* noise to the rumbling of the heavy wagons that pass through our street so frequently.

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JUVENILE ATTEMPTS AT FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.—"We behold the heart beaming forth from hypocrisy and vain pride."

"Her eyes beamed like stars, scintillating sympathy and pity."

The death of Cæsar stuck Brutus like a thorn.



## THE HIGH SCHOOL LUNCH-ROOM.

I. M. NOE, '93.

IT is certainly an interesting as well as an amusing sight to see how and where the boys of the High School eat their lunch. This spectacle is hidden from the curious eyes of the outside world by an immense brick wall which protects one side of the school from—I know not what. A stranger might naturally suppose that such a piece of solid masonry was to protect convicts who had escaped from the Tombs or Blackwell's Island.

Behind this rampart, imagine an open court about the size of a dining-room intended for a private family. This court has a stone pavement and a ceiling of aerial blue which lets in the winter's cold, and leaks badly in wet weather. This is the apartment where two or three hundred boys are expected to dine together in "peace and unity."

At noon there is a rush for standing room in the court. The few who cannot possibly get into this spacious room, run out like rats through the hole in the wall to eat their lunch in the privacy of the street, or modestly perch themselves upon the counter of some convenient bake-shop. Of course they may return to their recita-

tion rooms, but the atmosphere of restraint there does not suit the occasion.

The main interest centers in the court, where the hungry crowd are making satisfactory progress notwithstanding all the disadvantages of place and position. One youth with a sharp appetite and a look of eager expectation draws from his lunch-box a choice piece of cake, and is in the act of putting it into his mouth, when it is knocked from his hand by the struggles of some boy who wishes to change his position, and so the cake goes down the wrong way and is trampled under foot. A bright-haired freshman is so unfortunate as to put his elbow into a senior's charlotte-russe. This is a severe test both to coat and to temper, but neither are spoiled.

It is not my intention to describe in this article all the haps and mishaps that occur in this interesting place; it would not be loyal for me to do so. But it does seem to me that a school so well managed as ours, and one attended by pupils so studious as the boys of the High School are, ought to be provided with good lunch-room accommodations in the new High School building.

## PROMOTIONS.

For two years those students who have done satisfactory work throughout the year have been promoted without final examination. Last year there was added the new requirement of satisfactory deport-

ment, thus giving a new incentive for pupils to be good.

As far as their deportment is concerned, we have not the slightest doubt that all the Senior gentlemen will "go through honorarily."

THE ladies of the class of '86 held their annual reunion, with a dinner, at Davis's

parlors, on November 22. The class baby was introduced to an admiring circle.



## LIFE ON SHIPBOARD.

FRED. R. LEHLBACH, '93.

THIS subject is so interesting and contains so great a variety of scenes and incidents that it seems impossible to condense it into a composition of modest size. I will endeavor to start at the beginning and give the principal features of an ocean trip as they occur in the order of time.

Upon arriving at the steamer's dock, a mass of boxes, barrels, and some very large hampers containing the provisions for the trip, and some freight which is to be transported to the old world, are piled one upon another without any seeming regard to order; but the 'longshoremen know how to dispose of all these things in the most orderly manner. To a person who is not accustomed to see such work, this sight is a wondrous one not to be surpassed, in his eyes, by anything that the great metropolis across the river can disclose.

After the traveler has made his way through the multitude of trucks carrying the cargo of the ship, he goes on board and, giving his baggage to a steward, is conducted to his state-room, a six by seven affair not quite large enough to admit a full-sized man. Not stopping to think about his cramped quarters, he hastens to the crowded deck, where he is greeted by friends who have come to see him off. Here stands a young lady merrily chatting and laughing with her friends, while yonder is an elderly couple taking a long farewell of their children. The daughter is leaning on the arm of her mother, and both are silently weeping; the father and his sons, with grave faces, are settling some last affair. Amid all this leave-taking, the warning cry of the ship's departure comes all too soon. After hear-

ing "All not passengers ashore" about six times at intervals of about five minutes, the gang-plank is manned and prepared to be let down on the dock. Just before the word is given, some belated friend will rush through the crowd and in frantic haste run down the gang-plank. The travelers have gathered on the shore-side of the vessel to catch a last glimpse of their friends and to hear and answer the last parting words. As the ship is passing by the dock and slowly backing into the river, everybody waves his handkerchief, while the band on the dock plays some appropriate air.

The ship is soon turned and out of sight to those who are on the dock. It slowly proceeds down the bay, and while some view the scenery, others go below to change their clothing, and, if they are wise, to secure convenient seats at the first table.

Next comes the tedious process of searching for your steamer chairs, a difficult task requiring from one to forty-eight hours, if, indeed, it is ever accomplished. The dreaded seasickness soon manifests itself, some passengers showing the well-known symptoms while yet in sight of Sandy Hook. This sickness carries with it so disheartening an effect that people who have been prostrated with it have actually wished themselves dead. Yet I think that no sickness is forgotten so quickly or treated so lightly as this one is, when once the victim escapes from its clutches.

When the bell is rung for lunch, everybody rushes to the dining saloon, and if they have not traveled per steamer before, all expect seats assigned them at the first table. Upon entering the saloon you find, much to your disgust, that all the seats



have been engaged, and that you will have to wait for the second table. Quite a number of persons having seats at the first table will find them occupied when the bell is rung, and disagreeable incidents are liable to occur during the first two or three days, or until persons have become accustomed to the run of things.

In the morning the deck is swabbed by the crew, and the steamer chairs are piled up against benches and other convenient objects. When the passengers begin to appear on deck, the old search for steamer chairs begins anew. The time is passed the same way day after day: the passengers either promenading, reading, conversing or playing games, the gentlemen occupying the smoking-room and smoking or mingling with the ladies on deck or in the saloons. The children like especially a game of shuffleboard or ring quoits. They are always ready to assist the sailors in taking the speed of the vessel or furling the sail, while the more venturesome may be seen on some rope at a dizzy height. Some, dividing off into groups, spend the evenings on deck with singing and con-

versation, or occupy themselves in gazing up into the starry, cloudless sky or the cloudy, starless sky, as the case may be, while others spend their time in the saloon. A concert or two is also given by the artists on board, provided they are not too sick to favor the company with their melodious strains. At the last concert a collection is generally taken up for the benefit of the crew of the ship.

The sight of land acts like a charm upon the seasick and depressed travelers. Everybody is joyous, for, with few exceptions, all are tired of the idle, routine life on shipboard, the only change being seasickness. But on the whole, I think everyone has enjoyed his ocean trip. In a few days the ship reaches its destination, and everybody is in a flurry of excitement, saying goodbye to newly-found friends, attending to baggage and various other matters. The little steam-tug which is to land the passengers arrives. They go on board, and waving their handkerchiefs to the officers and crew, bid farewell to the ship that has taken them safely across the ocean.

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## THE SONGS OF THE "LADY OF THE LAKE."

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CLASS OF '91 (BOYS.)

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THOUGH Scott himself was no American, either in birth or sentiment, his songs are not confined to the narrow limits of his own country, but reach out even to this distant nation, carrying with them the vivid picture of his own "banks and braes." Were his statue, which now stands in Edinburgh, the pride and veneration of his countrymen, transferred by some mysterious power to a place in America, though it might be far distant from Newark, our Junior Class, I fancy,

would be found in the front rank of pilgrims hastening to do it honor. Our critical study of the "Lady of the Lake" has brought us into close sympathy with this wonderful painter of nature and human passion.

"No poet has ever equalled him in the description of wild and simple scenes, and the expression of wild and simple feelings." This is especially shown in the songs of "The Lady of the Lake." These beautiful gems, scattered as they are here



and there, serve by their brilliancy not to detract from their surroundings, but to enhance and brighten the entire poem. The first is a slumber song sung by Ellen Douglas in honor of her unknown guest, James Fitz James. The romantic situation of the disguised king, who is unwittingly sleeping beneath the roof of his enemy, the banished Earl of Douglas, brightens the poetic effect of the song.—

“In our isle’s enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing:  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.”

In the Boat Song there is all the proud daring of the victorious Highlanders, all their love for their clan and their veneration for Sir Roderick, their chief. Lady Blanche sings of a breaking heart and a frenzied brain, and the requiem for Duncan is as tender as it is beautiful.—

“The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.”

The metre of the first, “Huntsman, rest, thy warfare o’er,” has a smooth, lulling motion which immediately gives one a delicious sense of drowsiness; but

how different is the metre and entire feeling of the Boat Song. The rhythm keeps time to the dip of the oars, and the music has a glad, triumphant note. Almost instinctively Lady Blanche times her words to the story of her shattered hopes and life.

Scott does not, as many poets do, create ideals having “less of earth in them than heaven,” but he takes real human nature, sometimes a noble character, sometimes a lowly one—but always human. What could be more human than Roderick Dhu’s passionate, fiery love for Ellen, or Lady Blanche’s bitter, revengeful, yet sorrowful story? Scott is especially strong in contrasts. See how different the songs are, and how they add color and life to the narrative. Scott’s poems, like the country they describe, have a beauty and character entirely their own. No poet has or can follow his pioneer steps; he has taught us the sound of the rushing mountain torrent, the distant baying of the hounds, and the long-drawn blast of the hunter’s horn. He has given us ideals which have inspired us with—

“His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth.”

## REALISM IN FICTION.

IT is but natural for young persons to admire the romantic. Youth loves the marvelous; it delights in stirring actions and vivid pictures; in deeds of valor and knightly gallantry. To the youth the word “realism,” as applied to fiction, is suggestive of a prosaic narrative with dull scenes, uninteresting characters, and spiritless conversation. He does not consider the true aim of the realist—to draw life as it exists—or, if he does, fails to consider its true significance. Life is not simply existence—it is a ceaseless struggle; one, moreover, involving both

comedy and tragedy; both humor which lightens the heart, and pathos which subdues it; actions which strengthen or enervate humanity; sentiments exalting by their sublimity, or depressing by their coarseness. These sentiments, emotions, and actions, the realist endeavors to analyze. He employs his power in discovering their sources, as well as in depicting the results of their indulgence.

To the imagination of the average reader, powerful scenes appeal most strongly. Of all realists, Balzac stands foremost in descriptive power as well as



in the delineation of character. Some realists have described types; others, certain phases of society; but Balzac has depicted *every* form of life. He strove to describe the *Human Comedy*—as he termed it—and in following this plan, depicted life with such fidelity as has never been equalled by any prose writer.

But there are other realists in whom the reader would feel interested—contemporary authors—realists who are gradually but surely revolutionizing fiction. The

foremost of these in their respective countries—Russia, France and the United States—are: Tolstoi, Daudet, and Howells. If the student should read but a few works of these authors; if he should appreciate the power which created “Anna Karenina,” the genius which conceived the “Alkahest” or the mind which portrayed the “Immortal,” he would acknowledge that, with such exponents, it is not surprising that realism in fiction has obtained so firm a hold upon the human mind.—N. K., '90.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

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PROF. A. S. DOWNING has been at the head of the Mathematical Department for nearly a year, and in this short time he has won a favorable place in the esteem of both pupils and teachers. Under his tutelage the classes are steadily progressing. The Senior Class has finished its last lesson in Trigonometry, passed its examination with great credit, and has laid the book on the top shelf. With the aid of the new theodolite, when the balmy days come again, this class will sally out

and survey some immense tract on the corner of Washington and Linden streets, or, with solemn carriage, will walk gravely to Military Park; they will survey this expanse, go back to school, make their computation, and get it all wrong, of course. But this is fun just the same. We are in need of a pair of compasses with all the modern improvements, and we know that the surest way of getting what we want is to ask for it in the ANNUAL.

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### THE CLASSICAL CLUB.

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The Classical Club is still holding its monthly meetings with great success and profit to the department. Essays treating upon the various subjects under discussion are prepared by different members, and after being read at the club are placed on file in the library for future reference.

In the name of the Classical Club we tender our thanks to our friends who attended the Kennan lecture on December 10th.

THE Seniors (Boys) had a *class* picture taken last November. They look very dignified.

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### THE “FREE” LIBRARY.

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In behalf of the High School, we wish to express our gratitude to the public-spirited citizens of Newark for their latest and best gift of the “Free Library,” a gift that is especially valuable to us because of its nearness and its fitness to meet our needs. It has aided our classical and scientific study, and has been especially useful in the English work. We hope to make a still better use of it in future.

Two class papers were published by Senior boys of '90—*The Senior Record* and *The Spirit of '90*.



THE Senior (boys) Class sports four *brilliant* lawyers and one "grave and rev'rend" minister.

PUPIL reads: "Then did Aeneas pass on his way; the goddess led him; the flames gave place to him; the javelins harmed him not." Not understanding the passage, he inquires, "Who were the javelins?"

A BOY belonging to the working classes got on a street car, paid his fare and seated himself comfortably. When the car became crowded, a man somewhat in the sere and yellow leaf entered, spied the boy and requested him to get up.

"No," replied the boy, "I paid my

money and I'm going to keep my seat.'

"Boy," said the man in severe and solemn accents, "If your father came into this car wouldn't you give him your seat?"

"You bet your sweet life I would," replied the boy; "I don't ride in no street car with no ghost."

#### HESPERIAN SOCIETY.

The Hesperian Society is rousing itself from its torpid condition, and is now sitting up and rubbing its eyes; we hope to see it soon showing its usual activity. It has recently elected officers and expects now to go to work.

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Arnaud G. Heller,

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Charles S. Cogger,  
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John Finigan,  
William Frazee,  
Louis Gartz,

George Gould,  
Marcus L. Goldfinger,  
Frederick D. Grotta,  
George L. Haas,  
Charles Haase,  
Louis G. Hankins,  
Jesse S. Hann,  
John Hargreaves,  
James Hays,  
John Helmstaedter,  
Max Hemmendinger,  
Frank Huff,  
Henry Iffland,  
George W. James,  
George F. Kidd,  
Frank J. Keib,  
Charles Cogger,  
Louis Gartz.



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 Arnold Leucht,  
 Frederick Lusinger,  
 Theodore Lytle,  
 Henry F. Marquardt,  
 Robert Bruce McDougall,  
 Frank L. Merrell,  
 Frank B. Merrill,  
 Edward Morgan,  
 Nathan Myers,  
 Stephen Myers,  
 Philip Murat,  
 Ellis S. Oliver,  
 Walter J. Patterson,  
 Walter R. Pemberton,  
 William L. Phillips,  
 James W. Pittenger,  
 August Rettenmaier,

Robert Ribbans,  
 John Riker,  
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 Peter Alexander Romaine,  
 Thomas L. Rothery,  
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 Adolf Schuetz,  
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 John Sherman,  
 William E. Smith,  
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 Walter Solliday,  
 Walter Spawn,

Alfred Charles Stengel,  
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 James Stewart,  
 Frank H. Thompson,  
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 Robert S. Van Benthuyzen,  
 Herbert Van Duyne,  
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 Claude W. Velsor,  
 Frederick W. Whitney,  
 Harry A. Wintermute,  
 William Woerner,  
 Everett S. Young,  
 Edwin Zweifel,  
 John Venter, Jr.

## CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.—LADIES.

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Ada Davis.

*Junior.*

Jennie B. Downs.

*Second Year.*

Waunda Hartshorne,  
 Kathryn L. F. More.

*First Year.*

Cathryn Axford  
 Agnes Baldwin,  
 Edith Blake,

Edith Dickinson,  
 Frances E. Martin,  
 Gertrude Meeker,

Cora Belle Miller,  
 Lydia G. Spring,  
 Belle Stephens.

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 Mabel I. Blanchard,  
 Rosie Bornstein,  
 M. Ella Craig,  
 Mabel W. Dixon,  
 Lena E. Egner,  
 Antoinette Forbes,  
 H. Adra Freeman,

Rachel Fried,  
 Leonora R. Gaffy,  
 Anna M. Hausman,  
 Maud G. Hogan,  
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 Nettie A. Marlatt,  
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 Annie C. Rudd,

Nellie L. Smalley  
 Ginevra F. Tompkins,  
 Sara E. Van Duyne  
 Josephine D. White  
 Amelia A. Wilkins  
 Mabel Willoughby  
 Flora York,  
 Annie M. Young,

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 Lucy E. Baker,  
 Eva E. Bayley,  
 Florence M. Burtchall,  
 Grace A. Coe,  
 Margaret C. Delaney,  
 Julia A. Harlow,  
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 Nellie S. Kinnard,

Mary R. Ledwith,  
 Mona M. May,  
 Mary C. Meade,  
 L. Louise Melick,  
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 Theresa Navatier,  
 Kate Nichols,  
 Margaret Nichols,  
 Margaret Randolph,

A. D. Reeve,  
 May Irene Sherman  
 Lue Tunison,  
 Susie H. Vieser,  
 Florence A. Vreeland  
 C. May Welcher,  
 Jessie M. Wendover  
 Helen E. Williams.



*Junior Class—A.*

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Mabel E. Bingham,  
Edna I. Bleyle,  
Jennie M. Carr,  
Florence G. Carter,  
Matie M. Chenoweth,  
Cora M. Coleman,  
Helen Cook,  
Bessie K. Crane,  
Anastasia M. Demars,  
Mattie C. Douglas,  
Agnes Dunn,  
Russie M. Dusenbury,

Lulu B. Evers,  
Florence V. Farmer,  
Nellie Guile,  
Mary Geraghty,  
Lucie B. Haring,  
Hattie E. Hay,  
Grace D. Hicks,  
Maud A. Johnson,  
Berta A. Koyt,  
Marie R. E. Milzeg,  
Addie M. Moore,  
Isabelle Meyer,  
Maude Parmly,

Lizzie G. Parmly,  
Addie E. Purvis,  
Hattie L. Pettit,  
Lizzie Rodamor,  
Florence E. Russell,  
Eva C. Sherwood,  
Nette Straus,  
Laura Sullivan,  
Sara Walker,  
Helen E. Wilson,  
Lillian F. Winchell,  
Helen J. Woodruff,  
Rosa Zimmerman.

*Junior Class—B.*

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May V. Bassett,  
Hulda Baumann,  
Lizzie P. Bourne,  
Mabel Burnett,  
Emma M. Butler,  
Jessie M. Clute,  
Mary E. Canfield,  
Hattie M. Cook,  
Lillian Courter,  
Mabel T. Crane,  
Grace Drowne,  
Grace M. Duffy,  
Maud Ellery,

Katie A. Everding,  
Leora A. Hartpence,  
Sallie E. Hadden,  
Josephine E. Haws,  
Edna M. Hedden,  
Margaret F. Hewitt,  
Florence E. Hutman,  
F. Elizabeth Jones,  
Grace G. Kane,  
Evelyn Kirk,  
Bessie M. Littell,  
Carrie E. Miller,  
Lillian Mulford,  
Bessie P. Osborne,

M. Theresa Overgne,  
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Helen Baldwin,  
Josie Berger,  
Lena Buckley,  
May Burtchaell,  
Meta Chadsey,  
Louise Clark,  
Carrie Conselyea,  
Jennie Courter,  
Mabel Davis,  
Maggie Day,  
Ina Deane,  
Florence Dowden,  
Mollie Dunham,  
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Lizzie Geissele,  
Ida Goble,  
Minnie Hartness,  
Jeannette Heegeman,  
Edith Jacobus,  
Ella Kent,  
Bertha Littell,  
Emma Leonard,  
Helena McClelland,  
Laura McCrea,  
Bertie Mills,  
Bertie L. Mills,  
Delia Noe,  
Grace Northrup,  
Julia Osborne,

Beth Pickance,  
Chrissie Roalefs,  
Lulu Riggan,  
Sadie Russell,  
Annie Schickhaus,  
Adele Smith,  
Leona Smith,  
Lizzie Townley,  
Mary Tompkins,  
Clementine Tucker,  
Addie Utter,  
Mabel Vliet,  
Emilia Wangner,  
Geraldine Warring,  
Minnie Williams.

*Second Year—B.*

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Gussie Barnum,  
Bessie C. Bennett,  
Josie Bird,  
Emily Block,  
Dora Brundage,  
Florence M. Coe,  
Cora Cogger,  
Katherine Currie,

Anna R. Diedrich,  
Bertie Demarest,  
Matilda M. Dengler,  
Florence I. Donell,  
Ida B. Edwards,  
Mamie E. Fulton,  
Jennie D. Gibson,  
Louisa F. Hartman,  
Julia Hortsmann,

Anna L. Johnstone,  
Grace E. Jones,  
Nellie R. Kane,  
Ida E. Kirk,  
Lilian M. Kreiner,  
Gussie Kridel,  
Bertie Lauber,  
Maggie J. Ledwith,  
Cora Belle Loder,



*Second Year—B.—Continued.*

Jessie Lockwood,  
Lizzie H. Noe,  
May Osborne,  
M. Lulu Penrose,  
Lottie B. Pullin,  
L. Maude Rhodes,

Mamie Rodamur,  
Carrie Romer,  
Ida F. Romer,  
Eva M. Sanford,  
Myrtle Smith,  
Bella T. Smith,

Alice Thompson,  
Lulu Van Steenburg,  
Alice Van Arnam,  
Ella Welcher,  
Louisa Wolfer,  
Lottie Wilkinson

*Second Year—C.*

Ida M. Bailey,  
M. Alberta Bartow,  
Emma R. Beach,  
Carrie E. Beyer,  
Regina H. Breidt,  
Helen D. Conway,  
Florence W. Corlies,  
Lunevra Crane,  
Cora B. Davis,  
Edith C. Decker,  
Linda M. De Mott,  
Jane P. Dod,  
Miriam Feder,  
Emilie L. Glorieux,

Ada Graham,  
Carrie L. Grill,  
Agnes Haddow,  
Georgiana Hamel,  
Nellie M. Henchel,  
Lida Lawrence,  
Jessie E. MacGowan,  
Tillie L. Mayo,  
Clara L. Mitchell,  
Ella W. Mockridge,  
Wilma Mulford,  
Martha E. Nicols,  
Josephine L. Noble,  
Ida M. Reeve

Allie A. Rood,  
Mabel A. Rutan,  
E. Josephine Sell,  
Rosalind G. Shepard,  
Clara Y. Simonson,  
Millie F. Stapff,  
May Starker,  
Grace B. Tompkins,  
Dora Wadams,  
Annie G. Washington,  
Jennie Watson,  
Tillie Weil,  
Ada M. Woodland.

*First Year—A.*

Grace Ames,  
Ruth S. Ashby,  
Edith Bancroft,  
Rose Barthman,  
Margaret Baxter,  
Josephine A. Belcher,  
Grace B. Bergfels,  
Gertrude Brewer,  
Alice Burns,  
Lena M. Carle,  
Florence M. Dougherty,  
Minnie B. Dunn,  
Lois F. Elston,  
Lottie M. Ferguson,  
Nellie Fritts,

Lillian Garrabrant,  
Mamie Garrison,  
Florence M. Graul,  
Mamie M. Hancock,  
Emma J. Hermann,  
May E. Holbrook,  
Florence L. Holbrook,  
Charlotte Hopper,  
Mignonne Labiaux,  
Alice H. Lowridge,  
Bessie Miller,  
Beatrice A. Marley,  
Florence Nichols,  
Nellie Onderdonk,

Lida Paxton,  
Belle Pennington,  
Grace Sayre,  
Lucy A. Smith,  
Annie L. Shrubey,  
Bessie L. Squier,  
May Teeter,  
Florence W. Van Gieson,  
Gertrude Walker,  
Mamie A. Wambold,  
Rena White,  
Frances Whittecar,  
Julia E. Woodruff,  
Edith Zimmerman.

*First Year—B.*

Alice Baldwin,  
Kittie Ball,  
May Baker,  
Evelyn Birdsall,  
Julia L. Bruen,  
Minnie Budd,  
Genevieve Cashion,  
E. Mabel Clarke,  
Grace A. Cleveland,  
Mabel Collerd,  
Nellie Cook,  
Alberta Doremus,

Edna Freeman,  
Nellie Galindo,  
Allena Grant,  
Susie B. Greason,  
Josie Guerin,  
Edna Hedden,  
Bertha E. Laird,  
Lily Ledemann,  
Anna Lockwood,  
Lily Metz,  
Mary MacMillan,  
Lizzie Nungesser,  
Olivia O'Fake,

Christine Pentecost,  
Blanche Philipppo,  
Clara Rosencrans,  
Tessie Scharlach,  
Hattie E. Stevens,  
Mabelle B. Smith,  
Annie R. Snyder,  
Maggie F. Stickle,  
Josie M. Stout,  
Mamie Thompson,  
Florence Thowless,  
Helen G. Tunison.

*First Year—D.*

Louise Baldwin,  
Hattie Bayles,  
Ida Benjamin,  
Amelia Bourne,

Georgiana Bowie,  
Jennie Carter,  
Katie Davis,  
Lyla Devoe,

C. Mabel Dill,  
May Freeman,  
Euphemia Fairlie,  
Belle M. Geddes,



*First Year—D.—Continued.*

Emma Goldbach,  
Bessie Hiscox,  
Annie Keve,  
Bertha Koch,  
Edith Lane,  
Marie L. Lefort,  
Mabel J. Loweree,

May Ludlow,  
Mamie Luke,  
Lulu Lyon,  
Lizzie Morehouse,  
Sadie Morris,  
Edith Oakley,  
Augusta Preston,  
Minnie Seitz,

Bertha Shoemaker,  
May Shuman,  
Amy Travis,  
Florence Taylor,  
Maud Walker,  
Lillian Wood,  
Clara Van Wagner.

*First Year—H.*

Agnes Andrews,  
Lillian Belle Beach,  
Eleanor H. Barker,  
Irene G. Benschel,  
Annie Conover,  
Olive Cornish,  
Minnie A. Coil,  
Adelaide Drew,  
Emma L. Eisenschmidt,  
Harriet Coe Edwards,  
Annie Heaney,

Charlotte Heller,  
Louisa Lent,  
Florence Long,  
Fannie Meyer,  
Corcelia Mills,  
Florence Morrow,  
Carrie Osborne,  
Minnie Ochs,  
Agnes C. Roden,  
Margaret Rowland,  
Antoinette Rummell,

Jennie Sharp,  
Fannie Smith,  
Addie Stiles,  
Cornelia Sutphen,  
Clara Sutphen,  
Madeleine Thomas,  
Hattie Van Nest,  
Marion White,  
Lottie Wooster,  
Ida Warner.

*First Year—F.*

Nellie Beetchnow,  
Katharine Blake,  
Anna M. Blazure,  
Minnie Boice,  
Marion M. Bradley,  
Sarah E. Canfield,  
Florence L. Champenois,  
Kate Cleary,  
Lauretta Craigie,  
Daisy H. Crane,  
Myra T. Decker,  
Jennie Demarest,

Mary I. Dickerson,  
Jennie M. Dowie,  
Alena Green,  
May L. Hammer,  
Lulu Harper,  
Mary L. Harris,  
Bessie W. Harvey,  
Clary L. Hinds,  
Alice Hobbs,  
Grace Keymer,  
Lottie G. Marshall,  
Carrie S. Moore,

Jennie J. Norman,  
Emma E. Ober,  
Lillie Peters,  
Anna M. Price,  
Belle C. Price,  
Mary E. Richards,  
Florence Sanders,  
Alida M. Schoner,  
Minnie W. Seitz,  
Helen A. Stout,  
Anna S. Thomas.

*First Year—G.*

Edith F. Allen,  
Grace Beardsley,  
Charlotte N. Ball,  
Laura Cowiter,  
Arity Demont,  
J. Nita Dixon,  
Grace Drummond,  
Frances G. Fisher,  
Kittie B. Fisher,  
Nettie H. Frey,  
Emma Gauch,  
Mary K. Hallam,

Bertha Higgins,  
Hannah Hiscox,  
Jessie I. Hochkins,  
Grace Hudson,  
Lillie Hurd,  
Lillie Hyman,  
Rachel Jedel,  
Agnes E. Kane,  
Lizzie M. Knauss,  
May Belle Mawha,  
Elizabeth Mewhiney,  
Bertha Oppel,

Rachel Osmond,  
Mary F. Quin,  
Mary E. Ryan,  
Catherine C. Schouten,  
Emelie Schwab,  
Ada Z. Smith,  
Emma Stahl,  
Florence Tichenor,  
Cora A. Todd,  
Jennie B. Vanness,  
Georgiana G. Wilds,  
Josephine Wyckoff.

*First Year—E.*

Ada G. Abbey,  
Annie Astley,  
Susan Blewett,  
Ella F. Chedister,  
Lorena S. Conant,  
Lilian I. Cook,

Margaret E. Crowther,  
Maria H. Ely,  
Lillian Ganong,  
Annie Gauch,  
Etta M. Gilbert,  
Louise Hague,

Aurelia D. Howells,  
Clara A. Jacobus,  
Charlotte Kalisch,  
Bertha Levy,  
Caroline A. Looch,  
Etta Marcuse,



*First Year—E—Continued.*

Louise G. McVey,  
Virginia L. McWhood,  
Grace E. Miller,  
Addie N. Moore,  
Florence Ogden,

Margaret Penrose,  
Sarah L. Pettit,  
Jennie B. Riley,  
Mabel Russ,  
Eleanor M. Sharp,

Almira Suydam,  
Addie Weil,  
Minnie E. Winters,  
Ada L. Whitehouse,  
Emma H. Ziegler.

*C—1889-90.*

Jennie Abrams,  
Edith Aschenbach,  
Fannie J. Ball,  
Florence E. Bannister,  
Lillian J. Borrmann,  
Ella W. Clark,  
Jessie Clark,  
Emily H. Davis,  
Elinor G. Donnelly,  
Nellie G. Dunn,  
Cora B. Flagg,

Etta Foley,  
Mamie Gibney,  
Malia Hamilton,  
Mildred D. Harrison,  
Ada L. Mahon,  
Sadie E. Mawer,  
Phoebe E. Miller,  
Minnie Marks,  
May M. Purvis,  
Grace W. Platner,  
Addie L. Pell,

Daisy T. Phelps,  
Beatrice Smith,  
Jennie M. Sweeney,  
Florence Schwartz,  
Nettie Strong,  
Florence Vreeland,  
Lidie R. Van Houten,  
Jeanie A. Washington,  
Edith E. Wells,  
Ada M. Woodhead,  
Pauline Zahn.

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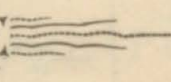
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WHEN the class was asked for the name of the religious fever from which Milton was miraculously kept, one young climber up the steps of knowledge innocently inquired if it was not the "*miasma*!!"

ANOTHER declared that John Locke, while in college, studied "*skyology*," but when she saw the skeptical expression on her classmates' faces exclaimed, "Well, I thought that was the way the dictionary said to pronounce it." (By the way, according to school girls, the erroneous statements of Webster are without number.)

As another example of the prevailing brilliancy of intellect in the Senior Class, we have the following: One of its members spent a large part of a recitation period in endeavoring to locate *Boccaccio* on the map of Europe!!!

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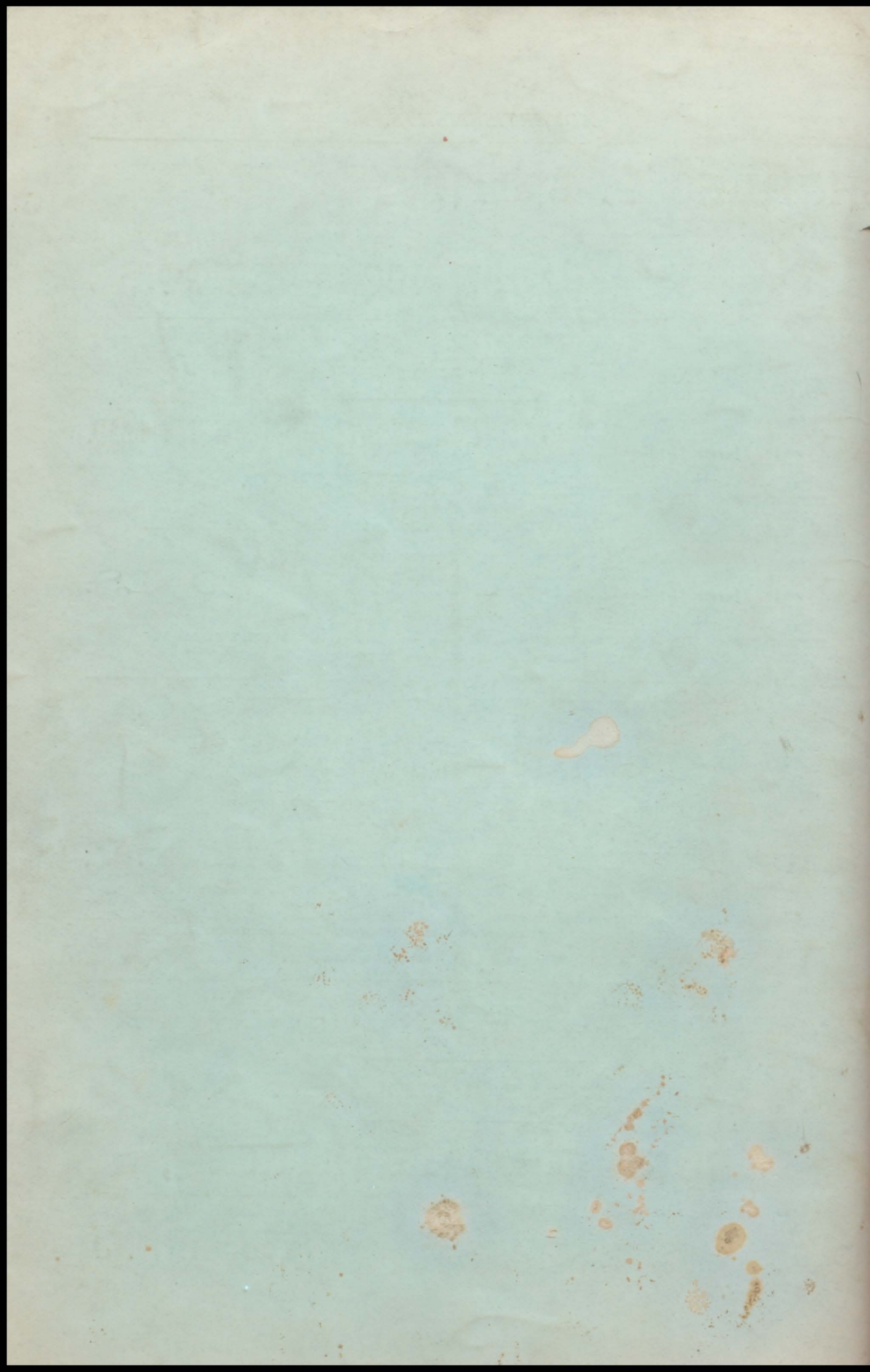
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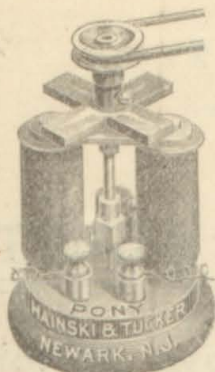
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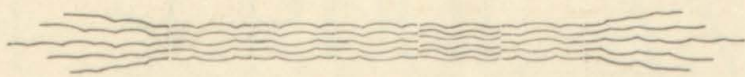
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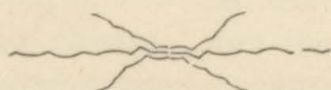
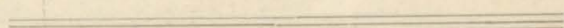
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NEWARK, N. J., 1891.

Prize Oration, 1890.

THE FUTURE OF THE WORKING-MAN.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL.

PROGRESS is universal. The unfolding pages of history reveal crude and simple forms of life emerging into nobler types. We see ancient superstition and idolatry yielding to science, and giving place to high and holy conceptions of divinity. The barbarous institutions and governments of the ancients have been superseded by the humane and liberal governments of the modern world. History shows everywhere the present an improvement on the past. In church and state, among nations and among classes, we see this exemplified; but in no instance is progress so clearly manifest, in no instance does the past promise so well for the future, as in the case of the working-man.

He was once a slave, a piece of property. The first step forward from this condition is to that of serfdom. Here his circumstances are but little improved. In peace he is a vassal destined to servitude, in war he must represent his feudal lord and lay down his life, if necessary, to defend that lord's domain. We see him rise above this condition, and become before the law nominally equal to his former master.

But though the shackles had been removed, still prejudice held the working-man in contempt and subordination, and he himself looked upon the wealthy with

awe. Gradually the spread of liberal thought and education has given to the world a proper appreciation of labor. To-day we see the working-man standing on his rights of equality, feeling his dignity, and demanding a just reward for his daily toil.

The true index of a nation's prosperity is found in the condition of the working-class, and the prime object of all government and industrial organization should be the comfort and welfare of the toilers; but these are only natural consequences, because of the importance of labor to any nation. The laboring class is the bone and sinew of every government—the heart of a republic. Look for a moment at what the working-man has done for us. His ax it was which first cleared away the forests of our country; he it was who first built his log-hut in the midst of the New England wilderness; his the plow which first turned up the soil, and his the hand which first sowed seed in the New World. In 1776, laboring men resisted oppression. They shouldered the musket, and purchased our independence with their heart's blood, shed at Lexington, Bunker Hill, and Princeton. In 1812, we saw the working-man successfully maintain that independence, and in 1861, working-men, responding to the call of one who had been a working-man, proved by force of arms

that the United States was a free country for free men.

We have reviewed the past of the working-man. Now let us, our sight guided by his present actions, look to his future. All over our country, and all over the world, the working-man is daily giving us indications of self-restraint and worthy desire for improvement in mental, moral, and physical condition. We have seen the millions of European and American laborers, during the month of May just passed, meet with little or no violence or disorder. On the fourth day of May, one-half million English artisans met in Hyde Park, London, and without a single disorderly action, agitated the question of eight hours constituting a working day. This is a worthy guaranty of the laboring-man's self-restraint. At the suggestion of Mr. Wm. H. Sayward, Secretary of the Master Builders' Association, the employers and employees of that business have formed a mutual organization to decide questions of mutual concern. This is truly a golden promise for the future of toil. Technical schools are eagerly attended, and other opportunities for education quickly grasped by the working-man. The working-men of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, have founded a free library, the expenses to be borne by themselves. Surely these facts indicate a true desire on the part of labor to help itself. The greatest philosophers are thinking about the laborer; the greatest statesmen are advancing propositions for improvement in his condition; the greatest schools are creating facilities for his education.

To-day is the brightest day that ever dawned on the working-man, and to-morrow promises to be brighter still.

A man's future is generally moulded by his present actions, and it is thus with nations and classes. It is because strikes which provoke riot and bloodshed are things of the past that we have reason to be so hopeful for the future. Such actions do not only withdraw public sympathy from the working-man, but tend to array it against him, and thus deprive him of a great aid and comfort. On the other hand, if our working-men will manifest a proper spirit; if they will be consistent in their trades-unions; if they will try to bring moral influences to bear on the capitalists; if they will reasonably arbitrate with their employers; if they will grasp every opportunity for education, and if they will peaceably agitate all questions, their future will be bright with blessings.

I see inscribed on the pages of the working-man's future history, comfort, knowledge, and true equality. I see the welfare of the employee become the prime object of the employer. I see the working-man working a reasonable length of time six days out of every seven. I see him living in his own house, with the demoralizing influences of unsteady employment and forever changing dwelling-place removed. I see him gaining in culture and refinement, in dignity and true nobility of character, and finally, I see him winning the highest respect and love of all humanity in the day of universal brotherhood.

THE State Assembly of the Agassiz Association was held in our school building on the 19th of December. An interesting programme had been prepared.

President Lighthipe, on "Plant Forms of New Jersey," and an illustrated lecture on "Diatoms," was delivered by Professor Day.

Prize Essay, 1891.

THREE VILLAINS: DON JOHN, IAGO AND IACHIMO.

LEONORA GAFFY.

SHAKESPEARE in painting every variety of character, has not neglected to touch even the most debased with skillful hand strokes. His villains are the evil, vice-stained mortals which only a great poet of humanity could create. Unlike the French novelists, who strive to make vice attractive, Shakespeare presents it in its true form, teaching us to look to better things, and shun the evil, because of its very unloveliness. Shakespeare's figures stand clearly forth, there is no dimness, no uncertainty of outline, as in the heroes and heroines of a story book. True to life, he has endowed many with the same prominent traits of character, but by his masterly analysis he has shown their conflicting motives to be diverse in every case.

Thus it is with Iachimo, Don John and Iago, fired with selfish aspirations, each is pitilessly torturing a guiltless woman by vile slander, growing more and more hardened to evil, not hesitating to murder any who oppose.

But as men they are unlike. "The yellow Iachimo," a little, wiry Italian, is all politeness and conversation, fond of society, courteous and flattering to ladies; but his ugly appearance and snakelike movements are displeasing and even repulsive.

Our first glimpse of Iachimo reveals his stealthiness and greed of wealth. He hears Posthumus boast that his wife is the loveliest and chastest woman in all the world. His quick eyes espy a costly diamond sparkling on the hand of Posthumus, and resolved to procure the gem, he makes a wager to earn the jewel, if he can prove fair Imogen false. But, Imogen, said to

be "The best beloved in all the world of song and tide of time," Shakespeare's ideal, is loyal to her wedded lord, and strong enough to resist the subtle arts of Iachimo. Though deep in his heart he admires the flower-like purity of Imogen, he returns to Posthumus with false proofs that he has won the wager, and receives the ring from him whose life he has made wretched.

Iachimo, regardless of human agony, does not give poor Imogen a thought, though he must be conscious that Posthumus will not delay to have her murdered. Unlike the other villains, he is finally moved to remorse, and mutters to himself:

"The heaviness and guilt within my bosom.
Take off my manhood: I have belied a lady."

Then he confesses his crimes, and is forgiven. What a villain! How we loathe this chattering Iachimo, with the flame of manhood so long smouldering, and not again burning until fanned by remorse.

Don John is just the reverse; a sullen, gloomy man, shut up within himself. He hates people, and wishes them harm. Yet in one respect, Don John is honest; he does not hesitate to declare himself a "Plain dealing villain." The mischief which he cherishes in his heart is accomplished by stealthily paying others to work out his designs. Every one involuntarily distrusts this gloomy, silent man. Beatrice, speaking of him at supper, says, "How tartly that gentleman looks: I never see him but I am heart-burned an hour after." Who does not rejoice that he is foiled in his first evil scheme? but his will is indomitable, and renders his second attempt successful. He is like a panther ready to

spring on his foe. Don John seems not to grow bad by degrees, as Iachimo; all the wickedness is *in* the man, and shows itself as circumstances develop. He never scruples to pour out his money, but it is always for the perpetration of vice. After he has disgraced Hero, relentless pursuer that he is, he loses no chance to malign her; but at last when his treacheries are laid bare, the villain flees like a coward.

Iago, "The world's master villain," almost like the Evil One himself, may truly be called the father of lies. A rough soldier, he has traveled much, and he uses the knowledge thus acquired to further his diabolical plans. Though so often misrepresented by stage actors, he is, according to Shakespeare, a young man of four times seven years, regarded as warm-hearted and whole-souled; popular because at all times he pretends to be sympathetic. He most resembles fruit that is rosy, luscious, and beautiful on the outside, but rotten at the core. The inner soul of the man is first exposed when Cassio is raised to the lieutenancy, the position Iago desired; but, before this, he must have gone through much secret corruption.

Othello trusts implicitly in Iago, and repeatedly calls him *honest* Iago; he must have looked honest, indeed, so thoroughly to have deceived both Othello and Desdemona! Iago will do anything to accomplish his purpose, and not because he loves the wrong, as Don John,—for he would do right if the doing would bring the same result. For the furtherance of his designs, he is willing to ruin his best friends, and, not as some villains, but "carefully and deliberately, by the slow torture of their dearest lives in bitter anguish and fierce despair." Othello listens to Iago's poisonous words against his wife and believes them; but approach-

ed by Iago, after he has just been in the presence of Desdemona, Othello says:

"Avaunt! Begone: thou hast set me on the rack,—
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little."

Even when Othello experiences the cruelty of Iago, he does not distrust him. How incredible that a human being may become so heartless and cold-blooded, that, without a feeling of regret, he can listen to Othello's anguish, hear him moan:

"O, nay that's certain: but yet the pity of it,
Iago!—Oh, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!"

The unscrupulous scoundrel deceives even his own wife; she, too, thinks him honest. Alas for such a wretch! for such a whited sepulchre! He lives to have his villainies disclosed, and to gaze upon his wife, Emilia, and Desdemona, and Othello lying side by side in death, the victims of his baseness and perfidity. Yet, not even such a spectacle touches his heart of stone.

Shakespeare shows the moral nature of these men, so different, yet each gifted with wonderful power,—genius not less great because put to ignoble uses.

As an artist brings into relief the bright and lovely parts of his picture by darkening the back-ground of shadows, so this master-poet more clearly portrays the beauty and noble purity of his worthy characters, by revealing the wickedness of these villains. Imogen is even more fair and saint-like contrasted with the subtle, treacherous Iachimo; Hero is all the sweeter near Don John, gloomy and sullen. Iago's heartless treason adds vividness to the innocence of Desdemona. The purity and loyalty of these women is like the sunshine of Heaven, all the brighter when shining through a parting in the dark clouds.

Thus Shakespeare has finished his great picture, each light and each shadow com-

plete in itself, and each contributing to form the perfect whole.

"This vision comes to me when I unfold
The volume of the Poet paramount,

Whom all the muses loved, not one alone:—
Into his hands they put the lyre of gold
And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,
Placed him asking of muses on their throne."

HERMAN DER CHERUSKER.

WALTER J. ALLEN, COM. GRAD., '89.

German Commencement Essay.

GERADE wie ueber die Britten und Gallier, so erfahren wir das Erste ueber die Deutschen, als die Roemer mit ihnen zu kaempfen begannen. In einem Kampfe zwischen denselben und den Roemern empfing Cæsareinen solchen Eindruck von der Tapferkeit der Deutschen, dass er viele deselben in der roemischen Armee unterbrachte. Unter dem Kaiser Augustus aber wurden sie so schlecht behandelt, dass sie verlangten frei zu werden. Quintilius Varus, der im Jahre 6 nach Christus General in Deutschland wurde, behauptete sogar das Recht zu haben, deutsche Buerger ohne Untersuchung toedten zu duerfen und behandelte dieselben wie roemische Gefangene, Diese Auffuehrung von Varus erweckte aber den gerechten Zorn des Volkes und den Geist der Freiheit.

Herman, der Sohn von Siegimer, und ein junger Prinz der Cherusker, wurde der Raecher der Kraenkungen seines Volkes. Obwohl er nur fuenfundzwanzig Jahre alt war, hatte er einen klaren Verstand und auch einen scharfen Herrscherblick. Als Juengling hatte er in der roemischen Armee gedient und lernte da die Kampfweise der Roemer kennen.

Dieser Herman und die Aufuehrer anderer Staemme hielten daher in den Waeldern heimliche Versammlungen, und sie schworen bei ihren Goettern, einander treu zu sein. Als alles zum Losschlagen bereit war, sandte Herman an Varus die Nachricht, dass ein kleiner Stamm im Norden abgefallen sei. Varus zog daher

sofort mit drei Legionen aus, um die Rebellen zu bestrafen, und die deutschen Anfuhrer lockten ihn und seine Legionen tief in den Teutoburger Wald, nahe bei der heutigen Stadt Detmold. Je weiter sie in den Wald drangen, desto schlechter wurde es. Baeume blockierten ihren Weg, Pfeile wurden aus dem dichten Gebuesch gegen sie geworfen, und das Marschieren war sehr muehsam, weil es seit vielen Tagen geregnet hatte und es immer noch regnete. Da auf einmal erkannten die Roemer, da die Waelder voll bewaffneter Maenner waren, dass sie in eine Falle gelockt worden waren. Eine furchtbare Schlacht, welche drei Tage dauerte, erfolgte. Die Deutschen raechten sich an ihren Feinden fuer die Kraenkungen, die sie erlitten hatten. Von der ganzen roemischen Armee entkam kaum ein Mann; Varus selbst wurde verwundet, worauf er sich selbst todete, indem er sich ins Schwert stuerzte. Zulezt noch uebten die Deutschen ihre Wuth an den Gefangenen aus.

Die Folgen dieses Kampfes waren in Rom so gross, dass der Kaiser Augustus ausrief, "Varus, Varus, gieb mir meine Legionen zurueck!" Rom zitterte aus Furcht vor einem Angriff der Deutschen, und erst 5 Jahre spaeter wagten sie es wieder einen Angriff auf Deutschland zu machen. Sie ueberfielen eine unbewaffnete Gesellschaft, die bei einem Feste versammelt war, und schaendeten ihre Heiligtuemer.

Thusnelda, die Frau Hermans, des

frueheren Siegers im Teutoburger Walde, wurde von ihrem Vater Siegert, der ein Feind Hermans war, und sie mit ihrem Kinde gefangen genommen hatte, den Roemern als Gefangene ausgeliefert.

In Folge dessen zog Herman durch das Land und erweckte die Staemme zum Kampf, indem er erklarte, dass sein Weib und Kind in Sklaverei verkauft worden seien. Die Roemer, welche inzwischen in den Teutoburger Wald gezogen waren und die Gebeine des geschlagenen Heeres von Varus verbrannt hatten, wurden, gerade als ihr Anfuehrer eine Rede an sein Heer richtete, von den Deutschen ueberfallen; und obgleich die Deutschen keinen entschiedenen Sieg errangen, so wurden die Roemer doch so geschwaecht, dass sie ueber den Rhein zurueckziehen mussten. Und waeren die Deutschen nicht so begierig auf Beute gewesen, so haetten sie die meisten gefangen nehmen koennen.

Im darauffolgenden Jahre aber brachten die Roemer ihre ganze Armee gegen die Deutschen und schlugen sie. Herman selbst wurde verwundet und nur durch

die Schnelligkeit seines Pferdes gerettet. Die Roemer jedoch zogen ueber den Rhein zurueck, und kamen nicht wieder nach Deutschland, weshalb Herman als der Befreier Deutschlands betrachtet wird. Ueber die letzten Jahre seines Lebens wissen wir wenig. Er soll jedoch durch seine strenge Regierung zur Unzufriedenheit gereizt haben, und im Jahre 19 nach Christus, als er nur siebenunddreissig Jahre alt war, wurde er von seinen eigenen Verwandten ermordet.

Er war ein wahrer Held, dem das ganze deutsche Volk die groesste Dankbarkeit schuldet. Nach dem Zeugnis der Roemer selbst, war er der Befreier Deutschlands und auch der erste, der deutsche Freiheit angestrebt hatte. Hermann wurde Jahrhunderte lang in den Liedern seines Volkes gepriesen. Sein Name nimmt einen unvergaenglichen Platz in der Literatur als das Symbol der freiheitlichen Bestrebung der Deutschen ein. Aus Dank wurde ihm denn 1800 Jahre spaeter, am 16 August, 1875, von der deutschen Nation ein grossartiges Denkmal gesetzt und von Kaiser Wilhelm I, entschleiert.

"THEREBY HANGS A TALE."

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.)

EIGHTEEN maidens, downcast and undone,
Eighteen maidens marching, ev'ry one,
Up-stairs, downstairs, all the High School o'er,
Moving, moving, moving evermore.

Should you wish their wand'ring steps to trace,
You would follow them from place to place,
You would seek them near and far away,
Yet would be behind them all the day.

Like Evangeline's long search 'twould be,
When you'd reach the place they'd been you'd see,
Like the smoke that from the camp arose,
Pencil chips and bits of Latin prose.

These, the traces that they leave behind,
First above, and then below, you'd find;
Till the chapel clock strikes half-past two,
And a little rest is justly due.

Then while marching out at last they're found,
Each face in a mask of iron is bound,
Hiding in the heart those dreadful cares
Of to-morrow's climbing up the stairs.

Day by day this weary toil is done,
And of peaceful rest and joy there's none;
And before the High School years are o'er,
Backs are bent, and aching hearts are sore.

Still in years to come, if you repair
To the court while twilight lingers there;
Ghostly figures wander through the hall,
Ghostly footsteps on the stairways fall.

Still through ages will they flit about,
Eighteen maidens dancing in and out,
Eighteen maidens wand'ring all alone,
Through the rooms where rats mature have grown,

Now, as day-light to the night gives way,
And the chillness tells of parting day,
As the length'ning shadows deeper fall,
These words, solemn, echo through the hall :—

“ Had you not our prayers so long denied,
Now from room to room we would not glide,
Still the High School flourishing would be,
Never haunted by such ghosts as we ! ”

MORAL.

Should you this calamity avert,
Should you do a deed to heal this hurt,
Build a High School building all complete,
Give these eighteen maidens each a seat.

E. B.
B. M.

THE ROMANCE OF A CAMERA CLUB.

BY C. H. H. FISCHER, CLASS of '93.

CHAPTER I. *Scene*—the banks of a river; time—summer. Mr. X. and the pretty daughter of Mr. B. are fishing; that is both are holding lines in the water, but Cupid has evidently missed his aim at Mr. X.'s heart and struck his head, for he has forgotten to put bait on the hooks.

CHAPTER II. *Scene*—a counting-house. Young Mr. X. enters and walks straight to Mr. B., and after a very long argument goes away with a sad, sad face; subject of argument unnecessary to mention.

CHAPTER III. *Christmas* — Mr. B.'s home. A package arrives, and being opened, is found to contain a camera with a tag addressed in a trembling hand “ For Miss B.”

CHAPTER IV. Two years later. The X. and the B. family are now on most friendly terms. Both the young lady and the young gentleman are members of the A. P. T. S. (Amateur Picture Taking Society), an organization for the purpose of placing unfortunate victims of the

camera fiend in lunatic asylums. The young couple are now on their way to their old fishing ground. The lovely Miss B., with her beautiful red cheeks, has come for the purpose of getting a few snap shots with her Christmas camera. She obeys the directions of “ Exerting a pressure on the button and having the remainder accomplished by ”—WE. Mr. X. has come—well! for any purpose. When they are comfortably seated, he asks the maiden if she will love, honor, and obey him until death doth them part, and he is answered with something equivalent to the French *Oui*.

CHAPTER V. One year later. A church. A coach stops at the door—Mr. B., Mrs. X., Miss B., and Mr. X. alight and pass within. After a short time they return in a state of evident satisfaction. Miss B.'s cheeks are more radiantly beautiful than ever before. I watch them as they drive away, and I think—well! I'll get a camera myself.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHAUCER.

MARGARET L. HEWITT, '91.

From the English Examination, February 2.

THE beautiful description of Spring with which Chaucer opens the *Canterbury Tales* is only one of the many instances in which this genial poet shows his love of nature. Nothing escapes his observant eye, and through his description we are enabled to feel the balmy air of that April morning, when the buds were swelling on the branches, the grass and all the “tendre croppes”

donning that delightful, vivid green, seen only in an English Spring; and the "smale fowles" were twittering and making "melodie" in the treetops. The universal quickening of nature wakes in the minds of all devout persons the desire to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of that holy martyr, Thomas à Becket, and we are delighted to have the opportunity to go with them. We see that varied company, from different parts of the country, assembling at the renowned Tabard Inn to spend the night previous to their departure. Chaucer then describes each member of the assembly, and, as we read, we become acquainted, one by one, with the whole of that pleasant company. Henceforward we count the gentle Knight the tender-hearted Prioress, and the jolly Monk among our personal friends. Their every peculiarity of dress and appearance is noted, and the motley procession passes before us, from the Knight with his horse which though "goode was not gay," and the Monk with his "deinte" palfrey, and "gingeling" bells, to the Clerk, of whom Chaucer remarks:

"As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat I undertake."

A rare sight these two must have made! The brave Knight, with his long and honorable list of victories and personal encounters, his love of chivalry, and his gentle, courteous manner, rides by with his son, the "yonge Squier," whose gaily "embrouded" garments and "lockes crull," together with his great social virtues, make him a great favorite, especially with the ladies. The fat, pleasure-loving Monk comes next, conversing earnestly with the Cook, and their discourse doubtless turns upon the various methods of preparing that dainty roast of "fat swan" so loved by this jolly hunter.

Each one of these pilgrims has a distinct

personality of his own; some of them we love, others we laugh at, others we pity, and still others we dislike: yet Chaucer had a humanity broad enough to embrace them all, and he presents their faults in a softened light, though we do not forget that they are faults. The conscientious Parson compels our respect, while the poor, ill-dressed, though scholarly Clerk excites our pity, even while we smile at his uncouth appearance.

The story of Grisilde, narrated by the Clerke of Oxford, is a most pathetic tale of wifely devotion, and though in the present day we cannot appreciate to the full the virtue of this too patient woman, yet, if we could only look at her from the standpoint of the Fourteenth Century we should apprehend much better the lesson which this tale conveys. But however much we may feel that Grisilde was too patient under the manifold trials with which it pleased her husband to test her fidelity, yet the tender pathos of her answers and the humility with which she obeys the slightest command of her lord, affect us strongly, and we rank this tale among our favorites.

Some of the greatest charms in Chaucer's work are found in the quaintness of the language, in his keenness of observation, and in his happy faculty of describing the little peculiarities of his subjects. Although we have read only the prologue and the Clerk's Tale, the glimpse into the poetic world of Chaucer, thus obtained, has been sufficient to inspire us with an earnest desire for more extensive study.

FOR the Hesperian Society a new era of prosperity has been ushered in. Debates are being held monthly, and the members are working with renewed activity to establish it on its former sound basis.

A THRENODY.

BY ALICE VAN ARNAM, CLASS OF '92.

THREE school books were lying in loneliness drear—
 In loneliness drear as the moon shone bright;
 All three were forgotten in pleasures more dear
 To the hearts of the owners that winter night;
 But girls must study if they would learn;
 And the books, whose covers that night did not turn,
 Will rise up in reproach on the morrow.

Three school girls were walking down Washington
 Street,
 And quickened their pace, as the sun shone bright,
 When they looked at the time; but, alas, they were late

And they thought with regret of the previous night;
 For girls must study if they would learn,
 Though tasks be hard and for pleasures we yearn;
 Then we shall not suffer to-morrow.

Three teachers sat wringing their hands in despair—
 Sat ringing their hands as the sun went down;
 Each thought of the pupil who filled her with care,
 And wished her away in an African town;
 For if girls will not study they cannot learn;
 And the teachers' hearts grew hard and stern,
 Ah, woe to the culprits to-morrow!

THE COLLEGE CRAZE.

BEATRICE G. MAYBAUM, DIVISION A, CLASSICAL, '94.

OUR present school year is, indeed, the most wonderful on record. So think our Juniors and Seniors, no doubt, and "so say we all of us," for has it not brought with it a novel antagonism which quiet observers would call "The College Craze?" But hush! lest we be too demonstrative, and some member of '91 or '92 should overhear us, for woe be to the one who dares breathe a word against a cause which both classes have at heart.

In the annals of the High School boys, what is a high standing in class and a testimonial at the close of the year, in comparison with an ever-to-be-cherished piece of stick, and a never-dying name as the winner of so precious a memento? What is a quiet, peaceful career at school, with friendliness on all sides, to an antagonism which brings with it all that our older brothers find at college—even a CANE RUSH?

These were the sentiments of our Seniors and Juniors early this fall, when the "College Craze" first took possession of them, on hearing the tales of their college brethren. They must have a quarrel,

too! A cause, of course, was unnecessary, for being in different classes was already enough to make them hate each other with that fatal, deadly hatred which only High School boys can muster.

War had begun in earnest, and the Seniors must needs choose red and white (a new and striking contrast by the way), and the Juniors blue and white (a still more new and striking one) for their respective class colors. These they tie in the most graceful knots in their respective button-holes, and hang in the most unheard of places on wall and ceiling of the classrooms. Such decorations greatly improve the appearance of both room and boy. How noble of them, excelsior-like, to risk their necks in placing these colors, perhaps all of half an inch higher than those of their enemy. Although very proud of these colors, they did not intentionally choose those of their friends of Harvard and Yale. They chose the ones which *they* thought quite original.

Yet all this time the war has grown fiercer and fiercer. The poor teacher hardly dares to smile approvingly on a Junior's drawing, or remark on the merit

of a Senior's composition, for before many hours have passed away, she is pounced upon by the opposite party, which demands the cause of this unjust partiality. Alas, how dreadful are the times of war!

So far nothing decisive had been done, and a bolder step must be taken. So the Seniors, according to college programme, decide to carry canes in order to rouse the Juniors, who, according to programme, consider this an *insult*, and challenge the Seniors to a CANE RUSH!!! on the day preceding Thanksgiving.

At last the fateful day is at hand, and the *stately* High School building looks down upon a sight which will never be forgotten so long as Latin, Greek, Algebra, and Science exist, and so long as boys remain boys. The noon-day sun shines brightly upon Linden Street, crowded with spectators, friends of both parties, who have left study, amusement, and, last, but not least, their lunches, to witness this grand, awe-inspiring spectacle.

At either end of the street are ranged two parties, each face set with a brave, heroic, fierce expression, which shows that they would give their lives for such a cause. (Don't ask them what the cause is!) The signal is given, the Seniors rush forward! In a moment the Juniors are upon them; the spectators hold their breath! The fight rages fiercely for a

number of minutes, when it becomes evident that the Juniors are gaining. See that tall, stalwart Junior in the checked gingham blouse wrest a bit of cane from that little, agile Senior! And behold, two others have together secured the leading Senior's cane, when—clang—bang—goes the bell, and the cane-rush ends in a rush for the school-yard gate, while the air resounds with admiring cheers in honor of the Juniors! Wonderful boys! great boys! being in a majority of only two-thirds, they have beaten the Seniors!! Noble boys! "It was a famous victory."

And when their work is done, a Senior whose coat has been ripped down the centre of his back walks home, prouder than an E average could make him; while a Junior, the happy possessor of a black eye, would not exchange it for a gold medal, even though the eye bring with it bruises enough for him to spend his Thanksgiving holidays in bed.

Yet it is wonderful that so few outsiders see the glories of these honors! They cannot understand these feelings of a High School boy; but in years to come, it is hoped that the boys will learn to understand the feelings of the outsider, and to see in what a ridiculous light they placed themselves while under the influence of the malady which they themselves will *justly* term "The College Craze."

THE SIOUX REBELLION.

LOUIS M. NUTTMAN, CLASS OF '91

ABOUT a year ago, an Indian named Sitting Bull came into an Agency in Wyoming, and told the Indians there that somewhere up North he had seen a Christ. He gave an account of his journey to where he had seen the vision, and told whom he saw, and what he said. After foretelling a restoration of the old

order before the pale faces came, he sat down to a feast of buffalo meat and went to sleep. When he woke up, he found himself in his own lodge. An Indian named Porcupine also claimed that he had seen Christ, who ordered him to institute among his people a Messiah dance, to last four days at the full of every moon.

The news was taken by means of runners to other tribes, and thus the craze spread, until all the tribes in the North and West looked for the coming of a Messiah, who was able to make them independent of "government beef and contract blankets."

But the Indian's God was like Uncle Sam, much was heard of him, but he was never seen; and, although the Indians kept up their dancing, the expected Messiah never came.

At last the settlers in Dakota became afraid that the Indians, in working themselves up to frenzy over their religion, might take it into their heads to attack their neighbors; so the settlers kept leaving their homes and seeking refuge in the cities.

Then the government sent troops for the suppression of an outbreak, should one occur. This exasperated the savages, and they determined to resist, if the troops attempted to interfere with their dancing. As more and more troops were sent northward, the Indians became more and more unfriendly, and danced with guns strapped to their backs.

On November 22, 1890, news was brought into Pine Ridge Agency that the dancing Indians were moving north, and were being joined by numerous other bodies of Indians. Then it was determined by authorities at Washington that the dancing must be stopped at all hazards.

Two days after this there came news of a murderous plan for killing the soldiers. The Indians were to continue dancing at the juncture of White Horse Creek and Wounded Knee until the troops came to stop them. Then they would be ambushed by Indians on each side of a gully through which they would have to pass. Had this happened they would have shared Custer's fate, for once in the gully, nothing could have saved them.

The first event of importance was the killing of Sitting Bull by Indian Police, while resisting arrest. It has been hinted that there was an understanding between the commanding officer and the Indian Police that "the slightest attempt to rescue Bull should be a signal to send the old medicine-man to the happy hunting grounds." At any rate, this incident caused a fight between the troops and the dancers, in which two officers and fifty men were killed.

On December 22, one hundred and fifty of Bull's warriors surrendered to Col. Sumner. On December 29, while Big Foot's band was being unarmed, having been reinforced, there was a fight in which one officer and twenty-five men were killed.

After several more skirmishes, Gen. Miles decided to surround the Indians, and then, if they did not surrender, he could close in on them. He carried out this plan at once, and on January 8, they were completely surrounded. Great care had to be taken, for although the army had apparently put down the Sioux Rebellion, there was no telling at what moment the Indian, made desperate by hunger and fright, would make one last effort to avenge his wrongs. The Indians said that Miles must get off the reservation or fight; and he, in turn, answered that they must surrender, or he would close in on them.

This decisive course settled the matter. The red men began giving up their arms, until now there are very few who have not surrendered, and it can be said that all danger of trouble is past.

Gen. Miles says that the causes of this war are: insufficient food supplies; religious delusions; and the natural disposition of the savage to go to war. But it was only when the chiefs dwelt upon the wrongs done them by the whites, the

scarcity of food, and the presence of the troops, that they showed any signs of hostility. Then there were three religious denominations, each teaching the Indian its own rites, and, instead of co-operating, working against each other. This of course puzzled him and led him to distrust them all.

Then, in expectation of their coming Messiah, they continued to hold their wild dances, until the representatives of this free nation sent a large army to put a stop to even this. They were not allowed to worship God in their own way.

Thus the Sioux Rebellion came to an end, but it is certain that the Indians will not much longer endure being cooped up on their reservations (which are not among the best lands of the United States). Uncle Sam will have to treat them better, or the Indians, in order to avenge their wrongs, and gain their freedom, will fight until they are all exterminated. This, I suppose, would suit the government best, as there would be no longer need of supplying the Indians with beef and blankets, in return for the vast lands forced from them.

A LOOK BACKWARD.

CHARLOTTE G. MARSHALL, CLASS OF '93.

"WE look before and after
And pine for what is not."

I WAS standing in a famous art gallery; before me was a painting of a grand old mediæval castle, that had impressed me strangely. What glorious days those were when castles such as this were in their glory, when knights and ladies came and went across that curious drawbridge, when crowds waved and cheered at the jousts.

That evening I ransacked my father's library for tales of chivalry, and read till a startled thought of the morrow warned me to close my books. As I reluctantly turned out my light and jumped into bed, I exclaimed, "O that the days of chivalry might return!"

Gradually my thoughts blended with dreams, and I found myself on the parapet walk of a goodly castle, in a train of lords and ladies, enjoying with them the usual promenade as the twilight falls. How strange and yet how familiar it all seemed! To the east of the castle lay fair hills and rolling meadows. The sound of the monks' voices, chanting their evening hymn, reached my ear, from the

small chapel within the castle walls; and, looking to the north, I saw a level stretch of turf surrounded by grand pavilions, over which floated banners of cloth of gold. The ladies at my side point to the gay field, and what do I hear them talking of? A Tournament! The grandest ever held in all the country round! "See," they say, turning to me, "yonder are the lists in preparation. But wait till they are finished and you shall see how grand they are!"

And now my dream changes, and I am one of the eager crowd at the tourney. I lean forward breathlessly. At either end of the lists I see the brave knights, proudly bearing the colors of their lady-loves. Next to me is the daughter of the castle, not less excited than I. She must have a friend in the combat. Ah, yes! the knight with the blue scarf is champion for the little lady at my side.

The signal is given:

"The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brand shivers on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel."

Again and again they met with thun-

dering shock, and many a gallant crest is trampled in the dust. As their moans of pain and cries of agony mingle with the clash of the trumpet, my heart cries out for mercy, and I turn my head away from the brutal sport. Suddenly a cry of dismay escapes from the lips of my companion, and I turn to see another knight, unhorsed, lying helpless on the ground. What is my horror, when I discover that he is my friend's champion!

Then we returned sorrowful to the castle. There grief held sway over all. The minstrels sang the most melancholy dirges. As for me, I had no comfort to offer. What could I say to a maid whose lover had been killed in such a manner? I murmured something about "such a terrible way to die," when, to my astonishment, the maiden replied: "Oh! he is not dead. Better for him that he were. He is not even wounded." The girl lifted her streaming eyes to mine, and as I met their earnest gaze, I realized that more than I had supposed had depended on the good sword of her knight. Then there kept ringing in my ears again and again the words:

"To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the king his lands."

The maiden continued her musings, rather to herself than to me. "Now," she exclaimed, "I can understand the meaning of such unwonted darkness over all the land three days ago. It was an ill omen to our cause."

"Oh, no" I replied, "that meant nothing. It was merely an eclipse, the shadow of the earth"—But the maiden interrupted me, and as I paused and looked up, I beheld a throng of people gathered around us. It was fast becoming dark in the queer old hall, but I could descry priests and monks in their long black robes crossing themselves at my answers to

their stern queries. Suddenly I was seized and forced into the open courtyard. There I saw the master of the castle seated on the Mount of Justice, and I knew that he was to be my judge. With frightened faces my accusers gathered around me. At last the judge pronounced the fatal words, and with a loud cry of "Heresy, witchcraft!" the people shrank from me. I was led back to the castle and down through subterranean passages. Lights flickered and burned, and I saw horrible instruments of torture:

"And many a hideous engine grim
For wrenching joint or crushing limb."

Iron bands are fitted about me. My captors turn and leave me to my fate, without one pitying glance. Not a muscle, not a joint can I move, and on my forehead a tiny stream of water falls drop by drop.

I opened my eyes, and there was—not the grim wall of the passageway—but tiny Madge, a wet sponge in hand, standing over me. "Come, sister," she exclaimed, "get up, and don't look so frightened. A little water will not hurt you."

I got up and dressed, and tried to think no more of my dream, but it had its effect. Never again was I heard to exclaim: "Oh! that the days of chivalry might return!"

—

ENTERPRISING JUNIOR—"I have selected the Longfellow quotations for my composition book."

DELIGHTED TEACHER—"Well done, Master G., I'm glad to see you so prompt."

JUNIOR (with a wicked twinkle in the corner of his eye)—"Here, Miss X., is the one that I admire most: 'I will follow you, my husband.'"

ABASHED TEACHER—"Ah, my boy, we are each about equally conversant with that subject."

THE OLD CHAPEL CLOCK.

"THE GRAVY DISH."

ON the wall of the chapel, there hangs an old clock,
Which always is saying, "tick tock, tick tock."
It tells the Juniors how long they must wait
Before they can run through the old school-yard gate.

They look up there often, that small, restless band,
And they watch how slow goes the minute-hand.
The hour-hand never at all seems to move,
And the Juniors oft wish they could give it a shove.

This old clock has looked down a great many years
Upon the new Freshmen with all of their fears.
The Juniors all make it their very best friend,
And the glances between them have never an end.

And so the old clock ticks right on through the day,
And as it keeps moving, it still seems to say:
"Tick tock, come and study your lessons, my boys,
And then will you relish the more all your joys."

CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

BY ERNEST FORSTER LYON, CLASS OF '90.

[We are glad to comply with the request of the class of 1890, and publish the following oration, delivered at last commencement].—EDS.

"Your mind is fevered by a desire for truth."

E. B. LYTTON.

SEEK where we will for a nation without a religion, shall we find one! From the savage on the Congo to the civilized man of Europe, all have an object of worship. From this fact may we not deduce the principle that all men are created with a consciousness of inferiority to some higher power? In the different systems of faith we see the outgrowth of this truth.

In the child-like ancients, it was simply this religious nature that inspired reverence for the great natural phenomena and gave rise to all the foolish superstitions of paganism. When the old philosophers began to ponder over these beliefs, they perceived their fallacy. But the declaration of consequent opinions brought down upon them a destructive storm of indignation.

Throughout the Dark Ages between superstition or so-called religion, and reason or science, this conflict raged. The Church, embracing all civil as well as spiritual power, did her utmost to crush her puny, though rapidly growing op-

ponent. Even the horrors of the Inquisition could not accomplish her purpose. She could destroy a Bruno, a Gallileo, but like the Hydra, two other heads sprang up to replace the one cut off. Slowly, very slowly, as the rays of reason began to dispel the mists of superstition, scientific truths conquered. Gathering momentum in each successive period, science has reached her zenith of success. Flushed with her many victories, like Marius and Sulla, science proscribes all her enemies. She is making the same fatal mistake as did her adversary.

We must recognize the religious want in man. Can science supply it? Will she purify and sweeten a home, make a self-sacrifice, do a charitable act, or a deed of heroism? How your scientific formulae pale before such achievements! But we do not expect science to deal with the spiritual. That is beyond her sphere. Religion arose to supply this want that has always been felt in man. Before the coming of Christ she was in her infancy. She had fallen into disrepute through the covetousness of her grasping, hypocritical priests. She had become degraded by contact with unscrupulous parasites. She needed to be purified by

Christ's perfect moral teachings. His doctrine gave her an impulse in a new direction. But the power of paganism was too strong to be annihilated. When it found that opposition was useless, it amalgamated itself to Christianity, changing her whole appearance. It crowned its idols as saints, and worshiped them as before.

The strength of true religion has always been weakened by its pagan element. Religion as it is has only existed through the beautiful underlying principles of Christianity. It is the superstitions of religion which are and always have been the cause of its antagonism to science. The Bible, which is the cornerstone of religion, is the stumbling-block between the two great contending powers. Since this book is the collection of divine truths translated imperfectly into an imperfect language by imperfect men, and understood by us imperfectly, why should it be considered infallible? Take away the miracles, Genesis, nay, even every portion which has caused dissensions, will not its foundations remain untouched? Will not every good principle be left? Why, then, this deadly combat? Religion and science have existed too long to be obliterated. Their value is too well appreciated. But never will man receive the whole or true benefit to be derived from them, until they are yoked together and pulling in harmony.

Enlightened man will not accept a faith of superstition. His religious instinct impels him to seek one to supply his needs. But religion as it is contains too much mystery. Here is the difficulty. Man must believe some theology. What is the result? He makes one to accord with his own opinions.

This tendency of thought is in two directions diametrically opposed to each

other. The first, towards the no-religion, of which we may take Robert E. Ingersoll as an example. The second, toward the new religion, of which Henry Ward Beecher was the exponent. The former, seeing so much mystery before him, says as did the old philosophers: "I believe nothing, not even that I believe nothing." But the latter gleams from among the chaff golden grains of truth, and declares to all men the doctrine of Love.

If we trace the history of religion from the ancient superstition to the present development, we shall observe a steady, though infinitely slow, progress. Her whole course points to a brilliant future. Through the aid of her enemy, she is eliminating all her pagan impurities which have so long contaminated her. She promises us a reasonable criterion of truth which will draw all men unto her. She will unveil God in His most exalted form as an all-benevolent, all-merciful, all-loving power. She will promote in the highest degree Love, Charity, and above all, the Fraternity of Man; and when man calls humanity brother, and says "God is Love," the conflict is ended.

THE JUNIORS ON THE STAIR.

There is a place midway the stair,
The Jolly Juniors gather there
And pause before they ope the door
To shudder at those words of yore—
"Forever—never!"
Never—forever!"

Within that antique portico
The band of Juniors now must go,
And wonder if the day will dawn,
When composition work is gone—
"Forever—never!"
Never—forever!"

Never here, but forever there,
Juniors, of composition beware,
For composition, boys, you know
Is an endless source of ceaseless woe—
"Forever—never!"
Never—forever!"

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1891.

EDITORS:

HENRY EGNER, - - - MISS ANNIE E. SILL,
JOSEPH KUSSY, - - - MISS EDNA S. SMITH.

ASSISTANTS.

WALTER T. SHEPARD, - FRED. A. LEHLBACH.

EDITORIAL.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it is deemed necessary for a High School Senior to perform the duties incumbent upon an editor, his uppermost thought is, "This is not so difficult a piece of work, if we only knew how to begin." So, here we are, what is left of us after the mid-year examination, and here are our productions, bound in this large and attractive ANNUAL. If an intelligent reader fails to be delighted with these blossoms of our genius, we have serious doubts concerning his proper mental condition. Have we not read all these articles with keen satisfaction, and are we not competent judges?

After trying to be as funny as we can, we desire our readers to be cautious lest too large doses of THE ANNUAL should result in serious physical consequences. The Seniors have played Uriah Heap for the amusement of the public, and the Juniors, like Topsy, have "'fessed" more pranks than belong to them. The Classical Girls, crowded out from seats in chapel, have written an epic that might be called "The New Æneid." We advise our readers to get their cameras at once, for prices are sure to advance rapidly after reading "The Romance of a Camera Club."

Four months more—only four months—

and our class will leave this palatial High School, where the screech of the electric car silences, for the time being, all other sounds. Crowded beyond all possibility of comfort, we are patiently awaiting better accommodations. Where, O where, is our new High School building? Echo answers,—Where, O where? Must we wait for it until we are school commissioners?

The best room on the second floor has been placed at our disposal, but in taking it, we do not feel exactly comfortable, because the young ladies need it about as much as we do. Here we study the poets and learn to surpass them, and here our future architect, with compass and pencil, produces drawings that amaze not only the teacher, but even the draftsman himself.

We were very sorry to lose Mr. Downing, but were glad to welcome Mr. Thacher, of St. Joseph, Missouri, who took his place. But, shall we say that this is the only change noticed in our midst? What means that beam of joy that illuminates the face of one of our genial teachers? Why have our marks been so excellent since Christmas? With a smile that is child-like and bland, the boys would tell you that there is a cause.

Our thanks are due the Board of Education for the Wheatstone-bridge which has been put into the laboratory, for over a hundred volumes which have been added to the libraries of the Classical and the English Departments, and especially for abolishing the prize system. The faculty and the better class of students think that this action will be most beneficial to the school. Though there are apparently no more prizes to win, the real prizes of life are quite sufficient to make the spirit of study just as earnest as it has ever been, and all are relieved to think that there is

no longer a possibility of a mistake in awarding a prize in the Newark High School.

AGAIN another year, laden with pleasures, has rolled away, and endeavoring to reflect in these pages some of the sunbeams which have fallen upon our hearts, we present the ANNUAL of '91 to its waiting friends.

Four years have flown on the wings of the wind since we Seniors first entered the hospitable doors of the High School; standing in awe of the Seniors then holding sway and ready to fall in reverent submission on the earth, if they "did carelessly but nod on us." Old Father Time has now placed the sceptre in our hands. We stand on the long-looked for heights, but they no longer seem the crowned summits of Olympus. We still stand in the vales, looking ever onward, upward to the heights yet to be scaled.

Each year our High School gains some added greatness; some new addition whereby in future years it will be recognized as the most learned institution in this United States. Last year it was the introduction of the optional study, German; this year the introduction into the girls' department, of the "departmental system," which has been so successful in the boys' division for several years. Under this system, each teacher has charge of one special study, hearing most, if not all of the classes in that study. The classes change rooms, thus giving them a moment or two of relaxation and exercise, and a change of surroundings, which is desirable. In fact, both teachers and scholars seem well pleased with the new arrangement, which, since its beginning has gone on smoothly, and doubtless is a great improvement.

English, which has heretofore been

studied in a somewhat fragmentary way, is now a regular systematic study, to be recited in every day, and it is enjoyed by every class. Various authors are studied through their works, and a recent examination, made by Mr. Hovey in one of the classes, shows very satisfactory results, as did the formal mid-year examination.

But the last triumph is the stand recently taken concerning a course in college. Hereafter it will be possible for a girl to prepare for these courses in four years, a little change in the regular course, whereby German is taken in place of some of the English studies, enabling her to do this. Already five girls are at work with their minds set on a college education. Parents need no longer complain that the Girls' Department fits only for the Normal School.

An interesting as well as instructive feature this year, we find in the lectures given by Prof. Quinlan, on various subjects, among which have been: "The Age of Elizabeth," "The Renaissance," etc., etc. The pupils take notes and write reports of these lectures as an exercise in their English work. Each class receives a lecture about once a month. The German also is kept up, about two-thirds of the first year pupils taking it in preference to Latin.

The Free Library is a constant convenience and source of profit, as well as pleasure to the pupils; not only to those who draw books, but also to large numbers who consult books in the reference department, upon subjects connected with the various branches of study.

Every opportunity has been afforded us. Pleasant have been these school-days, and now as they are drawing near their close, we realize that we have but just entered upon our lessons in the great school-house of the world. But we hope the remem-

brance of the kindly influences which have surrounded us, will ever remain deep in our hearts.

WE welcome to our table the *High School Life* of the Orange High School. This is their Vol. 1 and No. 1, and it reflects credit upon the editors, and speaks well for the school. The editors propose to issue the *Life* quarterly. We have had some experience in publishing our ANNUAL; once we published it monthly, and nearly killed the editors, and we have had various plans, but have come to the conclusion that an ANNUAL is best for us.

The *High School Herald*, published by the students of the Jersey City High School, comes to us laden with wit and wisdom.

People who buy things should look over our advertising pages, as we advertise only for first-class houses.

Our High School has representatives in several colleges. Our boys are to be found in Rutgers, Princeton, Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Colby, Syracuse, Lafayette, Bellevue Medical College, and our girls in Wells, Smith, Barnard, Harvard Annex, and the Woman's Medical College, New York. We are proud of them all.

Last year German was introduced into the girls' department, and made optional with Latin; 226 girls took German (omitting the senior classes, as they were so nearly through, but few changed), and 251 Latin. This year (seniors excepted) 261 take German, and 300 Latin.

The graduates of the Commercial Course met last fall and organized an Alumni Association of their own, and elected Henry W. Heller, President, Victor Jacoby, Vice-President, Herbert L. Thow-

less, Secretary, Lewis Burgesser, Treasurer, and George Schmauder, Member of the Executive Committee.

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, a resolution was adopted, urging the Board of Education to build a new High School, and a "committee of twenty-five members was appointed to agitate the matter." We hope that this committee will so agitate the matter that they will persuade the Board to buy a lot at once for a new building. Louis R. Menagh was re-elected President of the Alumni Association, with a full list of officers and trustees.

SINCE the last issue of THE ANNUAL, the Classical Department of our High School has added to its facilities for work in several ways, but principally by the increase of its library. This now contains 350 volumes of works pertaining to all fields of classical study.

The instructor in the department acts as librarian, and guides in the selection of books, and often assigns work which requires the reading and consultation of works in the library. In this way the students of the department have the advantage of a judiciously selected and carefully managed library in the school building, and if the students of the classical department do not patronize the public library as much as might be expected, it is because they find what they want in their own.

Besides the additions to the library, the department has bought a stereopticon, provided its room with a large curtain for pictures, and its windows with board blinds, so as to darken the room whenever it is desirable.

By this means, together with illustrated works in the library, and an album con-

taining about 140 photographs of Greek and Roman subjects, the work is in some degree lifted out of the dull monotony which generally characterizes the study of the Ancient Languages.

The Classical Club connected with the department, and mentioned in the last ANNUAL, is in a flourishing condition. At the last meeting, a committee was appointed to prepare for the February meeting a programme on Prof. Schliemann and his excavations. Another committee was appointed to prepare for the use of the club several games of Greek and Roman authors, on the same plan as the games of modern authors. At the same meeting, a member who has recently read with the senior class the fifth book of Virgil, containing the description of the games celebrated at the tomb of Anchises, proposed that the department should have a field-day during the coming spring, when Greek and Roman games and sports should engage those who will enter as contestants and entertain those who shall be present as spectators. A committee has been appointed to make the necessary preparations; a large number of entries have already been made, and from present prospects, the first High School field-day, which shall be a classical field-day, will be celebrated some Saturday during the coming spring. The practicing for these games will be excellent recreation and physical exercise for those who enter them, and in some small degree will supply the lack of what is felt more and more at the High School, viz., a campus and a gymnasium. The Classical Department may have a justifiable pride in taking the lead in holding a field-day.

THE reception-room in the upper rear corner of the school commonly known as the Laboratory has been taxed to its ut-

most capacity since September. It serves the triple function of class-room, workshop, and lecture hall. Over 600 students are accommodated from time to time within its quarters. The walls of the room are now entirely covered with shelves and cases, and, notwithstanding, a valuable collection of minerals must still be kept stored in boxes in out of the way closets. The Agassiz Society has added a number of reference volumes to its catalogue, and provided the department with a new electric battery outfit and a fairly good chemical balance. The Board of Education has provided an electrical testing set of Wheatstone-bridge type, which has proved a most welcome addition.

Our boys are making good use of all the apparatus with which the school is furnished. We trust that the day will soon arrive when the young ladies will possess equal facilities. The annual exhibit of apparatus manufactured by the science classes last June won great praise from the city press, and from not a few scientific journals. A photograph of this exhibit is now suspended in the front hall of the school, and another hangs in the office of the City Superintendent. The photographs, too, are the work of a student.

Another interesting mural decoration in the front hall is a sketch of the prominent city parks, and in them the positions of trees set out on last arbor day by the members of the graduating class, and by the various sections of the Agassiz Society.

Of the latter society, a few remarks may be in order. It now consists of four sections and five clubs, with an aggregate membership of 200. During the year there have been given under its auspices several public lectures and exhibits. The Saturday excursions have been very well attended. Particularly instructive were

the trips to the Hudson River tunnel, the exploration of the old Belleville copper mine, and that at Bloomfield, and the trip to the American Institute Fair. The most active of the clubs is that of Mineralogy, which is industriously following the Gutenberg courses in Geology and Mineralogy. The members have in contemplation a collection of the minerals and fossils of the State, for which it is hoped accommodation may be found in some desirable corner of the building. Great impetus was given in this work by the discovery last December of a fossil boulder of the Devonian period in the glacial drift of this neighborhood.

MARRIAGES.

Prof. A. V. Taylor, '82, and Miss Susan Gilbert.
 Fred. L. Van Ness, '73, and Miss Louise Jessup.
 Harry C. Hines, '74, and Miss Ida J. Lyon.
 Frederick T. Hey, '76, and Miss Edith Crane.
 Miss Estelle Fine, '76, and William Whitlock.
 Miss Ida Wharton, '76, and Harry Dawson, '77.
 Miss Carrie Holbrook, '80, and Cyrus D. Chapman.
 Miss Lottie W. Dean, '80, and Edward M. Cone.
 John B. Scarlett, '81, and Miss Caroline Larter, '84.
 Miss Charlotte Walker, '82, and Rev. F. C. Jones.
 Dr. Fred. H. Eichorn, '83, and Miss Nellie Bemis.
 Miss Kate I. Langstroth, '84, and Dr. Jesse Williams Hedden, '84.
 Miss Annie H. Osborne, '84, and Chas. R. Nichols.
 Miss Emma C. Feick, '84, and Otto Liebscher.
 Miss Grace D. Miller, '84, and Harry Gordinier.
 Miss Ida Samuels, '85, and Adolph Heller.
 William E. Preston, '85, and Miss Lizzie Bennet.
 Miss Eva Vreeland, '85, and Frank Blauvelt.
 Miss Harriet L. Joy, '86, and R. Delos Martin.
 Miss Elizabeth Ahbe, '87, and Albert Sonn.
 Miss Mary L. Conselyea, '88, and Henry Everding.
 Miss C. Dell Martin, '88, and David D. Ellis.

DEATHS.

Carrie E. Tyler, '82.
 Margaret C. Breitwieser, '88.
 Ernest Forster Lyon, '90.
 S. R. Basten, '79.
 F. H. Sturtevant, '79.

LUCILE.

JOHN D. FITZGERALD, JR., CLASS OF '91.

THE young Lord Lytton, Bulwer Lytton's son, has written a poem which some of his critics have laughed at, but which others have considered a work of genius. If the young nobleman at times allows his fancy to run away with him; if he does give us a "French novel in verse," he stops at the right place to point his moral; he makes self-sacrifice so beautiful that we almost long for it ourselves.

Lucile is the story of a French countess who continues to love the young lord from whom she has separated herself. Finding his suit hopeless, Lord Alfred wins Matilda Darcy, a tender, loving girl, as delicate in appearance as a rose-bud. She had never had any sorrows in her bright, young life, yet how bravely she helped her husband meet the calamity that so nearly overwhelmed them shortly after their marriage!

Although other lovers try to gain Lucile, all fail; even Duc de Luvois does not succeed. And what becomes of Lucile?

Imagine, if you can, the beautiful society queen, now a nun. In an army hospital amid the awful din and roar of the battle-field, she nurses the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Let us enter one of these tents, and see a single example of what may be seen in the majority of them. Here lies a young soldier, torn and bleeding; he is the son of Alfred and Matilda. But who is it in gray that steals softly here and there, like some ministering spirit, tenderly dressing the wounds? It is Sister Seraphine, Lucile in her new guise. She knows that, with her skillful nursing, he would be gaining, were his wounds all that hindered his recovery;

so, little by little, she draws from him the story of his trouble.

He loves the niece of the Duc de Luvois, but her uncle will not consent to their marriage. The poor fellow can bear his own misery, but that of his sweetheart is more than he can endure. The noble boy blames himself for all her suffering, and wishes to ask the duke's forgiveness for winning her love. Having learned this sad tale, Lucile immediately goes to see the duke, and with great pathos pleads the wounded soldier's cause. How beautiful she is in this her latest mission of love! how perfect in the character she has not only assumed, but has made a part of herself. Touched by this earnest appeal, the duke gains the victory over self. He forgives the son of his rival, and gives him his niece, even asking the boy's forgiveness for past opposition.

The poem ends in a way that makes me long to follow Lucile, not only through the mists of that night, but through the remainder of her life, that I may learn more lessons from her pure, sweet soul. Hers was

"The mission of genius on earth. To uplift,
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift
The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.
The mission of genius: to watch and to wait,
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate,
The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,
The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile."

The whole poem is a story meant to tell us that

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,

And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
 The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
 The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne,
 And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
 Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
 Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
 Are these worth nothing more than the hand they
 make weary?

The heart they have saddened, the life they leave
 dreary?

Hush! the seven-fold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
 Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit."

The range of thought and feeling dis-

played throughout the poem is very wide. There is the highest social raillery, there is sound and truthful satire, and there is the manliest earnestness in dealing with questions of human life. There is a full sense of the poetry of nature in the earth and sky, varying between playful garden pictures and lofty strains that tell the grandeur of the mountains, or the glory of sunrise and sunset.

ON THE QUESTION OF HAMLET'S INSANITY.

LAURA E. ABER, '91.

(From the English Examination, February 2.)

THERE is no one of Shakespeare's dramas in which the chief character takes so large a part as Hamlet does in the play of Hamlet.

He is, in fact, the all, the entire play, and it is this fact which gives meaning to the saying, "The play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." Then is it probable that the great *master* would have a man afflicted with insanity—insanity which is always subordinate to sanity, the true and the right,—form the principal part in his play? But it has been asked if the insane, as well as the sane, cannot be used as material by the artist. They can, certainly, but they must not be made the *basis* and the foundation of the play. Prof. Corson has said, "If Hamlet is deranged, he should be handed over for treatment to the superintendent of an Insane Hospital—he is not a subject for the art critic."

From the testimonies of his sanity, given in the play, it seems curious that it should ever have been questioned. These testimonies are found chiefly in what he says of himself and his actions, in his soliloquies, and his talks with his friend, Horatio.

After Hamlet has seen his father's ghost, and the burden of avenging the foul murder has been laid upon him, he realizes the whole difficulty of the situation in which he is placed. He sees that he can best accomplish his purpose by feigning insanity. He says to Horatio and Marcellus:

"How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself
 As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on," etc.

This would seem in itself sufficient to explain all his subsequent actions.

Hamlet has a great desire to be alone, because he can then throw off his "antic disposition" and be himself. When Polonius, after walking with him, has departed and left him alone, he says:

"These tedious old fools!"

And after the players have gone out, he says: "Now I am alone," and then follows a soliloquy in which there is great self-condemnation, and he forms a plan to "catch the king." Certainly there is no insanity in this, and self-rebuke does not belong to a madman.

In his conversations with his friend, Horatio, he throws off his disguise. Dur-

ing one of these talks he gives us that noble speech :

"What a piece of work is man !
How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty !"

Would Shakespeare have put such superb, profound thought into the mind of a madman? I think not, by any means. In Act III., Scene 2, at the close of that speech to Horatio, as the king, queen and others enter, he says :

"They are coming to the play ; I must be idle."

This does not mean unoccupied, as some think, but crazy, foolish, light headed. Comparing what follows with his speech to Horatio, we may see clearly that he feigns insanity.

In his talk with his mother, he is overcome with his grief, but his words are not those of a madman, as some people think. He says :

" it is not madness
That I have utter'd ; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word."

Again he says :

"Let the bloat king
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft."

Those who think he is really insane take that ground chiefly on account of his treatment of Ophelia. They say it would be brutal, fiendish, if he were sane. I

do not think so. After thinking over his condition, he rushes in to Ophelia to see if he may impart to her his secret, or if she may share his burden ; but when he looks into her eyes, he reads in the depth of her soul that this cannot be. She is weak, and led by her father in everything that she does. He speaks his cruel words, for he knows that she will think that he is insane—that it is his madness, and *not Hamlet* that speaks to her thus. It is impossible that their old relation should continue if he is to accomplish his task, and so he breaks the tie between them.

In no instance in the play does Horatio think there is any defect in Hamlet's mental condition.

When Hamlet is dying, pierced by the sword of Laertes, he says to Horatio :

"Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest), O I could tell you——"

And again :

"Absent thee from felicity a while
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

What story could this have been, if Hamlet were mad, as the world supposed him to be? This, surely, is a final proof that Hamlet's insanity was feigned, and that he wished Horatio to interpret him rightly to the world.

"Good night sweet prince !
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

A TOUCHING PLEA.

ANNINA PERIAM, '94.

"I'M greatly abused," sighed the letter H,
From its shelf on the library high.
"In a great many words I'm entirely left out,
Such as 'which,' 'where,' and 'when,' also
'why.'"

From the left side of H, with a wee little frown,
"Thou need'st not complain," murmured G,
"For I'm treated quite as badly as thou.
In 'goin',' and 'bein',' don't you see?"

From above, during all this pother and fret,
Mother A listened silently,

And thoughtfully said the dame to herself,
"They will all be the death of me."

"For beside my personal troubles and cares,
Which are chiefly in words such as calf,
(Where I'm either too broad or too flat or too long),
The children do worry and chaff."

PLEA.

And now I beseech all the thoughtless folk,
Who sometimes don't take any heed,
To be sure in the future to bear in their mind
The letters which most are in need.

THE JUNIOR.

FRED. A. LEHLBACH, CLASS OF '92.

WHO frequents the High School and does not give a smile of recognition when he hears the name of Junior? Although the Juniors do not have an extra large class, yet they make themselves known wherever they go. Sometimes they make themselves known too well, and have cause to regret it afterward.

Some of the teachers do not appreciate the hard-working Junior. When he tries to get an E in drawing by making a fine copy of a steam-valve, he asks permission to look at the valve in the steam-pipes. He is allowed to do so, and accidentally happens to turn the valve. In a short time the pipes begin to bang and clang, and he is requested to explain. The teacher seems to think he intended to turn the valve, and the poor, innocent Junior is punished.

On a stormy day, if he happens to move his feet, of course somebody has his overshoes in the way, and they are kicked across the floor. He certainly could not help this, but the hard-hearted teacher calls him to the desk, says something about an overshoe's not being able to move by itself, and mentions "five demerits," and "take your seat!" He also says something like this when a Junior tries to put on his overshoes, and his feet happen to be a size too large. The Junior has to stamp to get them on, but the teacher does not consider this necessary, and the result is not always beneficial to the Junior.

Sometimes it is so warm that the Junior cannot bear it, and goes to the window to cool off, while the teacher is hard at work at the desk. Unluckily, an organ-man is

grinding out his doleful strains, and the sound enters the room and the teacher's ear. He looks up, and sees the Junior gazing with delight at the monkey's capers. "Take five off" is the cry that awakens him from his dream of contentment, and he slowly takes his seat, while the other boys unsympathetically seem to think it a good joke.

But these troubles are nothing to compositions. The composition does not seem hard until he sits down and tries to write. He starts easily by writing down the subject, but the next thing is to begin. He sucks the end of his pencil and thinks and thinks, but the only thing that suggests itself is what a good time he had skating in the afternoon. At last, as he is about to give up in despair, he thinks of something that seems just the right thing, and he writes away, believing that he will have the best in the class. He hands it in with a smile, but his face is not so beaming when he receives it back marked with a V. P. in red ink.

Although the Junior has so many hardships to bear, he seems to have a good time, except when he forgets he is a Junior, and his Senior father appears upon the scene with a cane.

But the true happiness of the Junior comes when he is in the school-yard. Here he can strut about like a turkey-cock, conscious that all are admiring him and wishing that they were in his shoes.

And now, although the Juniors are pretty proud, yet they will have plenty of time to realize that they are not the wisest in the world, and by the time they are Seniors, will have sobered down until they can do credit to the school as Seniors.

THE EIGHT OF '91.

WILLIAM GAUCH, JR., CLASS OF '91.

AS we Ancient Mariners near the harbor at the close of our four years' course, we realize that we have grown beautifully less until we have too small a crew for the Commencement Regatta, to say nothing of men for "The Annual" tug-of-war contest with the Juniors. We are no more renowned for our wisdom and brilliancy than we are for our numbers. We do not pretend to know more than our teachers do, for if that were the case, we should have abandoned the High School long ago.

But when it comes to an earnest desire to learn, and a willingness to do good, hard work, the Eight of '91 claim that distinction. Have we not been called upon to resume that old practice of declaiming before the school? and did we not all agree to this without one dissenting murmur? and has not every one of the Eight been prepared to do his best when his turn came? Our audience say that there is a marked improvement in our efforts from time to time.

Early during our Junior year we formed a literary club, at the head of which was our Composition teacher. It met one evening a week, and its benefits can easily be seen. Chiefly through her earnest efforts, we begin to have a better understanding and appreciation of English literature. During this year we have become acquainted with some of the English poets, and have learned to love them in a way that we once thought quite impossible. No period in the week is more enjoyed than is the English Composition period. Is not the day coming when our department shall devote as much time to this study as the young ladies now do?

Our predecessors may be surprised to learn that we are working hard in Ancient History, and that we take great pleasure in preparing perfect lessons, for we are sure of a "Very well done, young gentleman," at the close of the recitation. They, perhaps, knew an easier way to get high marks in History.

Unlike the classes of '90 and '92, we have never learned the secret of high scholarship without hard work. We pay strict attention to business and leave the Juniors to take care of the chapel clock. Instead of speculating about labor, we know the subject only in the most practical way, as the stroke of the midnight hour has drawn us reluctantly from Homer, or as the early dawn has stolen in upon us, while we were still pondering our composition themes. Our industry has not been without its reward, for we have gone over more ground in our classical study than has any previous class.

All our teachers speak well of us, especially our Principal, and as he keeps the record of our deportment, he knows that no one is below G. Whether this is an innovation, let former classes answer.

In the Eight of '91 there are several embryo professional men. Two hope to grace the courts of New Jersey, and to open the eyes of learned judges to their ability and eloquence. Another has decided to enter the ministry. May he draw all evil-doers into the right path as easily as he has drawn his schoolmates to him. Another has a desire to see M. D. attached to his name. There is also a coming general in our midst, who could have settled the Indian trouble without any trouble. The laboratory of fate is

holding out its tests and re-agents to two others. The remaining one is halting between the professions of politics and of teaching.

Thus far we do not regret that we have

gained the name of being a plodding class that does not know much about fun. Whether such a regret may be ours in future years, we leave our readers to conjecture.

FROM THE TABLETS OF LUCIUS.

ETTA S. BURKE, CLASS OF '93.

ROME, IDES Feb., 709 A. U. C.

KAL. March.

MY mother, woman-in-waiting to the fair Lady Portia, summoned me to-day to the servants' quarters; and, as I was at liberty, my Lord Brutus having gone to dine at Cæsar's Palace, I returned immediately with the messenger. She then gave me these tablets and this stylus, telling me to keep them to write of my master; for she thinks there is none other like him, so kind, so noble, and so good. She says my descendants may be glad to read what their ancestor writes at this time in the palace of Brutus.

I asked her to tell me something of the time when she first came to this house with Portia, the bride of my lord. She told me of the solemn ceremonies at Portia's former home, of the sacrifice at the family altar, and then the gay feasting; how at nightfall the joyous procession, with sounding trumpets, with clashing cymbals and waving torches, set out for the palace of Brutus. Oh! I felt as though I could hear and see it all, and imagined I was really one of the two boys who supported the bride by the arms and guided her steps to her future home.

Ah, yes, Lady Portia is the fairest and gentlest of all Rome, and my master is so noble, I think even nobler than the mighty Cæsar, and may some day be greater. Oh, would that I might sometime be a great poet! Brutus should be my hero, and I would make the whole world resound with his praises.

Methinks something ails my lord. He is often closeted with the dark-browed Cassius, whom I cannot help disliking. He goes about with such a cautious and so solemn an air, and sometimes it seems to me an evil look lights up his eye. I hope he is not urging my master to any evil design. He is no friend to Cæsar, and Cæsar has no liking for him.

My master seems to have something troubling his mind. When at home, he sits in gloomy silence, apparently thinking deeply. He pays little attention to Lady Portia, in whose presence he used to delight. The poor lady notices it, and it grieves her sorely. This very morning I heard her begging him to tell her if anything was amiss. He answered her shortly, denying it. Sounds and shadows seem to startle him. Yesterday, as he was sitting deep in thought, the shadow of one of the servants, passing the window, fell upon the floor. He sprang up and cried, "Lucius, boy, who was that?"

I fear much, but can only wait.

IDES Mar.

My fears have grounds.

During last night, my master called me to the orchard where he had been pacing up and down the whole night, much vexed in spirit. He bade me go to his study for a taper, and there, under the window, I found a sealed paper. When I gave it to Lord Brutus, he seemed to be greatly roused.

That was not all. There came a knock and I admitted Caius Cassius, together with five others, whom I could not distinguish, for their faces were half concealed in the folds of their cloaks. They sat long in conference, their voices sometimes low and earnest, sometimes rising. After several hours they left the house, and soon Ligarius appeared. He and Brutus went off together.

I am becoming sure that Cassius is at the bottom of some plot into which he has drawn my master.

Hark! Lady Portia is calling, and I must hasten to her.

CAMP AT SARDIS, 711 A. U. C.

Many long, long days have passed since I have touched my poor little journal. Even now I am not the same as he who began it, he who was so happy and so fondly thought of by his master. Sorrow and anxiety now seem my lot: sorrow, because my dear Lady Portia is no more, and because my master grieves so, although he strives to hide it in his in-

most heart; anxiety, because I fear the future for my master, and sometimes I perceive that he fear it to.

His tenderness to me at times well-nigh breaks my heart. I try to soothe him with my music when he is weary. What would I not do to relieve him, if but a little, of his grief and anxious thoughts.

To-morrow we march on to Philippi, where we shall meet the forces of Antony and Octavius.

If there really be gods above who have any power, oh, may they use it for the protection of my dear, dear master!

BATTLEFIELD OF PHILIPPI, }
711 A. U. C. }

O ye gods, woe is unto me! O my master, why could not I have given my life and spared thine! Thou who couldst have done such good, spared not thyself; while thy little page, who is but an atom in this vast world, is left to live on.

O thou most noble son of Rome, how can the world of Rome succeed without thee!

So runs the world away.

WAS IT A DREAM?

CLARA E. MOCK, '94.

JUST how it was, I do not know, I was as wide-awake as I am now. It happened one day in school, while sitting in my usual seat. The class were reading, "Tanglewood Tales," and one of the girls was describing Hawthorne's home. I thought I was listening very attentively; but, suddenly, I was in a little rustic summer house on a hillside, where two men were talking earnestly.

The calm, benign face of one of these men seemed very familiar to me; he was saying, "We live but one life here on earth; we must make that beautiful." I knew he was our dear poet Longfellow,

and I murmured to myself what a moment before I had quoted in my class:

"We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Where was I? How came I here? Just then the other man replied with a voice whose earnest sweetness thrills me yet, "Yes, though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not." Could this be Emerson? O happy school-girl that I was, to see these men and hear them speak!

The sound of merry voices interrupted

my reverie, and, looking up, I saw a gentleman, a lady, and two children approaching. The man was tall and handsome, with a massive brow, and deep dark eyes which seemed to show the shyness of his nature. I knew, at once, that this was Nathaniel Hawthorne, with his wife and little children, Julian and Una. I looked again, and there were three people whom I had not seen before. I was sure the lady with the fair complexion, blue eyes, and beautiful dark hair was Louisa Alcott, my friend, and every girl's friend. Near her sat her father, and not far away was a grave, quiet man whose "thee" and "thou" told me that he was our Quaker poet, Whittier.

How grand they looked! How happy I was! They were enthusiastic over the war, and they sympathized with the poor slaves that had just been freed. Louisa Alcott spoke of her hospital experience. She told of nursing the brave soldiers, sick and far away from home, and Mr. Whittier said:

"Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?"

God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last."

Presently I heard Miss Alcott speaking again. She said she was quite surprised at the success of "Little Women." "We really lived most of it, and if it succeeds that will be the reason." Emerson and Longfellow looked so kindly at her and were about to speak, when,—was this an enchanted land? There stood Oliver Wendell Holmes, looking at them all with a very quizzical face. He reminded me of a bird hopping about. What was he saying? "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man's mind if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." They all laughed, and,—was that the bell? I was back in the schoolroom again. I uttered a low exclamation. My seat mate said, "What is the matter?" but I did not tell her. How it happened I cannot understand; for I certainly was not in the schoolroom. Unto this day, I have never told any one of my spirit's flight, and I never shall.

THE COURAGE OF HORATIUS.

ARNOLD LEUCHT, 2ND YEAR COMMERCIAL CLASS.—(CLASS OF '91.)

A ROMAN! "What's in a name," aye, what's in that word at whose sound all nations quaked with fear? How noble, yet how ignoble, how full of tender compassion, and yet how full of malevolence, and devoid of mercy were the ancient Romans. One moment you see them bending over their children, their faces aglow with noble feeling and words of sweet advice on their lips, the next their countenances betraying nothing but fiendishness and hatred in the treatment of their slaves.

Who could better express the cruel significance of such conduct, than did the long suffering Rienzi, in his address to the Romans, when he said: "The bright sun rises to his course and lights a race of slaves. He sets, and his last beam falls on a slave." Horatius, I fancy, would have echoed the same words, not, however, with honest indignation and disapproval, as every whole-souled hero ought to do, but with a haughty mien, and an indifferent bearing.

The people termed him a hero; aye,

and he was a hero as far as brave and daring actions could make him one. But when it comes to that unselfish and unassuming greatness that would urge him to lessen his cherished reputation by healing or nursing a weak slave, and by liberal-mindedness in acknowledging his equality, you must not look for such noble traits in Horatius; he could not condescend to benefit a slave. Horatius, he reasons, defending a bridge against the onslaught of a courageous foe, will cover himself with glory, but Horatius with compassionate countenance befriending the helpless, how commonplace! Oh you insignificant American (?)

A Roman defending his country is doing his all. But how does he accomplish this? Why, incredulous hearers, by teaching the people to be staunch patriots, and that means good fighters. Do they question the character of their men? No, a thousand times no; they chant of the grandeur of their scenery, the genius of their sculptors, the wisdom of their Senate, and even sing praises of their lion-hearted women, who are not so tender hearted as your meek American women.

How insignificant, then, must the Americans appear in contrast with these war-like Romans, when these simple Americans would actually stoop so low as to speak cheering words to the poor and unfortunate, or to listen with patience to the woes of the deformed, who are utterly unable to wield their swords "in the grand way." These same weak men, if a degraded person insulted them, would not strike him, as the Romans unhesitatingly would have done; but they would pass him by calmly, without deigning the reprobate a glance. Either they are cowards, or the Romans wrongfully accuse them.

Gen. Hull's tactics in the Revolution showed want of valor compared with those of Horatius in defending the bridge

at Rome. Horatius walks up to the Consul, and amidst all the nobility of Rome, says in a stentorian voice: "I, with these two men, will defend the bridge till Death claims me as its victim!" He does hold it, fighting as valiantly and ferociously as a lion protecting its young. Were he in Hull's place, Horatius, on the approach of the British, would have shown the same vigor and courage which he displayed in maintaining the bridge. Why couldn't Gen. Hull be just as unappalled? Hadn't he brave Americans? Couldn't he, with his overwhelming thousands, subdue the British and cover himself with glory? Aye, disgusted Roman, he would gain renown and fame, but at what cost to his men?

Instead of following the dictates of egotism, he manifests a trait of character rarely found, that of absolute unselfishness. He can win the battle, but the cost is starvation to his men, cut off as they are from all points of communication, surrounded on all sides by British strongholds. If he surrenders, he can make terms that will allow him to leave the state unmolested. What will he do?

Gen. Hull hoists the white flag, loses the chance of distinguishing himself, thinking only of the men under his command, and totally ignores all self-consideration. The Roman Americans condemned him, and he was discharged from office for disobedience to the laws of that grim spectre war, and for listening to the voice of humanity.

He died, and was soon forgotten by all except a few admirers. He saved the lives of his countrymen, but lost his own reputation. He is my ideal hero. The nobility of heart displayed in his self-sacrificing act should not only perpetuate his name, but should place it among the sacred names of the world's great martyrs. The highest tribute we can pay this hero is to say of him: He was in the truest sense of the word an American.

"SELF-IMPROVEMENT."

CARRIE CONSELYEA, '92.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through her father's dwelling passed
A girl, who bore a mass of books so high
They seemed to clamor to the sky
"Self-improvement!"

Her hair was rough; her eye below,
Shone like a coal in winter snow;
And like unto a fire-bell rung
The accents of that frenzied tongue,
"Self-improvement!"

She saw the faces, glad and bright,
Around the fireside's cheery light;
Remembered then the pile so high,
And from her heart she heaved a sigh,
"Self-improvement!"

"Give up the books," her father said,
"Stay here awhile, then go to bed.
Thine eyes are tired, I know, my dear."
The duteous answer met his ear—
"Self-improvement!"

"O come," her lover said, "And rest
Thy tumbled hair upon this vest!"
A big drop spattered from her lash,
Yet still she answered like a flash,
"Self-improvement!"

"Beware the stairs, lest thou shouldst fall;
Thy self-improvement, books, and all!"
This was her brother's last adieu,
The words returned, alas, were few,
"Self-improvement!"

At early dawn when sounds were stilled,
And all the house with coal-gas filled,
The household from its slumber woke,
When this word through the silence broke,
"Self-improvement!"

There, when the books were cleared away,
Lifeless, but beautiful, she lay.
And as they wondered in their grief,
The answer came, both plain and brief,
"Self-improvement!"

THE B SENIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

IT was night, and in the High School, sat the waiting audience, watching the wonderful curtain which was soon to part in the middle and disclose some of the scenes described by Virgil in the first book of his *Æneid*.

These scenes were arranged by the girls of the Latin division of Seniors, with little or no help besides the text of the *Æneid* and their own fertile brains. The translations were their own.

The opening scene, in which Russie Dusenberry gave wrathful Juno's Soliloquy, was soon followed by Neptune (Mamie Milzeg) on the crest of a wave stilling the tempest, "dicto citius." Then came the scene showing Jupiter (Berta Reuck) sitting on his lofty throne, making known to his beloved daughter the glorious realms awaiting *Æneas* and the much enduring Trojans, and in thundering tones, sending forth the words, "His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono;

Imperium sine fine dedi." *Æneas* (Lizzie Rodamor) and Achates, (Bertha Reuck) enveloped in a thick mist (of mosquito netting) riveted our gaze, but the crowning scene was the last,—Dido, (easily recognized as Laura Sullivan) resplendent with jewels, banqueting on the oranges of Carthage, while her slaves danced before her to the music of the now famous Skirt Dance. This dance was devised by the slaves, Hattie Cook, Agnes Dunn, Sallie Hadden and Florence Carter, and gained repeated applause.

A story connecting the events between the scenes was narrated by Virgil himself, (Evelyn Kirk) in a long, flowing robe, a crown of ivy upon his head, in appearance much the same as he is portrayed by Gustave Dore, while walking with Dante through the infernal realms.

If ever "arms and the man" were sung, they were that night, and to good purpose. Forty dollars filled the "Penny

Fund Purse" for a time; but now classical pictures adorn the walls, and books to be used for reference in study, stand on the elated book shelves, while the elated girls are stimulated with new zeal in

their Latin study. All the more so as they hope (and so it has been rumored) that the Board of Education will double the money gained by these enterprising young ladies.

THE TEACHER'S CHAIR.

KATIE EVERDING, '91.

Dearly we love the teacher's chair,
Standing afar off over there;
Where the talkers are unheard,
And the teacher undisturbed.
We lay sweet flowers upon its shrine,
And with them all our love entwine,
And from our lips, as incense go,
Latin translations, read *just so*,

As Virgil, risen from the dead,
With wondrous sweetness would have read.
Why we bring our tributes here,
Why we thus this place revere,
If such a question you should ask.
To make reply were easy task—
The cause that thus we love this chair,
Is she who sits enthroned there.

MONTAGU NOTES.

AMONG the changes which necessarily followed the introduction of the departmental system, was that of the time of the Montagu meetings, as, under the new regime, there was no period free, in which they could be held. Being unwilling to have so old and so honorable a society pass entirely out of existence, it was decided to meet after school, not oftener than once a month, and for such occasions to have a more elaborate program prepared, than was practicable when given during school hours. The four classes represented in the society were to take charge of the entertainments by turn.

The first one of the kind was given in the Chapel in November, under the management of the A Senior Class, and consisted of vocal, piano and violin solos, and a Shakespearean reading, followed by the charade, "All-hal-low-'eve." Although the usual lack of scenery was felt, every one sustained her part well, though Mabel Crane, in the character of lover, made an especial sensation with her bass solo. This play was so well received, that, by

request it was repeated the following week, and an admission of *five* cents charged, notwithstanding which, every seat was filled, and a goodly sum was realized. This has been invested in pictures, four portraits and two historical scenes, which now adorn the otherwise sombre and uninteresting walls of the A Senior room.

The next one, arranged by the B Seniors, was given in December, and consisted of recitations, music, and two very amusing scenes from David Copperfield, given in costume. No one will forget Lizzie Jones in the character of Betsey Trotwood, or Rosa Zimmerman's captivating David.

The Junior A will arrange the next entertainment.

ONE day the Juniors and Seniors were quietly developing their minds in the German parlors, the Seniors contemplating the all-absorbing subject of Hamlet's insanity—his father's spirit walking the regions of their brains—the Juniors studying "Ich will nicht mit

Ihnen sprechen." The room was quiet, and one could have heard a pin drop, although Miss S. was there, when suddenly a distant rumbling, like the roaring of the ocean was heard. Then a shrill tone broke on the listening ears of the students. The rumbling and creaking and pealing gong strikes terror into the hearts of the pale and affrighted Seniors. All simultaneously rise in their seats, as a huge monster flies by. It is past, and the girls sink back into their velvet-cushioned seats.

Dear friends, it was only the first Rapid

Transit car, but since that harrowing moment, the hair of the Seniors is continually standing on end, for that stirring cry is repeated every five minutes, and our hearts are breaking, for we are compelled to hold our tongues.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale the transit tells
Of new cars.
How they clang and clash and roar,
What a horror they outpour,
Upon the noble Seniors' palpitating hearts.
Yet the ear it fully knows
By the tanging,
And the clanging,
How the Rapid Transit goes.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

THE New System is a glorious one! It gives us leave at the end of each period to take a stroll and have a quiet chat. It shortens recitation periods and thus saves some of us from miserable failures. But aside from this, we are glad to have a teacher for each department, to feel that, having once become acquainted and at home, we are not required immediately to leave the teacher we have learned to love.

But we heartily sympathize with the teachers. It is so sad to see Miss Leyden look beseechingly at her class, as they go to another room, and hear her say, "I have no class."

Miss Crane's lament of those three minutes' lots from Geometrical demonstrations touches our hearts, while it is soul harrowing to see Miss Greene, with girls to the rear of her, girls to the side of her, and girls to the front of her, and hear her say in *Hamletic* tones: "Girls, girls, girls."

We are moved to pity by these trials, and as a word of comfort we say, "Oh ye who have suffered heavier woes, the fates will give an end to these also."

Our old students will be interested to know what, under the new order, is being done in the Latin and English, in the various classes. Four books of Cæsar are being read in the second year classes, Cicero in the Junior, and six books of the Æneid in the Senior.

ENGLISH STUDIED FIRST YEAR.

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales, Longfellow's Evangeline, etc.

Second Year, Lays of Ancient Rome, Scott's Lady of the Lake, Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

JUNIOR—Lays of Rome, Selections from Bryant, Shakespeare's Tempest, Stories from the Odyssey, etc.

SENIOR—Prologue of Canterbury Tales, The Clerk of Oxford's Tale, Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, King Lear, Comus, Silas Marner, etc., etc.

MOUNDS of earth and monuments of marble shall pass away; but impressions made upon the deathless spirit become a part of itself, and abide forever.

HE who commands himself, commands the world too.

PROSERPINA'S RETURN.

ANNA KINSEY, CLASS OF '94.

A WOMAN, wearing a crown of withered poppies, sits on the threshold of her forsaken house, with a look of gloom and sadness on her face. She holds in her hand a lighted torch, which seems to increase the gloom by its sickly light. The earth looks dreary and barren with no verdure to be seen. The cattle are lean and starved, and everything appears forsaken.

Now the scene is changed. A maiden comes tripping along, and where-so-ever her feet touch the ground, flowers spring

up. The grain, and grass begin to grow with renewed vigor, and seem to be making up for past unfruitfulness.

The woman still sits on her doorstep, but her torch has gone out. She lifts her eyes and her features change, for, as she gazes, the landscape is transformed from brown to green. She glances around, with surprise pictured on her face; the pretty maiden, who appears to be the cause of all this change, comes running to her and throws herself into her mother's arms, which are open to receive her.

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William Gauch, Jr.,
J. Paul Goetz,

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Joseph Kussy,
Theo. W. Lemassena, Jr.,

Joseph Lowenstein,
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Louis M. Nuttman.

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William F. Cone,
Walter S. Decker,
Paul H. Douglas,
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Samuel H. Gibian,
Alfred M. Haring,
Edmund LeC. Hegeman,
Reuben A. Heller,
George W. Jackson,

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Fred A. Lehlbach,
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Philip C. Poinier,
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Henry M. Tompkins,
Harry J. Turton,
Charles B. Urquhart,
William V. Van Blarcom,
Harrison R. Van Duyne,
Fred. W. Werner,
Frank West,
M. Royal Whitenack.

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Ginevra F. Tompkins.

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Edith Blake,
Edith May Dickinson,

Edna Freeman,
Marie Louise Lefort,
Frances E. Martin,

Gertrude E. Meeker,
Lydia G. Spring,

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Mabel F. Brittain,
Jennie A. Brittain,

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Clarice R. Decker,
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Cora Belle Miller,
Elizabeth L. Squier,
Esther A. Watson.

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Jenette M. Carr,
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M. May Chenoweth,
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Helen Cook,
Lillian M. Courter,

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Grace M. Duffy,
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Sallie E. Hadden,
Leora Hartpence,
Josephine Haws,
Hattie E. Hay,
Margaret L. Hewitt,
Grace D. Hicks,
Bessie M. Littell,
Addie M. Moore,

Isabelle Meyer,
Bessie P. Osborne,
Lizzie G. Parmly,
Maude Parmly,
Florence E. Russell,
Eva C. Sherwood,
Annie E. Sill,
Maisy B. Spencer,
Lillian Stumpf,
Jennie B. Stein,
Helen E. Wilson,
Helen J. Woodruff.

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Florence E. Hutman,
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F. Elizabeth Jones,
Evelyn Kirk,
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M. Theresa Overgue,
Hattie L. Pettit,
Charlotte T. Phillips,
S. Berta Reuck,

Florence Richardson,
Elizabeth Rodamor,
L. Hilda Rose,
Bertha W. Schaeffer,
Edna S. Smith,
Jennie S. Smith,
Laura D. Sullivan,
Anne J. Sutphen,
Sara P. Walker,
Sara H. Willis,
Lilian F. Winchell,
Rosa Zimmerman.

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Ida Barley,
Regina Breidt,
Bessie Bennett,
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Ada Graham,
Agnes Haddow,
Jeannette Hegeman,
Edith M. Jacobus,
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M. Elsie Nicols,
S. Lizzie Noe,
Ida M. Reeve,

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Chrissie Roalefs,
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Leona C. Smith,
Isabel Smith,
Myrtle H. Smith,
E. Josie Sell,
Clementine Tucker,
Addie L. Utter,
Alice Van Arnam.

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Emily Block,
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Jennie R. Courter,
Cora B. Davis,
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Mathilde Dengler,
Jennie Dod,
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Miriam Feder,

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Nellie Guile,
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Jessie E. MacGowan,

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Wilma Mulford,
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Grace Northrop,
Lottie B. Pullin,
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M. Adelle Smith,
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May Baker,
Alice W. Baldwin,
Rose Barthmann,
Emma R. Beach,
Irene G. Bensel,
Katharine Blake,
Minnie Boice,
Julie L. Bruen,
May G. Burtchaell,
Genevieve Cashion,
Meta P. Chadsey,
Florence L. Champenois,

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Florence E. Banister,
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S. Lorena Conant,
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Lillian I. Cook,
Nellie M. Cook,
Olive Cornish,
Florence M. Dougherty,
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Aurelia D. Howells,
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May Belle Mawha,

Lizzie Murray,
Corcelia Mills,
Florence Nichols,
Minnie D. Ochs,
Leonora Rowland,
Antoinette Rummell,
Clara B. Sutphen,
Alice M. Thompson,
Hattie E. Van Nest,
Lillian M. Wood,
Ada M. Woodland,
Josephine Wychoff,
Ella B. Welcher.

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Georgie E. Bowie,
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Milly Schwab,
Cora Todd,
Tillie Weil,
Georgina Wilds,
Mamie M. Purvis,
Louise Walfer,
Ada MacMead,
Emma Ziegler.

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Alice M. Boice,
Emma Brandt,
Mabel L. Carter,
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Lucy Elliott,
May L. Freeman,
Nellie Fritts,
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Olive Griffen,
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Madeleine G. Thomas,
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Bessie L. Woodruff.

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 Lillie Burrell,
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 Jennie F. Darress,
 Daisy E. Elverson,
 Emma R. Fairbanks,
 Watie Glorieux,
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 Sarah D. Smalley,
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 Anna N. Wakefield,
 Marguerite Wills,

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 Carrie R. Raphael,
 Emma Schaffer,
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 Emma Seitz,
 Lottie R. Tompkins,
 Alice M. Underwood,
 Edna Van Ness,
 Lillian M. Woodruff,
 Edith E. Wells,
 Florence E. Whiteside,
 Selena A. Wagner.

First Year—D.

Hettie T. Ackerman,
 Jessie Ayers,
 Katharine Brogan,
 Anna M. Browazki,
 Grace Brown,
 Margaret Cantwell,
 Jennie B. Case,
 Gertrude L. Craig,
 G. Ethel Farmer,
 Anna F. Giessler,
 Rosa Greenbaum,
 Emily Hendenlang,
 Jessie I. Hochkins,
 Florence M. Hunt,

Claribel Johnston,
 Alice Kane,
 Grace M. Kingston,
 Kitty E. Knapp,
 Kathryn M. Lowe,
 Lulu A. Lyon,
 Sophie M. McGaffin,
 Hellen C. McKee,
 Clara E. Mock,
 Florence I. Morrow,
 Josie Mundy,
 Ida M. Palk,
 Carrie B. Pitney,
 Saidee Roalefs,

Lida Rogers,
 Pauline Safer,
 Lily M. Smith,
 Minnie Spear,
 Theressa Sooy,
 Anna L. Squires,
 Addie G. Stiles,
 Florence Van Duyne,
 Evalena Van Houten,
 Jessie L. Warren,
 Lizzie Weldon,
 Ella L. Wilson,
 Ella Woodward,
 E. Marion Yeomans.

First Year—E.

Marion A. Arbuckle,
 Hattie L. Byram,
 Jessie L. Biddinger,
 Effie L. Cloyd,
 Grace Condit,
 Frida Dingeldein,
 Elizabeth Girgan,
 Harriet R. Grice,
 Louise Hague,
 Margaret Hopkins,

Lena Horter,
 Cora L. King,
 Elizabeth M. Knauss,
 Charlotte M. Leary,
 Mabel Loweree,
 Marietta MacGowan,
 Margaret A. Martin,
 Charlotte B. Memmott,
 Edith M. Myers,
 Martha Nordt,

Alberta E. Peal,
 Louise B. Pollock,
 Mary E. Pulvertaft,
 Mary T. Quin,
 Theresa Richeimer,
 M. Louise Sandford,
 Caroline Schaeffer,
 Bessie Seaver,
 Frederica Schwerin,
 Emma V. Schultz,

First Year—E.—Continued.

Minnie Straus,
Florence Trier,
Nellie E. Tuttle,

Mary A. Wood.
Bella Weil,

Ida M. Westerfield,
Maude E. Walker.

First Year—F.

Luella M. Adams,
Lizzie Auer,
Mary A. Birch,
Minnie Breitung,
Gertrude E. Brewer,
Florence Fairbanks,
Louisa H. Fey,
Mary L. Frey,
Ida Harrison,
Emma J. Hermann,
Jennie A. Hunt,
Flora F. Joralemon,
Rose Jacoby,
Jessie Kieb,

Maude Kinsey,
Lottie S. Kithcart,
Annie Lashell,
Mary F. Lee,
Clara Leucht,
Cora Lyon,
Helen Marsh,
Lida M. McBride,
Ida B. McDougall,
Lizzie Mewhiney,
Virginia M. Morrissey,
Alice F. Munsick,
Sara Northrop,
Mabel I. Pierson,

May Post,
Helen Rice,
Mabel Russ,
Christina Skou,
Bertha Shrubey,
Anna L. Shrubey,
Flora E. Shurte,
Margaret Smith,
May Smith,
Ursula Smith,
Amelia F. Volker,
Jennie Woolley,
Frances Zahn.

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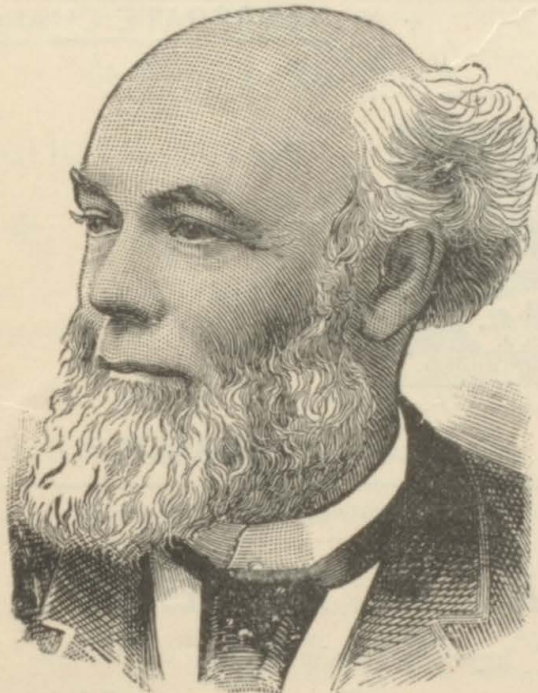
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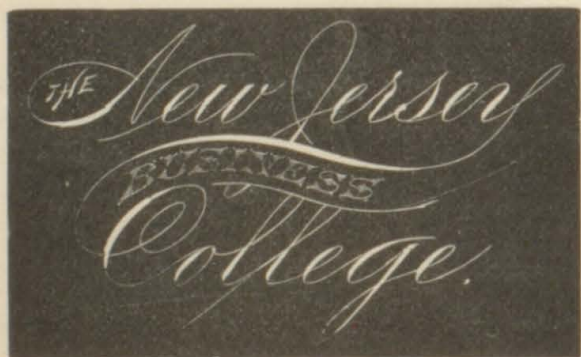
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In the reproductions of the lectures, by Prof. Quinlan, some very remarkable statements were found on a number of papers. Among them were the following:

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Holmes is a great American poet, as was born 9 of August, 1809 and is now 81 years old, and is still living.

In 1836 Holmes wrote a poem called, "Old Constitution," it was a ship. He also wrote, "Don Quixot," one of the greatest humorist books ever written.

Lowell was a minister in England, for eight or ten years.

The following are from the Physiology tests:

One way to remedy a cold in the bowels, is to rap a flannel around the right groin.

Cold first comes as a chill and chills the body, which we get sitting in a draft.

If the diaphragm is expanded, our lungs will not contract.

The stomach is largest from east to west.

IN olden times the boys and girls with bare feet went to school,
By doing so they saved their "soles" and kept their feet quite cool,
But now-a-days the boy or girl who came in such a plight,
Would cause the teacher to exclaim, Oh! what a horrid sight.

AND quickly they would recommend, to boys and girls would say
To Taylor & Williams' shoe store go without further delay.
Procure a pair of their school shoes and put them on your feet
The shoes are good and handsome too, besides they sell quite cheap.

IN "awl" the town such pretty shoes no other place doth sell
The number of the Great Big Store I hasten now to tell.

Here our machine broke down (it is the same used at the High School 30 years ago) and we will simply say that we have the *Largest Store and the Largest Stock of Shoes in the State.*

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"THE GRAVY DISH,"

x **A Paper.** x

OF THE JUNIOR,

FOR THE JUNIOR, AND

BY THE JUNIOR.

SCENE FROM THE CLASS-ROOM OF DIVISION D.—(Master Z. stumbles over the word bodice). Teacher inquires, "Class, do you know the meaning of that word?" Observant student of shop windows. "O yes! we understand; a bodice looks just like a corset only it is worn outside of a lady's dress, and has a different color."

Garibaldi was great because he was the hero of the red shirt.

Chaucer tanned hides in the ports of London.

The earth is the dirt on the world.

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Many of us study Ancient History and some know all about Greece and Rome, but one young man has been studying the history of Newark and has found the following facts, about this goodly city :

In 1666—Purchased of the Indians.

In 1668—Meeting house commenced.

In 1670—84 adult Inhabitants.

In 1675—Meeting house fortified.

In 1676—A school established.

In 1680—500 Inhabitants.

In 1714—School-house in Market street, now the boys' lodging house.

In 1748—College of New Jersey founded at Newark.

In 1756—College of New Jersey removed to Princeton.

In 1776—Nov. 22, American Army enters.

In 1776—Nov. 28, Cornwallis' Army enters.

In 1777—1000 Inhabitants.

In 1786—Corner stone of First Presbyterian Church laid.

In 1791—First newspaper established.

In 1806—First Baptist Church dedicated.

In 1810—Trinity Church rebuilt.

In 1820—6,507 Inhabitants.

In 1828—First steamboat to New York.

In 1830—10,953 Inhabitants.

In 1832—Morris Canal completed.

In 1834—Railroad to Jersey City.

In 1851—Streets lighted with gas.

In 1855—High School dedicated.

In 1860—First Steam Fire Engine.

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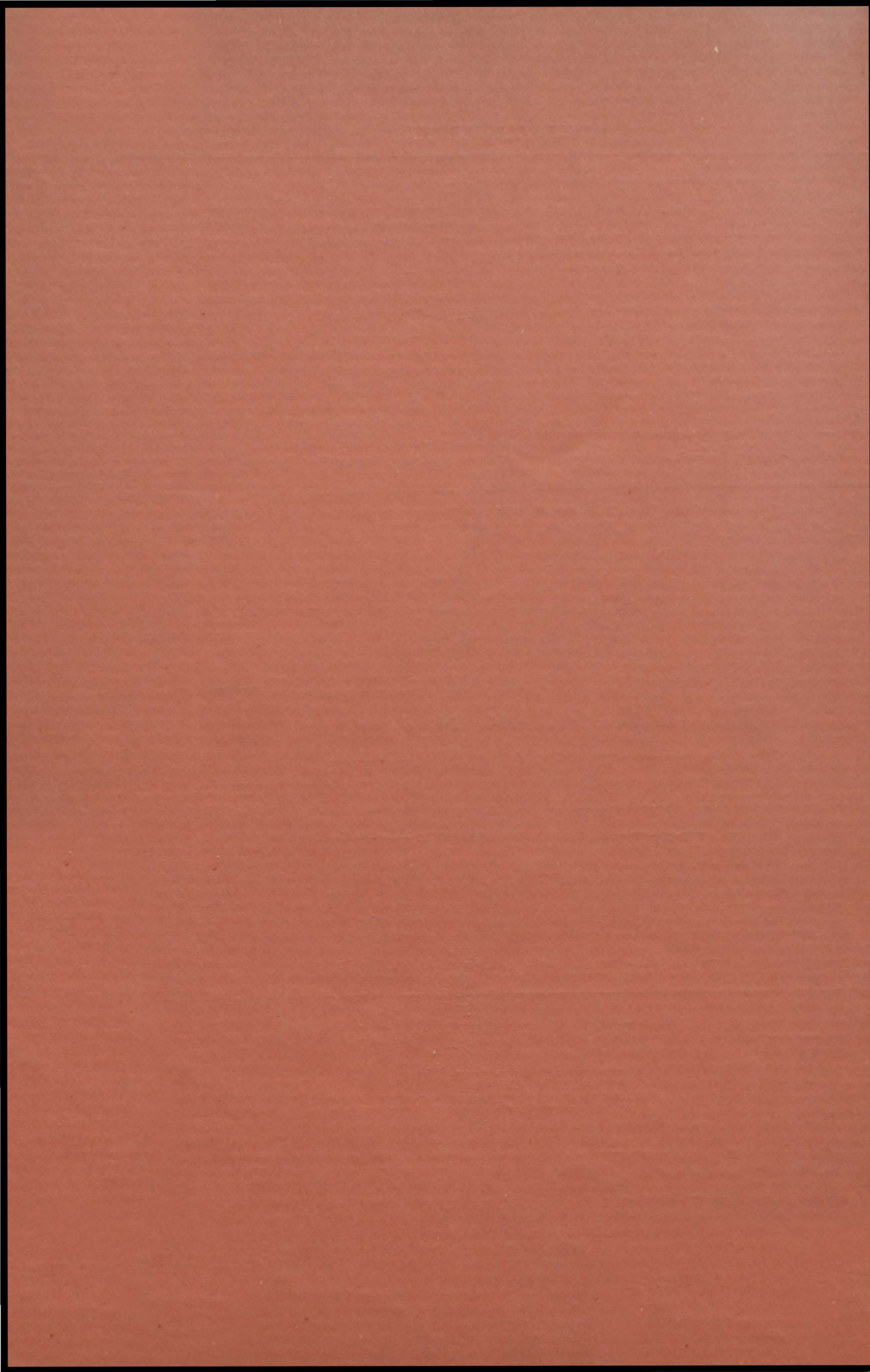
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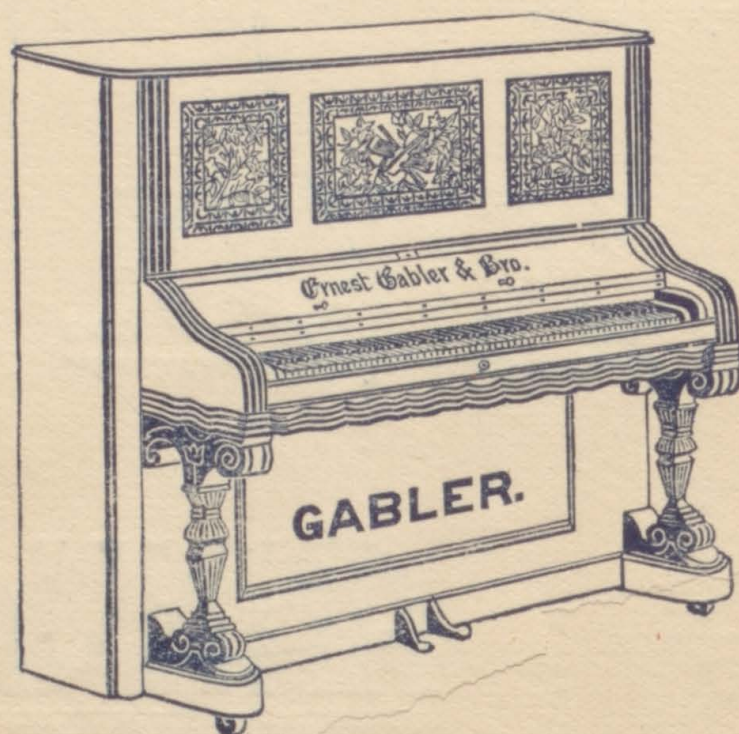
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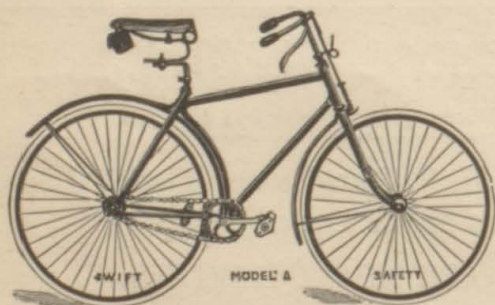
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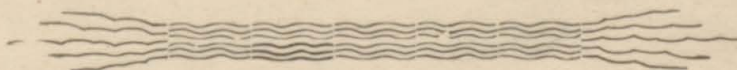
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: To the members of the Senior
: Classes who have so kindly and
: with such explicit confidence
: entrusted to us the publication
: of this book, the same is affec-
: tionately dedicated by the

EDITORS.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1892.

A TOAST TO THE HIGH SCHOOL.

CAROLINE CONSELYEA, '92.

Here's to Newark's High School,
That institution grand
Which welcomes to its classic walls
The choicest of the land.

Here's to it's massive structure
Standing in mournful gray.
Here's to the fainting pupils
Who bend their steps this way.

Here's to it's courts and gardens ;
It's fence—far-reaching, fair ;
And here's to that band of martyrs,
The teachers that suffer there.

Here's to the name of Hovey,
The High School's worthy sage,
The teachers' help, the scholars' friend
May it long outlive the age.

Here's to the learned Seniors
Who, through their trials great,
Are spending mind and body
In wresting E's from fate.

Here's to success at Commencement ;
May they startle the good old town
With productions vast and mighty,
And win for the school renown.

Then here's to thee, O High School,
With thy flying flag so free !
And here's to thy friends and patrons
Wherever they may be.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA ;

OR,

THE POWER OF PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

JOHN D. FITZGERALD, JR. '91.

THE names and memories of great men are the dowry of a nation. If anarchy should rend our country, if foreign powers should conquer her, she could not forget Washington or Lincoln, Decatur or Farragut. If the nation should be blotted from the face of the earth, the world would still remember Longfellow and Washington Irving, Ericsson and Edison. Greece was lost to the world for several centuries, but Homer, Aristotle, Socrates and Peri-

cles still lived—there names have been handed down from generation to generation for nearly three thousand years. When we read their lives and study their characters, who of us does not feel deeply moved—aye, inspired to deeds like heroism !

Italy, of all countries, has perhaps the greatest bead-roll of illustrious names, and she has not failed to do them honor with rites of hero-worship, unknown to the less

demonstrative North. But such heroism has for us a significance far deeper than that of mere popular display. Italy honors her heroes with all the outward forms of worship, the burning of tapers, and the lavish bestowal of flowers and garlands, but we take them into our very souls, and live them out in our lives.

Let us look for a brief time at the grand, mediæval figure of that Friar of St. Mark's, who once held in his hands the destinies of Florence. He it was whose stern, kind, homely features and deep eyes of prophetic insight, kindled with enthusiasm whenever he addressed his fellow-citizens beneath the towers of San Geminiano. He it was who, going through all the tragic vicissitudes of fate, gave up his sovereignty in the pulpit only to gain on the scaffold the profounder authority of a saint.

To bring mankind to God—to benefit his fellows in every possible way—politically, intellectually, morally—was the aim of every word, every line, every act of Girolamo Savonarola. With that single aim in view, he founded a new republic in Florence only as a stepping stone for the triumphs of religion. When the Florentines, inspired by his fiery sermons, had achieved their victories, they proposed to make him sovereign. His ambition, however, was not for himself, but for the good of his fellows, and so he refused this honor. Nevertheless, he was the guiding and animating spirit of this republic—this model Christian commonwealth with God as chief ruler, and the Gospel as sovereign law.

Under the influence of the popular enthusiasm, all the haunts of dissipation were closed, gambling of every sort was stopped. Such a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion possessed the people that women flocked to the public square and threw

down their costliest ornaments at Savonarola's feet.

How could he so work upon the feelings of his associates and towns people? It was by the power of his personal influence. He had a magnetism that was irresistible. His fiery invectives against the corruption and vice of the Pope were dull and flat when repeated—when not accompanied by his inspiring presence. His was a greatness of soul—a devotion to God and humanity—that swept every one before it.

Once he was called upon to address a dissatisfied crowd of citizens. When he entered his pulpit the more reverential of the people bowed their heads; later some of the others, and before he had been in their presence five minutes even the most angry and skeptical had knelt to receive the benediction, although he had not yet begun to preach.

George Eliot, in her "*Romola*," shows this power of Savonarola perhaps better than any one else has done. *Romola* was a pagan running away from Florence and her faithful husband. Savonarola found her, and reasoned with her; not from the standpoint of religion, but from her own pagan position. Then followed an intense struggle in *Romola's* soul. Her prejudices and convictions were battling against a spiritual power that she felt to be higher than any she had before known. Savonarola spoke with growing intensity, his arms folded before him, and his face radiant with light. But at last, as George Eliot says: "The chill doubts all melted away; she was subdued by the sense of something unspeakably great to which she was called by a strong being, who roused a new strength within herself. In a voice that was like a low, prayerful cry, she said: 'Father, I will be guided. Teach me! I will go back.' Almost unconsciously she sank on her knees. Savon-

arola stretched out his hands over her; but feeling would no longer pass through the channel of speech, and he was silent."

Such a man was the honest enthusiast, who, all his troublous life long, never stayed his hand from the work he believed was his. He never ceased to cry down with rugged, strident eloquence the glossy rhetoric of Lorenzo's followers, till he fell in single-handed conflict with the might of a fanaticism as inexorable as his own. The humble Dominican had passed sentence on the towering falsehood and corruption of Rome when he spoke those memorable words:

"The Church shall be scourged,
And afterwards renewed,
And this shall come quickly."

The whole force of papal authority,

bent on revenging this audacious sentence, was turned to crush him.

Savonarola was acting under the direction of his Great High Priest, under the King Eternal, under the influence of the indwelling Spirit of God. It was this spirit that drew Romola in the right way, as the magnet draws the steel. It was the same spirit that led Luther to say, "I will go to Worms if there be as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses." It is the same spirit to-day that prompts the noblest living, the highest usefulness, the greatest love for humanity. There is no truer sentiment than the German poet, who says:

"Grosze Seelen halten sich an den Himmel fest,
Und lassen die Erde unter sich fortrollen."

CHARACTERISTICS OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, AS SHOWN BY REFLECTION.

ALICE VAN ARNAM, CLASS OF '92.

IN Sir Roger de Coverley, Addison's pen has portrayed a picture, the contemplation of which may be both pleasant and profitable. Who can wonder that London people in the days of Queen Anne welcomed the daily appearance of the *Spectator*? It was through the eyes of the *Spectator* that they obtained a view of Sir Roger de Coverley at his country residence among his family retainers and the simple country folk; they beheld the good man as on Sunday, the day that "clears away the rust of the whole week," he sat in the village church which he himself had furnished with pulpit cloth, altar rail and hassocks not to mention the chaplain himself from whom he was always sure of hearing a good sermon, owing to his own original device, they smiled at his peculiarities—his dis-

approval if any, but himself so far forgot their duty as to enjoy a morning nap in the sanctuary, his habit of rising during prayer time to ascertain the number present, and his authority exerted by calling out to some unruly individual that he might not distract the public attention from the sermon; with him, they went sightseeing in the metropolis and heard his views on the questions of the day. In short, these Londoners who were not as cultured and refined as they might have been, fell under the influence of this benevolent old gentleman; yet barely realized that they were the targets of ridicule in the pages of his history, so cleverly were the arrows sent and so kindly the spirit of the archer.

In the delineation of this character, the traits of the old knight are often revealed

to us by the attitude of others toward him, they serving as mirrors to reflect his image. When first introduced to Sir Roger in his country home, we ascertain that the wheels of the domestic machinery in his household move without jar or friction; for that complex piece of mechanism, whose disorder causes much unhappiness, is lubricated by the oil of kindness applied by Sir Roger's own hand. It might have been otherwise had the widow who furnishes abundant food for meditation in innumerable moonlight walks "by the music of the nightingale," not been so hard hearted as to resist the overtures of such a suitor for forty long years. Who can tell? As it is, the knight's butler, valet, groom and coachman have grown gray in his service, so attached are they to him. They joyfully welcome their master to his country seat; they show their desire to be of some service to him; they are concerned if they observe in their benefactor any evidence of age or weakness.

Even the old house dog is not neglected. His dim eye brightens, his feeble tail wags at the cheery voice of his master. And when at length deprived of his owner he shows by his piteous moans how

poignant is his grief, dog though he is.

Indeed, Sir Roger de Coverley receives the homage of all his tenants. The innkeeper adorns his sign board with the worthy knight's countenance; that curious specimen of mankind, Will Wimble, "bred to no business, born to no estate," takes pleasure in presenting him with trophies of hunting and fishing expeditions.

Sir Roger goes up to London and sees the sights. When he goes through Westminster Abbey, commenting on the gallant deeds of heroes there entombed, he makes friends with the guide. When he rows on the Thames he insists upon choosing some waterman who has lost a leg in the service of his country.

But the history of this genial man, in whom Addison has interested us, soon closes. An illness contracted in performing a kind deed for a poor woman, a dying bed surrounded by weeping servants, the whole parish following the lifeless body of their old friend, a will in which all of his friends are remembered—and we feel that we also have lost a companion who, with his oddities, was yet a loyal Englishman, a true gentleman, a sincere friend.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

HARRY J. TURTON, '92.

THE Rime of the Ancient Mariner is one of the most perfect of poems.

In its exquisite beauty and harmony, the sweetness of the rime, the boldness of the imagery, and the terseness of style, it has never been equaled in the English language. It is a poem that must be thought about and mused upon before it fully yields its contained idea. The aim

of Coleridge in his masterly treatment of the poem was to "transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imaginations that willing suspension of belief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith," and if he has not succeeded, success is impossible.

A vision of happiness comes abruptly before us, the preparation for the marriage feast, the hurrying guest and "the merry din" and against this background of joyousness is artistically painted the scene of horror. Everything is full of life. Suddenly an old man stops one of the guests.

"He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he."

and immediately the ship passes before our eyes. We have entered an unseen world and the curtain has been drawn aside and closes after us. The guest shakes off the old man yet he is irresistibly held by the "glittering eye"

"And listens like a three years' child."

As the Mariner proceeds with his tale, the verses quicken and grow with the coming storm. The ship enters the region of icebergs. The cracking and roaring of the ice is described in a most realistic manner by Coleridge in the verse,

"Like noises in a swound."

Then comes the albatross bringing quiet and calm as it followed the ship and

"Every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners hollo!"

The old man seems to linger over this pleasant scene as if he would stop there. But no; he must confess his crime; with hasty impulse he kills the bird. How the thought of this act tortured him we see even by the effect of the expression of his countenance on his listener. It is not for any one to say that Coleridge intended the objects and incidents in the poem to represent certain abstract ideas or to teach any definite moral lesson, but it is certain that he intended to show us at this point the effect produced on a man's soul by the breaking of one of the great laws of the universe.

A picture of death, sublime in its horror, follows the killing of the bird.

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The blood sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon,
Day after day; day after day,
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Then comes a "weary time" of waiting which is startlingly perfect in its realism. The climax of our sympathy is reached when

"With throats unslacked and black lips baked,"
they discovered a sail. We can see the spectral ship when with its "strange shape" suddenly it appears between them and the red hot sun.

When we read in Macbeth, the appearance of three witches seem to us rather ghostly, but far different is the effect of the "Nightmare Life in Death," upon us. It is a picture of sublime terror. This picture, though painted in a half a dozen lines is one of the most startling in the whole poem and is hardly surpassed in English poetry. And close upon this scene comes another, which as though it were placed there for effect or contrast, is one of the prettiest in the poem, the tropical nightfall.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectral bark."

After the death of his comrades comes a season of spiritual wrestling to the mariner. At first he is desolate and lonely. His heart, hardened by his sinful act of disregarding the law of love is pervaded with the disgust of all God's creatures and a hatred of the living, when, at last his heart becomes mollified and the creatures in the sea appear to him beautiful lovable beings, when love is

revived in his heart, the curse like a heavy burden drops from his soul and the rain of refreshment falls from Heaven.

As the poem nears the end, the ship passes from the regions of profound mystery to a visible reality and we can see again the firm hand and feel the warm sunshine. Then come four verses that seem to contain the key to the whole poem.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The whole poem moves with this thought, a love of all God's creatures, and as we look backward over the poem we see it in every line. Killing the bird thoughtlessly in a hasty moment, he must pay the penalty. It seems as though Cole-

ridge meant to teach us that "the soul makes its own world, and that in alliance with the living spirit of love is the only life of man." At first the old mariner in a mood of hatred and envy which gradually changed to one of love for all the life around him. The only theme which would inspire such picture is the love which bind man to nature. We think that in his "Religious Musings," Coleridge has voiced the meaning of the Ancient Mariner.

"There is one mind, one omnipresent mind,
Omnific, His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With blest outstarting! from himself he flies,
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
View all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses, and calls it very good!"

TOAST TO HARRY BAILEY.

ELSIE NICOLS, B. SENIOR.

Here's to good old Harry Bailey
The genial host of the Tabard Inn,
Who gladly welcomed Chaucer's pilgrims
When they their journey did begin.

To thy beaming face, and merry!
Joyous as this Christmas-tide,
When we pledge ourselves to greet thee—
A volume of Chaucer by our side.

And now to great, wise Geoffrey Chaucer
Who wrote of nature, kind and true,
May he be blessed in the coming ages,
As thy creator and the pilgrim's, too.

COMPARISON OF ROSALIND AND PORTIA.

MINNIE P. HARTNESS, '92.

WHERE in the whole realm of literature can we find two such delightful creations as Rosalind and Portia? Both are masterpieces of the hand that brought them to life. Portia is all that could be desired until we see Rosalind and Rosalind, until we see Portia.

The one rules supreme in a proud Venetian palace, the other "fleets the time carelessly" in the Forest of Arden. One enjoys the beauties of art, the other, the charms of nature. Despite the difference in their surroundings, we find, upon study, that these two women resemble each other in character.

When we first make their acquaintance, both are in a mournful mood. Portia says, "my little body is aweary of this great world," and Rosalind plaintively echoes the sentiment—"O, how full of briers is this working-day world!" But sadness is by no means the prevailing characteristic of either one. Like the soft shadows on a painting, it but serves to bring the sunny part of their natures into greater prominence.

Both are true, tender, loving women. Both are intellectual, but are not one whit less womanly thereby. Portia is endowed with high mental qualities, but she is free from every trace of pedantry. Rosalind is not given the opportunity to deliver eloquent speeches like Portia, but we feel that she is capable of doing so if necessity demanded it.

Both are witty, but their most sparkling sallies of wit are perfectly free from any sting. Mrs. Jameson says that "the wit of Portia is like ottar of roses, rich and concentrated, that of Rosalind, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar."

Light-hearted, laughter-loving women, one moment sad the next moment planning mischief. How gayly do they prepare for their masquerade! How gracefully do they wear their male attire! With a merry laugh Portia says to Nerissa—

"I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace."

Rosalind says to Celia—

"A boar-spear in my hand, and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside."

One curious coincidence is that both love at first sight. Not curious, either, if we quote Phebe—

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

But that was in the Forest of Arden. Portia loves Bassanio before we meet him in the play and Rosalind's heart seems already to receive her Orlando as soon as he shall appear.

At length Portia's Prince Charming appears. How earnestly she begs that he will defer his trial for a few days so that she may not lose his company. When he will not with what grave doubts does she conduct him to the caskets. With what breathless anxiety does she wait for him to make his choice. She calls for music in the attempt to relieve her overpowering emotion. Loving Bassanio as she does, yet, we know that she is too true and noble to marry even him unless she be chosen by the manner of her father's will.

With no less anxiety than Portia displayed, does Rosalind watch Orlando during the wrestling match. How eagerly she seeks an excuse to speak to him once more. She turns to follow Celia, then unwilling to leave asks, "Did you call, sir?"

How fondly impatient are they both. When Rosalind learns that Orlando is in the forest her first thought is of when they shall meet. When Nerissa announces the new suitor in such glowing terms, Portia wants to see him at once, for her heart tells her that it is Bassanio.

After assuming their disguise, what pleasure do they take in deceiving their unsuspecting lovers. When they meet Orlando, Rosalind says to Celia—

"I'll speak to him like a saucy lackey."

This reminds us of Portia's

"I'll speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth."

When Portia first hears of Antonio, her unselfishness at once asserts itself. She has just surrendered her lands, her-

self, her all to Bassanio, but she bids him take the half of her fortune, if necessary, and hasten away to his friend.

When Oliver tells Rosalind of the danger in which Orlando found him, instantly she asks—

“But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?”

Her lofty soul would have as surely scorned to love Orlando had he left his brother to the fate that awaited him, as would Portia's had Bassanio been guilty of ingratitude.

The finest part of Portia's character is displayed in the trial scene. It is there that she shows her intellectual powers, her religious principles and her magnanimity.

As has been said before, both possess gay dispositions, but Rosalind is the more sportive. She has been well compared to a pretty warbling bird, her tongue running on—

“With wanton heed and giddy cunning”

Although her heart is aching she is still outwardly merry. “We may justly say that she laughs out her sadness, or plays out her seriousness.” Yet, beneath all her playfulness, we feel that she has

a well organized mind and strength of character.

We all have our ideal of this, one of the most charming of Shakespeare's women. Whoever has seen Miss Ada Rehan in this character, must feel that she embodies that ideal. After once seeing them who can ever forget the arch glances, the bright piquant face, the childish playfulness or the smile breaking over her features after a moment of sadness, like the sun from behind a cloud?

Both Rosalind and Portia are of enthusiastic temperament, beautiful and gentle. They are noble, simple, humble, pure. Miss Frances Kemble has applied Wordsworth's description of a perfect woman to Portia. It applies equally well to Rosalind. The former part especially fits Portia—

“The noble woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
The creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.”

The latter to Rosalind, for she, certainly, is a creature made—

“For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.”

TO THEE, BEN JONSON.

EDITH MAY JACOBUS, '92.

HAIL to thee, “O rare Ben Jonson!”
On this festive day;
While the merry bells are pealing,
Their triumphant joy revealing,
Then my heart with tuneful feeling,
Greets thee in this lay.

Ye, who here with me have gathered,
Pledge me, to great Ben;
To the vastness of his learning,
To his genius that once burning,
Made for him a name worth earning,
In the hearts of men.

To the friend of mighty Shakespeare
Let the poets sing;
To his classical creations,
To his lighter aspirations,
To his fame throughout all nations,
Let our praises ring.

A NEW CANTERBURY TALE.

MOTHER GOOSE'S TALE.

BY ADA GRAHAM, '92.

WHILOM ther was a man of heih renown,
 That grettere was ther never in the town.
 So wys he was, what was to him unknowe
 It was not worth the knowing, an I trowe ;
 And yit some said he was ne war nor wyse
 But of his wisdom shall I you devyse.
 By day he studied, and by nightertale
 He sat and drank, for fond he was of ale,
 And when he walked, his time in thought he spente,
 And oft forgat to looken wher he wente.
 And thus it happened one day as he did go,
 Of Plato thinking and of many mo',
 That in his path ther lay a ditch ful wyde,
 And this ditch hadde a bramble bush inside.
 Now as this worthi man the path i-trod,
 "True foresight is a grete thyng," he quod.
 But he forgat his foresight sicherly
 For not at alle at his path looked he ;
 And in that ditch he walked eek as straighte
 As it had been his owne door or gate.

The brambles heeded not his worthinesse
 Nor e'en his wisdom nor his thoughtfulness,
 But pricked at his eyen as pitillesse
 As tho' he were an hethen from hethnesse,
 And when at last he from the ditch came oute
 And made for to looken round aboute
 Allas ! the poure man could nothing see.
 "I, faith, my eyen must be out," quod he.
 But being wise as any man alive,
 To get his eyen back he did contrive
 A means. Shall I it to you tell?
 Straightway into another ditch he felle.
 The brambles pricked but he dispised the peyne
 If but once more he couthe see'en pleyne.
 In schorte tyme came he out once more,
 But, lo ! his eyen were not even sore,
 Bnt eek as well as any man's in town.
 So glad he was, he jumped up and down,
 And hied him home, his friends for to tellen
 Of all the thynges that him hadde befellen.

THE POWER OF A HYMN.

WALTER S. DECKER, CLASS OF '92.

ONE beautiful evening in the summer of 1863, the main division of the Union Army, under command of Gen. Grant, was in camp within a thick woods on the side of a hill in the westerly part of Mississippi. The Rebel Army was in the valley below. Expecting to be attacked during the night, Gen. Grant had made all arrangements to meet the enemy, but he had determined not to begin an engagement. The men were ordered to lie down, with their guns at their sides, and four sets of pickets, each on duty for three hours, were stationed at intervals along the edge of the woods.

At 6 o'clock the first set went on duty, and saw nothing unusual on the first round. The Confederates had their pickets out at a suitable distance from their camp, and their commander had selected a few

sharpshooters, and sent them to shoot the pickets of the enemy. Among these was Private J——, who was noted as a "sure shot."

At 9 o'clock the first set of Union pickets was called in, and the second went on duty. Private S—— was ordered with them. His beat was along the thickest part of the woods, near a low meadow, that was covered with heavy, tall grass and cat-tails. Mr. S—— had not been feeling well that day, and had become quite homesick. Thoughts of the dear ones at home brought to his mind one of the old hymns which he had often sung. Not thinking of his precarious condition, he began to sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

In the meanwhile, Mr. J——, the Rebel sharpshooter, was creeping up through the tall grass to get a shot at Mr. S. He had

come sufficiently near to take aim. He raised his gun, and aimed it at the picket's heart, and was about to shoot, when out upon the air rang the words:—

“Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.”

The Rebel heard this, and it overwhelmed him; his hand trembled so that he was unable to hold his gun. He lay there, listening until the song was finished, and then crept back into his camp. The Union Army was not attacked that night; but Mr. S—— did not know how that hymn had saved his life.

The war ended, and both men were spared.

One beautiful evening in the summer of 1881, a party of Northern tourists formed a part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer, sailing down the historic Potomac. A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as a singing evangelist, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of familiar hymns, the latest being “Jesus, Lover of My Soul.” The singer gave the first two verses with so much feeling and emphasis that he thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, which was not broken until a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and said:

“Beg your pardon, stranger; but were you actively engaged in the late war?”

“Yes, sir;” the man of song answered, “I fought under Gen. Grant.”

“I did my fighting on the other side,” continued the first speaker, “and am quite sure I was very near you, one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We, of the South, had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I

was selected by the commander, because I had a reputation as a sure shot, to creep near your post of duty. The shadows had hid me. As you paced back and forth, you were singing the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed it at your heart; then out upon the air rang the words:—

‘Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.’

Your prayer was answered; I couldn't fire after that, and there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you sing this evening, that you were the man whose life I had spared.”

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion:

“I remember the night very well, and recall distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He had created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cares for the sparrow, how much more for his children, and I sung the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. ‘Jesus, Lover of Soul,’ has been a favorite hymn—now it will be inexpressibly dear.”

Thus enemies were united in friendship by “The Power of a Hymn.”

TEACHER, (During Chapel Exercise)—
“We will now sing the appropriate song ‘High School,’ Triumph page 234.”

ENTERPRISING FRESHMAN—“Would it perhaps not be more appropriate to sing, ‘In the Prison Cell I sit.’”

IN ANCIENT COLCHIS.

EVA M. CAMPBELL, '95.

CALMLY over the grove of Mars,
Where the grave oaks are bending,
Circled by twinkling, radiant stars,
Diana her way is wending.

Near the border of the silent grove,
Stands a tree, apart from the others,
Pleading with mournful, outstretched arms
To be taken back to its brothers.

The green grass glistens with sparkling dew,
The fountain is gayly glancing,
The little wood-nymphs, a merry crew,
Around the oaks are dancing.

A wall encloses this pleasant place,
Where the old oaks are hoary ;
O'er it with tender, clinging grace,
Creeps a trailing morning-glory.

Against this wall of solid stone,
A manly form is reclining ;
This graceful youth is not alone ;
To a maid his ear's inclining.

The one has beautiful yellow hair,
The curls of the other are raven ;
The face of the one is passing fair,
On the other, great beauty's graven.

The one is a warrior son of Greece,
The other is showing him mercy,
For he is seeking the Golden Fleece—
Can this be the pupil of Circe ?

AN OLD LETTER.

MARGARET L. HEWITT, '92.

NOT long ago I was visiting a distant relative in the sleepy little village of Prescott, England. It was a characteristic, drizzly, English day, and as I could not go out I spent the day in the library, pulling down books that I had no intention of reading, and, thinking of my friends at home, I was rapidly lapsing into homesickness, when poking behind some old books that had lain undisturbed for years, I chanced to see a bundle of papers, and pulling them listlessly out, was surprised to find several old letters which I took the liberty of reading. One of them was very old, the paper was worn, and the ink faded, but I studied it out and soon became intensely interested, finding that it threw some light on the doings of that Mermaid Tavern of which so little is known, and on some other disputed points. Thinking it might be of some interest to others I made a copy of it which reads as follows :

LONDON, Nov. 8, 1598.

To My Very Good Friend, Sir John Ross :

Thou hast asked me good friend how I pass my time in London, and in truth, there is so much to tell that I know not where to begin.

I went yesterday evening at the request of my good friend Seldon to dine at the Mermaid Tavern. 'Tis the meeting-place of all the wits and scholars of London who come hither to taste its famous Canary wine and to enjoy converse with one another. When we entered we found a goodly number already present, and Sir Walter Raleigh, whom I knew as well by his gay dress, which is indeed much commented upon by the worthies of the town, as by his courtly manner, rose to bid us welcome.

"You were staid for good sirs," he said, "the dinner is already on the table, hasten now, let us make no longer delay." Thereupon we all took place at the table.

I sat next one Will Shakespeare, an actor and playwright, who is making a great stir in the city. I warrant me rumors of his fame have reached you erewhile. I liked him right well, and albeit that I have heard much of the wickedness of these London players, yet I'll be sworn such stories hold not true of him. There was much talk of sundry matters which I have neither time nor wit to tell you. At length, however, Sir Philip Sidney said: "Didst know good Master Shakespeare that the Queen was at the theatre this morning?"

"Ay, and she spoke well of thy play; an thou hast the Queen's good-will thou art come into the very lap of fortune," added Sir Walter.

"I marked our good Queen, and it were indeed a sign of fortune if perchance her good favor be not nipped i' the bud as hath sometime chanced to better men than I."

"What manner of man is this Hamlet, good comrade?" saith Sir Francis Beaumont, a very worthy gentleman that writes in partnership with his friend John Fletcher some very good things, as I am told (for truly I hold it presumptuous for me to judge of the merits of these gentlemen), "for though 'tis indeed an excellent good play and likes me well, yet it seems to me that thou hast not writ it clear enough whether the Lord Hamlet were really mad or whether his madness were assumed."

"What, can'st doubt? Methinks the play is ill writ indeed if such a doubt be found in one so worthy as our good Francis. The Lord Hamlet was not truly mad—" "A, marry, but have I not often told thee friend Will that though there is certainly much merit in thy plays yet, an thou wilt not follow the Greek drama, an thou wilt break all its laws, thou shalt lose

the half of the praise thou deservest?" broke in Ben Jonson from the other end of the table; and truly it surprised me that he should speak thus, for I have heard it said that it was this same Will Shakespeare that helped him to his present success, but they tell me that the two are the best of friends withal, albeit Master Jonson takes it very hard that Master Shakespeare follows not these laws of the Drama, of which, however, I know nothing at all.

Here to prevent further talk on this subject Sir Walter said: "Good friends, dost remember what my worthy friend Spenser hath told us about the Irish when he was with us last year?"

"Yea," said the gentle Master Shakespeare, "it seemed me that he was needlessly severe against the poor peasants, who doubtless suffer much injustice." Sir Walter continued, "this morning, on leaving the Queen I met my Lord Essex in the corridor, and he told me that the Irish have at last revolted and in their madness have burned Kilcolman castle to the ground. Spenser comes to London and my lord says that he is broken-hearted."

Now Master Ben Johnson broke in again, "Ay, but 'twill be hard for him; for he is not as well able to stand such a blow as I should have been in his place, for while I was fighting the enemy in Flanders and making vast havoc among them, I assure you, he, forsooth, was dreaming away his life in the woods; and methinks deeds of valor are better than dreams. S'blood, his fairies do not excite half the admiration that my Bobadil does! Sac maketh better heroes than dreams ever can."

"Dost know that a much heavier trouble than the losse of home hath befallen our gentle Spenser?" said a gentleman whom I had not seen before. Seldon whispered me that it was Master John

Lyly. "Yea, it hath been told me that while he stood by, as near as it was safe to approach the burning building, and when that he saw his home burn, timber by timber before his very eyes, there came a great cry that his one only child was yet i' the house, and there must he stand by knowing that haply the poor helpless babe was yet suffering, and, moreover, he knew that of a certainty it was his own hate toward the country folk that had brought this distress upon him. Did I think it were the mere losse of his home that hath broke his heart, of a surity, I should not thus pity him." "What sayest thou, his infant burned before his very eyes! Then is his heart broke indeed and we shall ne'er see good Edmund more in jolly fellowship at the Mermaid." Sir Walter appeared much moved by this tale and said: "marry, if this be true, then must I see him if haply he is now come to London;"

and drawing his great velvet cloak over his bejeweled dress, and saying a hasty farewell to the company, he went to seek his friend whom I trust he hath found and comforted ere now. When he was gone were we all silent, and for some little time was nothing heard but the sound of the glasses as they were refilled, and the slow puffing of the pipes which several of the good company were smoking, filled with that strange weed that Sir Walter hath lately brought from America.

Little more was said; all were grieved at the sad news just made known to them and ere long we took our leave. When I see you again, so please you, I can tell you somewhat more of our doings here, but for the present I must say farewell, with many kind messages for thine excellent wife and all my good friends.

Thine ever dear friend,

T. B.

DEUTSCHER AUFSATZ; BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

C. FRED'K BURDETT, '91.

WER war Benjamin Franklin? Er war ein edler, hochherziger, Amerikanischer Buerger, ein scharfdenkender Philosoph, und ein kluger Staatsman, welcher am siebenzehnten Januar, des Jahres siebenzehn hundert und sechs, zu Boston, Massachusetts, geboren wurde. Er war der juengste Sohn, und das fuenfzehnte Kind einer Familie von ziebenzehn. Sein Vater, Josiah Franklin, welcher im Jahra sechs-zehn hundert zwei und achzig von England auswanderte, war ein armer Seifensieder, weshalb, Benjamin gezwungen war, in der Werkstatt seines Vaters arbeiten zu helfen. Benjamin wurde aber bald dieser Arbeit ueberdruessig, und es ergriff ihn ein maechtiges Verlangen zur

See zu gehen. Sein Vater jedoch, war damit nicht einverstanden, sondern that ihn zu dessen Bruder Jakob, der eine Druckerei besass in die Lehre. Hier nun hatte Benjamin freien Zutritt zu Buechern, fuer welche er von Kindheit an, eine grosse Liebe erwiesen hatte.

Waehrend seiner Lehrjahre, erregte er durch treffliche Aufsaezte und Gedichte, die er von Zeit zu Zeit in Zeitschriften veroeffentlichte, allgemeine Bewunderung. Doch versaeumte er darueber seine Pflichten als Buchdrucker nicht, im Gegentheil er wurde sehr bald in seinem Gewerbe sehr geschickt.

Benjamin konnte aber mit seinem Bruder nicht auskommen, deshalb zog er in die Welt hinaus. Er reiste zuerst nach

New York, und von da nach Philadelphia. Nachher schiffte er sich nach London ein, um daselbst Schriftlettern, und Drucker-material ein zu kaufen. Hier fand er ein reichliches Auskommen, weil er ein verstaendiger, junger Mann, und ein ungewein, gewandter Schriftsetzer war. Nach einiger Zeit kam er jedoch in sein Vaterland jurueck, worauf er sich in Philadelphia niederliess. Hier errichtete er in Verbindung mit einem andern jungen Manne, eine Buchdruckerei, und eine Leihbibliothek.

Im Jahre siebenzehn hundert neun und zwanzig, wurde er Redakteur, und eigenthueuer einer Zeitung, der *Philadelphia Gazette*, in welche er seine beruehmten Artikel in sehr verstaendlicher Weise veroeffentlichte. Im folgenden Jahre heirathete er Fraeulein Deborah Read, mit der er bevor er nach London ging bekannt wurde. Im Jahre siebenzehn hundert ein und dreissig, gruendete er die Philadelphia Bibliothek, welche nun eine der groessten in den Vereinigten Staaten ist.

Neben diesen Arbeiten beschaeftigte sich Franklin aber auch mit wissenschaftlichen Studien, und zwar hatte er hierin ebenso grossen Erfolg, als in andern

Beschaeftigungen. Nach vielfachen Beobachtungen gelangte er zu der Ueberzeugung, dass der Blitz nichts anderes sei, als ein maechtiger, elektrischer Funke. Nicht minder gross denn als Geschaeftsman, und als Gelehrter, war Franklin als Staatsman.

Waehrend seines geschaeftigen, oeffentlichen Lebens, unterzeichnete er Vertraege der Vereinigten Staaten, und anderen Laendern: so zum Beispiel, Den Vertrag zwischen Frankreich und den Vereinigten Staaten, vom Jahre Siebenzehn hundert acht und siebzig. Den Freundschaftsvertrag zwischen den Vereinigten Staaten und Preussen, und auch denjenigen zwischen den Vereingten Staaten und Schweden im Jahre siebenzehn hundert fuenf und achzig.

Am siebenzehnten April, im Jahre siebenzehn hundert und neunzig, starb er, vier und achzig Jahre, und drei Monate alt. Er hinterliess einen schon bejahrten Sohn, welcher Gouverneur von New Jersey war, und eine Tochter, Sarah Bache. Seine irdischen Ueberreste wurden auf dem Friedhof der Christuskirche, zu Philadelphia, zur Ruhe gelegt. Als sein Tod bekannt wurde, trauerte das ganze Land.

AN EIN BLUEMCHEN.

CAROLINE S. ROMER, '92.

WIE vertraulich blickest du
Auf zur Sel'gen Himmelsruh,
Ohne Sorgen, ohne Muehen,
Wenn du nur im Mai kannst bluehen.

Bluemlein schoen das Auge dein
Spricht von einem Herzen rein,
Golden ist es wie die Sonne,
Voller Freude, voller wonne.

Auch das Kleid von Himmelsblau
Steht geschmueckt von fruehen Tau,
Wie von Diamanten helle
Reizend klar wie eine Quelle.

Pfluecken moechst' ich dich wohl gern,
Tragen dich zum Hause fern,
Hueten dich vor wilden Kindern
Und so deine Sorgen mindern.

Doch dann koennt' ich mit den Haenden,
Dir die Bluetezeit beenden;
Nun so bleib' und bluehe fort
An dem stillen gruenen Ort.

MY FIRST DAY IN THE N. P. H. S.

THOMAS MCCLELLAND, JR., '95.

MONDAY morning, September 14, 1891, the eventful day of my entrance into the N. P. H. S., found me at the corner of Linden and Washington streets. The tall, shadowy trees which cast a grateful shade over busy workers on the highest floor were a cooling solace to my fevered mind. The hour was eight in the morning, and I remember clearly a sort of shivering dread lest by some mistake our clock had gone a little wrong, on this eventful morning. But there before me were groups of other freshmen, each school appropriating a corner for itself, while those who could obtain no corner stood by the tree boxes labeled 81, 82 and 83. In each pocket could be seen two elegant penholders and sundry pencils, while all hands carried blank books and lunch parcels which have since decreased in size from moderately sized traveling valises to neat lunch boxes 4x6x3 inches.

Each electric car brought bunches of girls, and being told to count how many of these fair damsels wore white aprons, I tried to, but they were "numberless as the sands on the seashore." On the Monday of the succeeding week, I again counted the number of aproned maidens, and there were four.

As we were standing on the corner, a stylishly dressed and good looking young fellow passed us, whom we all took for either a Junior or Senior Classical, but I was surprised a few weeks later to see him reciting in the first year Commercial class. At last the gong struck, and we were all initiated into the wonderful beauties of the school yard, with its capacious receptacle for paper, pie and cake, and its beautiful fountains throwing down jets of

sparkling water, to be drunken from beautifully worked silver goblets. One of the professors received us, and ushered us up the wide stair case to the top floor. It so happened that I got into one of the back rooms, and after the devotional exercises a gray haired gentleman got up and said something which was perfectly inaudible to me. After he sat down another gentleman arose and made some remarks which we could not hear either, but the students in the front room set up a boisterous clapping and we joined in and clapped as loud as any. Whispers such as these went around: "A new German Professor," "Chemistry Teacher," and "A new Principal."

After the exercises we were divided into classes, and as we came into our room there were some girls whom we persuaded ourselves were to be our future classmates, but as soon as they saw us they all fled to the white haired gentleman, which hurt our feelings very much. Soon we were told to pass into the laboratory, but as we did not in the least know where that was, we wandered around until the white haired gentleman came to our assistance. Once in the laboratory, O wonders of wonders! large pieces of apparatus, dolls, bottles, a regular Santa Claus shop, and there sat Santa himself, only he did not look a bit like the real Santa Claus.

Thus ended my first day in the High School, and as I passed the tree boxes, labeled 81, 82 and 83 that night on my way home, I reflected on the difference of a senior Grammar school scholar, and a freshman in the N. P. H. S.

A SILT is the rotundity of the earth. It is in the northern part.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1892.

EDITORS:

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FRED. A. LEHLBACH, - - MISS ADA GRAHAM.

ASSISTANTS:

E. T. CARRINGTON, - MISS M. ELIZABETH NICOLS,
CHARLES H. STEWART, MISS CLEMENTINE TUCKER.

EDITORIAL.

THE four years of our High School life are nearly past, and we now find ourselves Seniors, and about to present the ANNUAL of ninety-two to its anxious readers. The highest privilege and the greatest responsibility of an editor exist in the acknowledged right of censorship of men and measures; a censorship that, if wisely exercised is capable of inestimable value to the individual, the community, and the country. It, too, exerts a wholesome restraint on the personal conduct, whether in public or private life, that must strengthen and elevate the moral tone everywhere within its sphere. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the organ of High School thought and interest, we are shut out from the exercise of this lofty privilege of the journalist.

Criticism of men and measures from our standpoint might be regarded as "scandalum magnatum." Therefore we can only offer suggestions when we deem them pertinent. Our chief work is to lay before the public a selection of the choicest work of High School talent and industry.

We have endeavored to make the ANNUAL of '92 interesting and attractive to our readers, and have performed the task

incumbent upon us to the best of our ability, and we hope that in placing the ANNUAL into your hands you will not criticise too severely our first efforts as journalists.

The High School teachers and scholars are very glad to have the Rapid Transit and the Orange electric cars so convenient. But, oh! what a most delightful pleasure it is when we are reciting in class room or when listening intently to an explanation of some part of the lesson, to be interrupted by the delightful rythmetical sounds of clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, and every now and then two cars will pass each other, and the sounds will increase in volume, as each motorman in an innocent child-like way tries to outdo the other, playing upon this simple musical instrument.

Our High School days are almost over; three months more and the class of ninety-two, which has always been with fraternal ties so closely connected, will be separated. Every opportunity has been afforded us in our four years' work, and now when our course is drawing to a close, we naturally look back and ponder whether or no we have improved the great advantages offered us to the best of our ability. But we appreciate that we have but just entered the school of learning, and will not fail to better improve the chances we are constantly enjoying.

Four years ago, the day we first made our appearance into this school, the President of the State Board of Education, amid much applause, promised us that we would have in the near future, a new and suitable High School building. The same thing since then has been told to us time and time again, until now, when anybody begins to tell us of the prospects of the "near future" we naturally think he is telling us some beautiful fairy tale.

The young ladies became so crowded that the Board did give them the annex at No. 103 Washington street, but the classes have been growing steadily in both departments of the school, until the building is wholly inadequate to accommodate them. The boys have become so crowded that during the chapel exercises they have to—well, never mind what; but just come around some morning and see for yourself.

We were encouraged when we read in the last ANNUAL that the Alumni Association had adopted resolutions urging the Board of Education to build a new High School, and had appointed a committee to agitate the matter. But we will probably have to wait until we become School Commissioners before the "new High School" becomes a reality.

The Senior class has just finished its lessons in trigonometry and passed very satisfactory examinations, and will now patiently wait for the pleasant days of spring to come, when they will survey the Military Park and certain tracts of the meadows.

The publishing of the ANNUAL has been delayed on account of the mid-year examination, as we thought it unfair to ask the pupils to contribute to the paper while their time was so taken up by their mid-year work.

Every year brings its changes—one comes and another goes. Among the changes we note that Mr. Quinlan has been appointed Lecturer in the High School. He has no recitations to care for, but gives two lectures daily upon the subjects that are taught in the various classes. Is a class to commence reading Cicero?—he opens the subject by a lecture on Cicero and his times. To the history classes he talks of "ancient civilizations"—"Greece," "Rome," "The

German Empire," &c. To the classes in English he talks of "Walter Scott," "Shakespeare," "Bryant," "Hawthorne," &c. To the classes in English Literature his lectures are upon such subjects as "The Age of Queen Anne," "The Elizabethan Age," "Development of the English Language," "Literature of the Fourteenth Century," "Shakespeare and his Critics," &c.

The pupils take notes—sometimes a syllabus is given them—and reproduce the lecture. There is no school exercise that students enjoy more than these lectures.

The equipment of the laboratory and scientific library has been increased during the past year by additions from the Boards of Education and from the Agassiz Society.

This latter society is now in its fifth year, and is more prosperous than ever. The work of the association has been confined mainly to subjects connected with our school curriculum. It is proposed to put new life into the botany and mineralogy sections in the coming spring months.

The collection of minerals has been growing steadily. Several cabinets are needed for their display.

The Agassiz excursions during the past year have been well attended. There has been several to the Arlington mines, and others to various places in the vicinity of the city.

The latest investments of the society have been the rental of a phonograph, the purchase of an encyclopedia, binders for the magazines, and a new voltaic battery. The periodical list this year includes *The Popular Science Monthly*, *The Popular Science News*, *The Scientific American*, *Scientific American Supplement*, *Electrical World*, *Electricity*, *The Microscope*, *The*

Journal of Microscopy, The Microscopic Bulletin, The Geographical Magazine, Minerals, and a photographic monthly.

During the year, membership certificates have been secured, which, owing to their beauty of workmanship, are highly prized by the members.

The members of the Agassiz Society are conducting a meteorological station at the High School; our thanks to the efforts of Congressman English and Dr. Lehlbach, of the Board of Health, to whom the society is indebted for the instruments. Complete observations will be made thrice daily, and the results sent at regular intervals to the national government authorities, and the local press.

THE work of the Classical Department is steadily advancing and it has held several very interesting meetings, at some of which the stereopticon has given much valuable aid in the study of the history and architecture of Greece and Rome. The club has revised its constitution in making several important changes. By one of the new articles, any girl who takes a scientific or classical course in the male department is a member of the club.

When the pupils entered Prof. Mathews room for the first time this year, they were agreeably surprised to see a new book-case, which was needed for the reference books which had been bought with the proceeds of the "Kennan" lecture.

One of the most successful clubs in the school is the High School Camera Club. It has been doing all kinds of photographic work; several very interesting excursions have been made to places of interest, and many fine photographs are shown as a result. The members are now planning a "Photographic Print and Lantern Slide" exhibition, to be given during the coming spring.

Our thanks are extended to the business men of this city who have advertised in our paper. To them we owe our financial success and indeed the very existence of the ANNUAL, and we now appeal to our readers, to show their gratitude and appreciation by patronizing the gentlemen who have patronized us.

WE have received copies of the first number of Vol. II of the High School *Life*, a spicy quarterly paper published by the students of the Orange High School. The *Life* reflects credit upon the editors, and is a very good sample of amateur journalism.

THE year of 1892 has been one of quiet, steady progress rather than of changes; yet some things are different. We who four years ago contemplated with awe the mighty achievements of the Seniors, now ourselves stand at the top of the mountain of public school learning, and, except that our view has widened, the sky seems as far away as ever.

We are displaying dramatic talent once latent; we are thrilling vast audiences with ghastly representations from Hamlet, and amusing them with lighter productions of Howell; we have tried our hand at lecturing on topics of the day before many critical listeners—and no deaths have been reported. Through untiring zeal we have been able to decorate our respective class rooms with pictures, borders, mouldings and chandeliers, until, independent of the kindly Board, the school appears quite pretty and home-like.

This year sees all the classes further advanced than ever before. All the studies receive careful attention and are thoroughly taught. This is owing to the new departmental system, which would be a

perfect success if only a Rapid Transit system could be added, by which four hundred girls might be safely transported from room to room in the allotted two minutes.

The absence of Miss Freer, through illness, has brought sorrow and disappointment to many loving hearts. And, although Mrs Sherwood, as substitute for Miss Freer, assumes so successfully the charge of the annex, the latter is greatly missed.

To fill the "aching void," left by Mrs. Sherwood's desertion of us for the annex, we welcome Miss Olmstead to our midst; and already may be felt the effects of her earnest zeal in promoting what is best in the school. Miss Hill has also joined

our ranks, at the annex. Although we have cause to rejoice at our good fortune in possessing these new additions, we regret that there has been so much sickness among us. Miss Poinier has just returned to school, after a very long and serious illness; but we fear she will soon leave us again for more distant scenes. Miss Greene, too, has caused many an anxious care to her devoted Seniors by her illness, prolonged since October. They appreciate the unselfishness that can ignore suffering and endure all the discomforts of school life for the good of others; and wish to express their gratitude to Miss Greene for her untiring devotion to her classes.

IN MEMORIAM.

IT is with deep regret that the Seniors mourn the loss of their dear friend, Miss Astronomy.

Although she was with us only from September to January, that short time was sufficient to prove her popularity. She quietly passed away from us during the last days of December and we can

only hope that coming Seniors will enjoy as pleasant an association with her descendants as we have with her.

We feel that we may truly say of Miss Astronomy as Longfellow does of Evangeline:

"A celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty
Shone on her face and encircled her form."

MARRIAGES.

Louis F. Wiss, '77, to Miss Fannie E. Baker.
Miss Carrie Shepard, '89, to Louis Conklin.
Miss Augusta Wiss, '85, and Robert Sinclair.
Miss D. Elizabeth Contrell, '87, and J. Henry Huntington.
Miss Emma C. Valentine, '84, and Charles J. Howell,
Miss Agnes Clark, '78, and Calvert B. Cottrell.
Louis R. Menagh, '79, and Miss Cora Britten.

DEATHS.

Harry Hamilton, '77.
G. G. Terwilliger, '88.
Mrs. Frances Westwood Crowell, '83.
Sarah W. Katz, '95.

SIR FERN AND LADY VIOLET.

BY EDYTH F. ALLEN, CLASS OF '93.

A VIOLET grew in a mossy dell,
Through which a brooklet flowed;
With a twinkling murmur, night and day,
It sang to the flower a joyous lay,
As seaward it took its road.

By the side of the brook a tall fern grew ;
He sighed to the violet,
He whispered his love in tender tone,
And swore to live for his love alone ;
While the grass with dew was wet.

The violet blushed, and hung her head,
And said in trembling tone,—
“ Sir Fern, I cannot marry thee ;
For a butterfly bright will my husband be,
And him do I love, alone.”

Sir Fern grew sorrowful then, and sad ;
His waving crest drooped low:
His heart throbbed fast with love's sweet pain,
The teardrops fell from his eyes like rain,
And swelled the brooklet's flow.

Lady Violet's love, the winged sprite,
Flew far and far away.
He quite forgot his faithful bride,
Who waited by the brooklet's side,
And sadder grew each day.

At last, one fateful morn in May,
In the springtide's sunny glow,
She folded up her petals pale,
And faded in that peaceful vale,
Her fair head drooping low.

Sir Fern he saw the violet's death ;
And his heart it broke in twain,
Alas ! the brooklet's ripple gay
Is gone ; for since that woful day
The brooklet sobs in pain.

ACADIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

EDITH BLAKE, CLASSICAL '93.

IF modern invention could only find some way of carrying us through time, as well as through space, how pleasant it would be to take a train bound for “ A century and a half ago,” and live for a few days in Acadia, the life of which Longfellow has given us so pretty a sketch in *Evangeline*. Since we cannot do this in reality, let us do it by imagination, a dream, or any other means by which we can reach our station, “ Acadia, a century and a half ago.”

Here, at the shore, are the dykes that shut out the tides except when the flood-gates are opened for irrigation. Such dykes are characteristic of Normandy, the land of our ancestors, for we are Acadians now. How delightful it would be to walk for hours in this beautiful country! Of

course we cannot do this, for we must be home in time to get dinner for our fathers and brothers, who will be hungry after the hard labor in the fields; but we have time for a short stroll, which we will make the most of.

What a peaceful, quiet scene lies before us! A little below us, and a short distance away, is the valley in which the town is nestled. We can just see the thatched roofs of the houses. Before us are meadows and pastures where flocks are grazing, and the distant tinkling of bells is heard; south and west, we see the orchard and cornfields and the flax which we shall spend our evenings in weaving, as we sit by the fire-side in our white caps and scarlet or green kirtles. Beyond the village rise the mountains with

their tops enveloped in fogs "from the mournful, misty Atlantic."

As we approach the village we see the barns, so full of hay that they will hold no more; for the crops have been larger than usual this season.

How quaint and picturesque are the houses with the dormer windows and with the door step, shaded by the low projecting gables! And what a home-like picture does the large room make in which the family lives. On one side is the great fire-place; in the corner are the wheel and the loom; and here, on the dresser, are neatly arranged the pewter plates. But prettier will be this picture in the evening, when the farmer, home from his hard day's labor, sits smoking his pipe in his great arm chair of oak by the fire-side; when the flames are racing with one another in a heated chase up the chimney; when the daughter sits at the wheel, and the family is gathered together to talk of familiar subjects; when the flagon of home-brewed ale stands on the table and the clock ticks so loudly from the mantel; or now, as we listen with breathless interest to the tales that the farmer tells of goblins and ghosts, and of oxen talking on Christmas eve; or now, while all is silent, for the angelus is softly sounding from the belfry.

As the twilight darkens and we look

from the window, we see the light streaming from every crack and crevice of the smithy at the foot of the hill. What fun it is in the winter for the children to coast down this hill, and then to run into the smithy to warm their hands and feet, and to watch the blacksmith! When we return, we have no feeling of insecurity, although there are no fastenings to the doors and windows, for Grand Pre is a village of honesty and peace.

When, on an autumn afternoon, we walk through the town and meet the priest as he slowly approaches, he pauses with a kind word and gives us his blessing. He is loved by all, both old and young; and he also loves us and has great influence in the parish.

This is a peaceful, happy people, so full of generosity, love, sincerity, and good will, without envy, hatred, or formality. It would be pleasant to live among these simple, hospitable peasants. But we cannot; and we wake from our dream to the startling realization that we are living in eighteen hundred ninety-two, and have our languages and mathematics to study instead of spinning flax; and, as we suit ourselves to circumstances, we will say that, all things considered, it may, perhaps, be better that we are not living in "Acadia, a century and a half ago."

THE Senior Boys have been told that it is quite difficult to express one's self upon his feet. But the photograph last taken of the Class proves that at least one member is very capable of doing so.

THE silence in the chapel was broken last week by a student's whistling, but was quickly mended by the application of five marks.

PHOEBUS was the Goddess of Liberty,

THEN Ulysses lifted his telescope.

NOT long ago a group of learned Seniors were locating the places mentioned in that day's Virgil lesson, when one was heard to remark indignantly, "Well, I've hunted all over the map of Sicily, and I can't find 'Boreas' anywhere."

WITCHCRAFT.

A LETTER FROM THE SPECTATOR RECENTLY FOUND BY C. W. SALISBURY, '93.

THE common idea of witchcraft, generally gleaned from a short and condensed paragraph in the history of one's country, is, at best, a most superficial and unsatisfactory knowledge of one of the most ignorant and superstitious, if not serious, beliefs.

In my late visit to our gallant Sir Roger De Coverley, the old knight hesitatingly inspected in my company, the abode of Moll White. This poor creature was the victim of a thousand and one different charges, and all relating to some piece of ill luck which had befallen some good religious countryman, and which certainly could not have happened without the presence of poor old Moll.

It is sad when I think of it to see such good religious people, as Sir Roger has for neighbors, cling to such an ignorant and foolish practice; but, however absurd it may seem, yet the most conscientious and law-abiding citizen invariably laid all misfortunes at the door of Moll White.

I am inclined to think that even Sir Roger himself does not banish these superstitions entirely from his mind, for the alleged witch owes a great many favors to the old knight, who often interferes in her behalf when the neighbors are more than usually excited over some new piece of witchery.

But this little instance, although showing the ignorance and absurdity that can be harbored in a community of English country gentlemen and farmers, is far insignificant to that deplorable state in which the English and Scotch existed in the seventeenth century.

The belief in the arts of sorcery and magic has so developed, at one time or another, in the history of nearly every

modern nation, as to become a perfect blight and curse to all that nation's prosperity; and the lowest and most abominable atrocities that were perpetrated by the above named people, occurred when, under the leadership of Matthew Hopkins, a small band of men, branded as "Witchfinders," traversed the country burning and torturing all alleged witches, and for the most absurd and insignificant offences.

About this same time our growing dependencies across the water at Salem in the State of Massachusetts, developed such a state of ignorance and superstition as to cause the death of a dozen or more women each day, charged with making children spit pins and needles, or with some other absurdity.

But perhaps it was this wholesale slaughter of humanity that opened the eyes of the surrounding community and caused this horrible practice to abate; but if so, at what a cause was this reform made.

Having now propounded a certain amount of matter, whether acceptable or not, I now append a letter from our esteemed friend, William Honeycomb, in reply to my question, "What is your unabridged opinion regarding ancient and modern witchcraft?" The following is his characteristic reply:

LONDON, Sept. 7, 1712.

DEAR SPEC.—That which thou asketh of me is far too dignified a matter for me to dwell on at length. It appears to me that since thou hast been in the country thou hast developed a taste for very queer subjects, and withall an aptitude to ask for my opinion on them; truly, thou astonisheth all thy club friends; however,

thy question being in no way on an obsolete subject my answer is hereby given with mingled feelings of sadness and indignation.

"Witchcraft attained its highest perfection, if thou wilt allow me to so call it, in the seventeenth century, and has had in my opinion, ample time in which to evacuate the minds of the modern intelligently growing people; but when thy particular, and our common friend, Sir Andrew Freeport told me that in certain districts some of our duly respected and intelligent people on the other side of the water still embrace this abominable and confoundedly ignorant belief, I can go no further, dear Spec, it is confusedly aggravating to me.

"Knowing that thou wilt excuse this brief idea, when thou hast brought thy ample mind to bear on the matter, I am

always, dear Spec., thine eternally,"

WILL HONEYCOMB.

This brief epistle from our indignant Will Honeycomb, short as it is, has appraised me of a fact of which I had not heard. On investigation I find that the cause of our esteemed correspondent's discomfiture is that after that terrible period of witch extermination at Salem the belief and practice still predominates to a great extent in a large number of the smaller communities. Now this is deplorable, indeed, and we will excuse his answer on good ground.

I am glad to learn that even in the above named districts this practice is slowly but surely dying out, and soon, let us hope, the world will have wholly denounced the belief in witchcraft, magic, or sorcery, which has left an indelible stain on the past.

IRVING'S VISITS TO NEWARK.

WM. K. RUNYON, CLASS OF '94.

AT the corner of Mt. Pleasant avenue and Gouverneur street there stands a neat looking old house. This building has associations of historic and literary value, although few people know of them. It was originally the property of the Gouverneurs, and belonged to Gouverneur Kemble in the beginning of the present century.

Washington Irving was at that time a young man, about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. He belonged to a society of literary men, whom he refers to as "The Lads of Kilkenny." These "Lads," under the leadership of Kemble, would occasionally sally forth from New York, and enliven the quiet of the old house by their merry pranks and orgies.

Irving had just been admitted to the

bar in 1806, and had entered into partnership with his brother; but the law proved far too uninteresting for him, and within two months after the beginning of his legal career we find him, jointly with James Paulding and his brother William, writing a satire on society called "Salmagundi."

This book, which the authors wrote for their own amusement, and from which they hardly expected to clear the expenses of printing, proved at once a great success. In it the old Newark mansion is referred to as "Cockloft Hall," and the "Mr. Cockloft," its proprietor, is said to be a portraiture of one of the old Gouverneurs.

This eccentric gentleman blasted a large bed of rocks that were in his yard,

and constructed a fish-pond, although the river, teeming with fish, was but a few rods away; for he said there was nothing like having things to one's self. Another product of his peculiar genius was an elaborate summer-house, erected on the shores of this pond, and about which he set out elms and willows. It contained only one apartment, with a cellar underneath. Entrance into the building was gained through an arched doorway. The exterior was beautified with an ornamented cornice; the interior was plastered and papered, and was altogether finished throughout in magnificent style.

This place was the scene of many jolly gatherings of Irving, Paulding, and their

gay companions. The cellar furnished them stores of wine, and the walls echoed with their songs and laughter.

Irving often refers to his youthful days and his visits to Gouverneur Kemble. In one of his letters he writes: "With Newark are associated in my mind many pleasant recollections of my early days, and social meetings on the banks of the Passaic."

The author of "Knickerbocker" has long since passed away, the summer-house fell before the march of improvement, and all that remains is the mansion, which, though old in the days of Irving, still stands a remnant of bygone days.

"HAPPY TERMINUS OF A TRAGEDY!"

WE take much pleasure in announcing that public opinion has decided in favor of Miss High School, who so lately startled the community by the murder of her husband, Mr. Old System. Although this tragedy attracted widespread attention at the time and excited much condemnation, the facts of the case were little understood. It seems upon investigation that Mr. Old System had been in the habit of subjecting his beautiful wife to gross indignities. He had in the most brutal fashion made away with many of their large family of children. No protestations, threats, or tears could avail. The very nature of the wretch was to harm, and many were the sufferings of the children, until, impelled

by the cruelty of her spouse, and fearing for her own life, High School heroically put an end to his impious existence, and saved her children's lives from danger. Then this beautiful widow, a martyr for her love's sake, yielded to the entreaties of her former lover, Mr. New Department. Thus seeing that her children would receive the best instruction under so noble a man, Miss High School favored his suit, and gave him her lovely hand and heart. They were united and fortune smiled upon the union, until now, approved by the world and prospered in every way, we find them living in happiness, and from our hearts we wish them joy.

ONE day, a studious young Freshman declared in the Physical Geography class, that New Jersey has a few *brass* mines, and looked bewildered when the class smiled as he seated himself.

FAUNS were maidens with the bodies and feet of the fauns.

CENTAURS were men with horses' tales, and dogs' heads and hands.

TO MILTON.

IDA M. REEVE, '92.

I.

TO thee who thought to thy closed eyes,
 The night was as the day,
 Yet who the strength of virtue taught,
 We sing our song to-day.

II.

The world was taken from thy gaze,
 Thou to the world hast shown,
 That he who walks the path of Right,
 A strength has, not his own.

III.

The light which brightened thy dark path
 Shone straight from Heaven's gate,
 And thou didst learn "they also serve
 Who only stand and wait."

THE CHILIAN SITUATION.

F. R. LEHLBACH, '93.

THAT our country has just escaped a genuine war with Chili, is hard to realize. Concerning this new republic most people have a vague, indefinite idea that it is a little strip of land, incapable of producing anything, clinging frantically to the Andes Mountains to keep from falling into the Pacific Ocean, and inhabited by a race of swarthy complexion, of small stature, with the temper of a Spaniard and the knavery of an Indian. But if this little republic should be applied to our eastern coast, its northern point coinciding with Maine, its southern extremity would fall a little south of Florida; and its area would more than cover all of the States bordering on the Atlantic. It would exceed in size any European country except Russia. Its inhabitants also, are white, intelligent, educated, and more enterprising than any other South American people. Although the South American States seem to enjoy nothing so much as a real, lively revolution, Chili has, hitherto, abstained from this exciting diversion. But, during the last year, the Chilians seemed to think that a revolution was needed, and, therefore, their President Balmaceda, and their Congress began to

make things disagreeable for each other, and at last open hostilities were resorted to. Balmaceda was declared a usurper and dictator, while he defended himself on the ground that, as Congress refused to make the necessary appropriations to carry on the Government, he was forced to take matters in his own hands.

Now it seems that for some unaccountable reason the Revolutionists had expected aid or, at least, sympathy from the United States. But since to interfere with other people's quarrels is contrary to the first principles of our Government, they were disappointed. This feeling of disappointment was increased and gradually changed into animosity by the unfortunate incident of Itata and by false reports. It was held that Admiral Brown had informed Balmaceda of the landing of the Revolutionists at Inniteros; and that Minister Egan had advised Balmaceda how to carry on the war successfully. These charges were, of course, denied, and their absurdity is certainly evident to every unprejudiced person.

After the downfall of Balmaceda and also during the war, his refugees were harbored not only at the American, but

also at every European Legation, with the exception of the English. This led to many annoyances and much spite on the part of the Congressionalists against the Americans, and the Legation was surrounded by spies, who arrested every one entering, or departing. This of course, was very justly resented and developed relations still more strained.

But the crisis came on October 16, 1891. Captain Schley, of the *Baltimore* gave 117 men shore leave. All nations grant this privilege of landing to war ships of friendly powers. At about six o'clock in the evening the American sailors were attacked simultaneously in three different streets by nearly 2,000 men, and were clubbed, stoned, and even stabbed by an infuriated mob. Riggins and Turnbull, two of the Americans, were killed. At the examinations, which followed, it was ascertained, that the Americans were sober, —the Sisters of Charity in the hospitals, to which the sailors were taken, testified to this fact; that they were unarmed, seven penknives only being found upon them; that all the stab wounds and bruises were in the backs, showing that they were inflicted while the victims were fleeing.

On October 26, the Chilean Government having taken no action in regard to this insult, Minister Egan, acting under instructions, demanded a concise explanation of the affair; but on November 12, he telegraphed that no regrets were offered; and that the matter was lightly treated. Thus the matter drifted on until December 11, when Matta, then the Minister of Foreign Affairs issued a note saying the statements of Egan and Schley were false, and designed to create trouble between the two countries. Its ending is characteristic of the offensive spirit that prevades it and is as follows: "Notwithstanding the intrigues which go at present

from so low a source and the threats which come from so high an authority."

On January 23, the Administration sent an Ultimatum to Chili demanding an apology for the assault upon sailors at Valparaiso, indemnity to the injured and to the families of the killed, and absolute withdrawal of the insulting Matta note.

As President Harrison had received no answer to this demand up to noon, January 25, he transmitted the entire Chilean correspondence, together with a special message, to Congress to await the action of that body. His special message was remarkable for its terseness, clearness, and patriotism. He describes this country's relations with Chili, the atrocious assault on the sailors, Chili's defiant attitude; he refers to the profuse apologies made by this country to Spain in 1851, when a mob had assailed the Spanish consulate at New Orleans, and to the insulting Matta note. He states that Chili had demanded the recall of Minister Egan, but, as no charges were preferred against him, and all his acts were officially endorsed by the Administration, this would not be considered.

After this message had been sent a reply to the ultimatum was received from Chili in which they withdrew the Matta note with profuse apologies, and the demand for Egan's recall; they confessed their wrong in the attack upon the sailors, and leave the amount of indemnity to be decided either by arbitration, or by the U. S. Supreme Court. Thus the matter has been amicably settled.

In our Government's masterly treatment of this, it has shown to the world that the United States are determined to protect their subjects and to defend their rights; and that when our country is in danger, Americans will heartily support their Administration, irrespective of party. And the few isolated cases of narrow minded

party spirit and lack of confidence in the country's officials only serve to bring out more conspicuously that quality which has

dominated so greatly in the character of the American people that it has come to be considered its very essence,—patriotism.

A PASTORAL SCENE.

H. STANLEY HASKINS, '95.

IT is a summer's day of the year 1891. We are standing on a highland overlooking a sunny village, through which meanders a river. Its serpentine course can be traced until the stream loses itself in a distant forest, as if it were suddenly cut short in its wanderings.

On each side of a street that runs the entire length of the village, are white houses with green blinds, that offer a restful contrast to the brilliant rays of old Sol. The street runs along the southern bank of the stream and the interlacing boughs of the trees on each side form an arcade through which occasional glimpses of a blue sky and fleecy clouds may be obtained. On the other or northern side of the river, cliffs raise themselves from a shelving portion of rock, along which runs the track that connects this small town with the outlying world.

Stretched across the river like a huge comb, is the mill dam over which, with a ceaseless murmur falls a sparkling sheet of water. The droning sound of a mowing machine in a distant field, and the lowing of cattle with the tinkle of their bells, all go to show that we are in ideal country.

The village is nestled as it were among rolling hills on the sides of which may be seen farm houses 'mid fields of ripening grain. From the main street and at right angles runs a lane which takes one into the varying beauty of rural scenes. At one side of the lane, quite a distance from the main street, is that building so

aptly termed by Whittier "a ragged beggar sunning." Yes, this is the village school, as the scarred desks within, and the worn sill and steps without testify. Over this sill, lagging feet have entered and eager ones have departed, of generations of pretty girls, awkward youth, studious scholars, and mischievous pupils.

Situated on a knoll is a white building with staring blank windows, that appear to blink in the dazzling noonday sun. Surrounding it is a grave-yard whose mossy stones seem like warning fingers of fate to those who weekly attend the service of worship at the old "meetin' house." But let us descend from our position the better to have a closer look at this little corner of the world.

To do so we must cross the river by means of a primitive bridge. Perhaps, seated on it are a couple of little urchins fishing and talking about what they are going to be when they are men.

As we saunter along, perhaps we are gazed at and commented upon by some idle loungers at the village store, whose chief object in life is not to have any. Lounging around the post-office steps are the young hopes of the village, presenting object lessons of indolence coupled with an o'erweening self esteem. If any of them should know you he would grasp your hand with a vigor that makes you wince, asking for your folks, and in response to your inquiry, state that his folks "air able to crawl around."

Gathered within are the worthy paters

talking about crops, droughts, inundations, the latest mowing machine, and various other themes in the same line—worthy types of farmers, sturdy sons of toil, who depend for their sustenance on mother nature.

If you are curious to know by this time to what portion of the globe you have been translated, they would say that you are in Yankee-town, a small borough in northern Vermont. You say, "How narrow the groove in which the mind runs of sons of the soil." Bryant answers you, "To him who in love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."

In place of our means of advancement is found that privilege of contact with nature in all her grandeur. These men are simple and rough, but can they be vulgar? There is nothing mean or debasing in rural occupation. It leads a man forth among scenes of beauty, cultivating that which is refined and noble. Simple as these men appear, can we not see that they have something we have not?

And as we let the curtain drop over this little scene in the drama of real life, may we feel that we have not spent the time in vain but profited by our

"Day in Yankee-town."

CALIBAN ON PROSPERO'S DEPARTURE.

SADIE W. MORRIS, '93.

"**W**ON'T have to cut any more wood! Won't have to bring it in, nor fetch water, nor catch fish, nor pluck berries, nor make a fire any more! But I'll wallow in this warm soft mud all day long, and turn over on my back or side and look at, and love the great light that burns up there. But if that cruel tyrant should come back again, I should be pinched and bruised and all my bones would crack—for I would never give up my right to be lord of the island, though he should work all his charms on me! I wish he would stay away forever, and all the bad witches go with him, and grin at him, and bite him, and pinch him thicker than honey-comb! What if his spirit hears me now? If it does I shall have cramps to-night, and side stitches that will pen my breath up!

"Lo, now what a blind bat I am; he couldn't hurt me anyhow, for he's drowned his book and broken his stick. It's my opinion that those other creatures

made him. Fine beings they were to take him away, my tormentor! Wonder where they all went to, leaving me behind, the monarch of this isle, and of the wild blue sea, with all the fishes, the toads and beetles, and creeping things for my subjects. Wouldn't have minded much if they had left that fellow Stephano behind. Then he would have given me more of that celestial liquor—better than sour berries and water—which makes me feel as if I were being rocked in the big warm sun itself, with swarms of tiny insects and beautiful spiders crawling up my back, and all the twangling instruments humming in my ears.

"O, and that spirit Ariel! I saw him hovering like a sea gull over the great white ship that sailed away, when suddenly he melted before my eyes like the winter frost before the sun. I should like to know what he is doing now. Perhaps he is putting urchins in somebody's way, as he did once in mine, when

I tried to pinch him. But my claws were too big, and he got away; so I couldn't. The pied monkey! I wish he would freeze to death up there in those cold clouds!

"Maybe he will take Miranda to the moon where Setebos lives. Setebos was my mother's god, but he's not greater than Prospero; for sometimes, I think, Prospero beat him, because I could hear him grumbling away off, and sometimes he made the whole island rumble, and he would lash the sea in his fury, till me-thought it would have swallowed us all up. Then I crawl in the hollow that I

had dug under the bank, and watch till the dark night came and the black clouds went away and the stars shown out. Then I'd see him looking down at me from the moon, as if he would grind Prospero's joints with dry convulsions and batter his skull till his forehead was villainous low, and make him sore all over.

"Well-a-day, I've got this island to myself and I'm lord on't. It was given to me by Sycorax, my mother, and nobody shall take it away from Cali-ban—from Cal-i-b-a-n."

DEATH.

HENRY HAMILTON, a graduate of the class of 1877, of the Newark High School, died at his home in Philadelphia, on February 8, 1892, of cerebro meningitis, induced by overwork, at the age of thirty-two years.

During his career in this school he developed a talent for mathematics and classic literature; diligent in his studies, at composition apt; he also courted the muses and left as memorials of his young genius some excellent essays and acceptable poems, which appear among the records of his class.

He did not deem it expedient to pursue a collegiate course of study, but after graduation at the High School, assumed a position in the office of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, of Newark, and at the time of his death he was a director of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia.

Early in his career Mr. Hamilton married a daughter of Doctor H. H. Tichenor, an eminent physician of this city.

After graduation he spent his leisure,

at the same time attending to the exactions of business, upon a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, which won the plaudits of the scholars throughout the country. After its completion he edited a medical dictionary for use in medical colleges; his success in that department of labor induced him to compile for publication a kindred work on an enlarged scale, which is ready for the press.

Mr. Hamilton was a conspicuous example of what a young man can do by proper training and the use of faculties liberally endowed by nature. He indulged a commendable ambition to make for himself an enviable position in life; not so much to acquire wealth or social rank, as to develop his talents in the acquisition of learning. So far as he was permitted to go, success crowned his efforts.

A CERTAIN Senior always takes a gun with him on his canoeing trips, to use in case he should want to shoot any rapids.

THE Dryads were wooden nymphs.

MONTAGU NOTES.

OUR Montagu Society is still a prominent and honorable feature of our school, in spite of the greedy departmental system, which crowds its meetings into one short hour after school, once a month. The value of the Montagu library to both teachers and scholars cannot be overestimated, especially since the study of English has been made of so much more importance than formerly. The many books and magazines thus placed at our disposal are a great help to us, and we cannot but pity the scholars who had to get along without either this or the Free Public Library. We certainly have more opportunity to attain "versifitality," (as one of our girls terms it,) than they had.

At each monthly meeting, an impromptu entertainment is given by one of the four classes which form the society, and these entertainments are often very interesting. At the first regular meeting this year, the "Ghost Scene" in Hamlet was read by the Seniors, and we are sorry to say that

the skeptical girls laughed most heartlessly when the ghost said "Swear." This meeting was followed by two more in which the Junior classes rendered very pleasing programmes.

As yet we have made no attempts at producing Howell, but one amusing circumstance has occurred in connection with amateur theatricals, which we cannot pass over without mentioning. One day the following appeared upon the front board in the Senior room:

MATINEE.

THE TALENTED SENIORS WILL MAKE
Their First Appearance
in the

GREAT SPECTACULAR TRAGEDY,

— "THE :-: GEOMETRY :-: CLASS," —

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY —. 1892.

Under the management of B. F. Crane.

Miss Crane soon had a number of First and Second years asking her the price of the tickets, the time of the entertainment, and so forth; but only Seniors were admitted, and they alone know how very tragic the tragedy proved.

OUR DEBATE.

HOW often have we heard of the marvelous debates of the boys above us! But we doubt if any have been more exciting than that carried on, last fall, by the Senior girls, so enthusiastic in regard to Hamlet. That never ending question of the great man's insanity, was ardently discussed within the walls of the A Senior room.

For days before the appointed time one might have seen half-frenzied creatures roaming around in search of criticisms "for" and "against." Not one would hardly have recognized these once gay girls with their faces so perplexed

and changed that one would have thought they had been ravished from the pallid shades of Erbus. However, this anxiety gained but little for the youthful aspirants and when the day came each felt that so much worry had done them little good. Only the leaders distinguished themselves and as they did nobly, that was all that was required.

In one division it was decided that he was insane, and in the other equally brilliant class, that he feigned insanity.

Thus the field is still open for future enthusiasts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE following High School graduates are completing their various studies in several colleges:

OF THE CLASS OF '88.—F. N. Jacobus is at Rutgers; L. P. McWhood is at Columbia; G. N. Reeves, Dental College, N. Y.; Chas. E. Utter, Rutgers; G. W. Terwilliger, Columbia; Miss C. R. Blake, Smith; Miss Ida Van Ness, Cornell.

CLASS OF '89—Irving Cook, Medical, N. Y.; C. E. Sutphen, Yale; C. B. Griffiths, Columbia; John N. Teeter, Bellevue Medical College; L. E. Gregory, Columbia School of Mines; Miss Mary Watson, Harvard Annex; Miss Georgia Hegeman, Bainard College; Miss S. Genevieve Grork, Packer College.

CLASS OF '90—Frank G. Ormsby, Lafayette; Robert G. Contrell, Lafayette; Wm. C. Nicoll, Columbia; Wm. H. Osborn, Columbia; J. R. Blake, Princeton; F. W. Memmott, Harvard; F. P. Schenck, Syracuse; D. T. Harthorne, Colby; W. A. Kinsey, Rutgers; Louis Thiele, New York Law School; C. E. Teeter, Bellevue, N. Y.; L. H. Wickware, Bellevue, N. Y.

CLASS OF '91—H. W. Egner, Columbia; J. D. Fitz Gerald, Columbia; Wm. Gauch, Jr., Columbia; Louis M. Nuttman, West Point M. A.; J. Lowenstein, Columbia; L. H. Holden, Yale; Miss J. B. Downs, Syracuse; Miss Genevra Tompkins, Syracuse.

I.

Oh! those wicked, wicked German girls
That bother Miss Buttner from morn' till night;
Those saucy irrepressible girls
So sadly preferring the wrong to the right.

II.

Why they have such woeful reports,
Remains a mystery deep and unsolved,
Unless, perhaps, if their deportment improved
The language might seem not so very involved.

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THE captain of the "Invincible Base Ball Club" would like to know why it is that his little baby brother can beat him at bawl.

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| | | | |
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| 1st half year..... | Arithmetic. | Book-keeping, Penmanship | Physiology. |
| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | and Com'cial Correspondence. | Physical Geography. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Book-keeping, Com. Law and | Physics. |
| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | Correspon'ce and Civil Gov't. | Physics. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Rhetoric. | General History. |
| 2d half year..... | Geometry. | Political Economy. | General History. |
| 1st half year..... | Geometry. | English Literature. | Chemistry. |
| 2d half year..... | Trig. and Review. | English Literature. | Geology. |

Language Lessons, Drawing, Composition and Declamation through the course.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE--(FOUR YEARS.)--BOYS ONLY.

| | | | |
|--------------------|----------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1st half year..... | Arithmetic. | Latin. | Physiology. |
| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | Latin. | Physical Geography. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Cæsar. | Physics. |
| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | Cæsar. | Physics. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Cicero, Virgil, } or German | General History. |
| 2d half year..... | Geometry. | and Latin Prose, } | Political Economy. |
| 1st half year..... | Geometry, Trig | Virgil, } or German | Chemistry. |
| 2d half year..... | and Review. | Roman History, } | Geology. |

Language Lessons, Drawing, Composition and Declamation through the course.

CLASSICAL COURSE--(FOUR YEARS)--BOYS OR GIRLS.

| | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1st half year..... | Arithmetic. | Latin. | Physiology. |
| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | Latin. | Phys. Geography. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Cæsar. | Greek. |
| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | Cæsar, (Latin Prose.) | Greek. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Cicero | Anabasis. |
| 2d half year..... | Geometry. | Virgil's Æneid. (Latin Prose) | Anab. (G'k Prose and Hist.) |
| 1st half year..... | Geom. Trig } or | Virgil | Iliad. |
| 2d half year..... | and Rev. { German. | Roman History. | Iliad. (Review.) |

Language Lessons, Composition and Declamation through the course

GENERAL COURSE--(FOUR YEARS)--GIRLS ONLY.

| | | | |
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| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | Latin or German. | Botany. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Latin or German. | Physical Geography. |
| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | Latin or German. | Physics. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Latin or German. | History. |
| 2d half year..... | Geometry. | Latin or German. | Rhetoric. |
| 1st half year..... | Geometry. | Virgil or German. | English Literature. |
| 2d half year..... | Review. | Astronomy. | English Literature. |

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| | | | |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1st half year..... | Arithmetic. | Book-keeping, Penmanship, | German or Physiology. |
| 2d half year..... | Arithmetic. | and Com'cial Correspondence. | German or Physiology. |
| 1st half year..... | Algebra. | Book-keeping, Com. Law and | German or Physics. |
| 2d half year..... | Algebra. | Correspon'ce and Civil Gov't. | German or Physics. |

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Walter S. Decker,
Paul K. Douglas,
Samuel H. Gibian,
Edmund LeC. Hegeman,
George W. Jackson,

Walter W. Kane,
Fred. A. Lehlbach,
Louis Leroy,
Charles A. MacCall,
Henry W. May,
William Milwitzky,
Frank M. Potter, Jr.,

Harry A. Scheppach,
Henry M. Tompkins,
Harry J. Turton,
Charles H. Urquhart,
William V. Van Blarcom,
Harrison Van Duyne, Jr.
M. Royal Whitenack.

Juniors.

Fred. Baldwin,
John C. Ball,
Chas. F. Brenn,
Lott. E. Buckby,
William Buermann,
E. T. Carrington,
Morrison C. Colyer,
Arthur M. Connett,
George S. Disch,
Goline Doremus,

Samuel Fleischman,
Robert N. Holden,
Fred. R. Lehlbach,
Arnold Leucht,
Jerome J. Lindauer,
Charles F. Merrill,
B. Monaghan,
Charles F. More,
George W. Nuttman,
A. C. Pedrick,

Fred. L. Pryor,
Edwin A. Putnam,
Clarence J. Roehr,
Otto H. Ruckelshaus,
Charles W. Salisbury,
J. Almon Spence, Jr.,
Charles A. Stewart,
Isaac Straus,
Emil Vollweiler,
Clarence Woodruff.

Second Year.

Clifford Addis,
Louis H. Aff,
Fred. Ahbe,
Arthur A. Ames,
William Andres,
Adolph Barthman,
Harry Barthman,
Robert A. Baldwin,
Oscar Block,
Charles Boeger,
David Brown,
William Budd,
James Cameron,
DeWitt Carter,
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J. Wilbur Conselyea,
William Cooper,
Fred. Coppersmith,
Edward Croll,
Elbert Curtiss,
Frank S. DeVausney,
Nelson Doremus,
Willis Dowden,
Augustus C. Dunfre,
William Eggerking,
Edward Folley,
Leon Lewis Feist,
Joseph Fergg,
Charles Fraley,
Moses Gansler,
Richard Geppert,
Charles H. Gleason,

Paul Girtanner,
Frank E. Goode,
John Grom,
Albert W. Harris,
Clyde Healey,
Henry Heineman,
Otto F. Heinz,
Charles G. Hill,
Mortimer L. Hirsch,
Warren L. Hoagland, Jr.,
Hugh Haddow, Jr.,
Elmer Irving,
Frederick L. Johnson,
Louis A. Kempf,
Anthony Kroehl,
Milton Lehlbach,
Ross Littell,
Emil A. Lenk,
Joseph Lewis,
Clifford Lovatt,
Charles Maier,
Egbert MacNary,
Dewitt C. MacClymont,
Albert Mandeville,
Henry W. Maull,
John H. McDonald,
George McKittrick,
Walter Meier,
George B. Merklinger,
Oscar Mertz,
Harry D. Meyer,
Maurice Meyer,

Edward Morgan,
James Nixon,
Fred. Pier,
Adolph Pistor, Jr.,
Fred H. C. Pfeiffer,
Floyd Poinier,
Paul Poinier,
William F. Pridham,
Daniel Price,
Frank A. Price,
Julius C. Rauch,
Bertram Ripley,
Ward Roff, Jr.,
William Walter Rose,
William Runyon,
W. C. Sandy, Jr.,
Thomas J. Scanlan,
Fred. Searing,
Leo. Schlossor,
Isador Seckeles,
Hugo C. Sippel,
William Small,
R. S. Simonds,
Herbert Snow,
Henry J. Steets,
Leo. Stein,
J. H. Stengel,
Fred. Temme,
William Thomson,
Carl Tucker,
George Urich,
Henry F. Ulrich,

Second Year—Continued.

Augustus Ungar,
Fred. Van Duyne,
John Van Dyke,

Fred. Voss,
Stanley B. Westerfield,
Leo. Wiener,

Matthew Wylie,
Clarence W. Yates,
John Young.

Division A—First Year.

Fred. W. Aldred,
J. Woodman Babbit,
Martin Batcheller,
Henry C. Binde,
George W. Brewster,
Douglass Bugg,
Joseph Christ, Jr.,
Harry T. Cooper,
Horace C. Cory,
Walter L. Coursen,
Charles Craiz, Jr.,
Arthur E. Denny,
John W. Denny, Jr.,
Homer J. Diefendorf,
J. Littell Fales,
Max Fleischmann,
Charles E. Flower,
Max M. Gans,
Fred. W. Von Gehren,

Herman A. Geiger,
William L. R. Haines,
W. C. Hammond,
H. Barnes Hamill,
William E. Harrison,
Henry S. Haskins,
Arthur G. Hedden,
William Hense,
Alonzo D. Hobbin,
Allan H. Hoover,
Charles J. Kellner,
Charles R. Kempf,
Nathan Klein,
Fred. W. Kreiner,
Richard Krementz,
Samuel Kunstlich,
John L. Labiaux, Jr.,
Ch. H. Lebkuecher,
A. G. L. Mossmann,

Norman McClare,
Philip Mendel,
Charles H. Riley,
William Rupp,
John Rutan,
Edw. M. Sammis,
Fred. M. Sammis,
William J. Satchwell,
Claude E. Scattergood,
Edmond P. Sinnock,
Benjamin Straus,
William Talbot,
Fred. H. Tegan,
David H. Thomas,
Millige P. Walker,
Fred. Wild,
Julius Wolff, Jr.,
Anson A. Woodruff.

Division B—First Year.

Howard C. Baldwin,
Louis R. Coleman,
Herbert K. Conklin,
Clifford Cooke,
Herbert Cottrell, Jr.,
Thomas Crabb,
Jacob W. Crane,
John G. Crawford,
Arthur F. Davis,
Louis C. Doremus,
Henry Eberhardt,
Herman Fautz, Jr.,
Theodore G. Felsberg,
Harry K. Ford,
Ernest M. Fowler,
George W. Gilbert,
Willie R. Grey,
Herman E. Gerhart,
Arthur W. Greason,
Floyd V. Harper,
William Harris,

William Helmstaeder,
William Horsfield,
George Hughes,
Robert Jacobus,
Edward Jaques,
Joseph Kenny, Jr.,
Charles J. Kieb,
William O. Kilpatrick,
Frank C. Knapp,
Albert G. Lane,
William R. Latham,
Albert A. Lewis,
Augustus C. Loehnerberg,
Waldo G. Lunger,
Harry Marker,
Albert L. Marsh,
Franklin E. Marsh,
Samuel G. Mayo,
Thomas McClelland,
John E. Mercer,
Harry L. Middleton,
Harry L. Marker,

Harry M. Morris,
Edwin H. Murdoch,
Fred. W. Newman,
Arthur B. Price,
Fred. C. Pullin,
Luther Rice,
Edward E. Roberts,
Frederick Roy, Jr.,
Frank P. Russell,
Edw. L. Smalley,
Alvin R. Smith,
J. Stucky Smith,
Edwin M. Storey,
Fred. William Sweet,
Clifford Tinckler,
Henry A. Tobelmann,
Arthur W. Turner,
Edw. Van Vliet,
William B. Ward, Jr.,
Elmer R. White,
St. John Williams.

Division C—First Year.

Charles H. Austin,
Charles Benjamin,
Arthur W. Bird,
John Bird,
Milo S. Borden,

Charles S. Bowes,
Arthur F. Brett,
Fred. C. Buckley,
Herman Buehler,
Eugene Burgesser,

G. Henry Burkhardt,
Edwin Burkheimer,
James Clark,
Fred. H. Cockefair,
Burton Colehamer,

Division C—Continued.

Joseph G. Cook,
George F. Corrigan,
J. Thomas Cosgrove,
John L. Courier,
* Fred. J. Curtis,
Wigg. Dally,
Augustus Dluchler,
Julius Ehrlich,
William A. Faatz,
J. Fred. Frey,

Ch. J. Gebauer,
Howard Giles,
George H. Gillott,
Joseph Glutting,
G. C. Greason,
Joseph B. Grom,
T. Arthur Hagstoz,
Charles E. Hay,
Joseph Hopkins,
William Huck,
Charles L. Hutter,

Kenneth Ingalls,
Arthur Jaggard,
Charles F. Kees,
Fred. R. Keller,
Sherwood King,
Newton P. Kinsey,
Christian H. Klinck,
Edw. H. Kocher,
Alb. E. Koenig,
George Hock.

Division D—First Year.

Theodore Rene La Foy,
Joseph Julius Lange,
James Rosevelt Leary,
Emanuel Levy,
William Lowe, Jr.,
William Henry Lupton,
Joseph C. Maloney,
George W. Maulbetsch,
Arthur Ward McLaughlin,
Philip Joseph Mess,
Elmer J. Metz,
Louis Metzner,
Henry Miller,
Oscar Ferdinand Moore,
George James Morrow,
Herman Frederick Nagel,
George Pillard Needham,

Howard S. Nichols,
John Peter O'Fake,
Wallace Ougheltree,
Elbert A. Park,
William F. Parker,
Paul Petry,
Ferdinand Pinner,
Frederick Booth Porter,
Charles George Reimeis,
Charles Rudolph Rinck,
Thomas Joseph Rossiter,
Charles Jacob Samuel,
Lewis Schwab,
Rutherford Blake Scott,
* Robert Shirley,
Charles Joseph Smith,
Louis Staib,
Max Stein,

Theodore John Steller,
William Harry Taylor,
Harris LeGrant TenEyck,
Fred. LaForge Tompkins,
Adolph Edward Ungerer,
Robert Upton,
Silas Van Doven,
Edward F. Vogel,
Herman Weis,
George Horstman Wiegman,
Charles H. Williams,
Charles Ernest Wilshere,
Duke Anson Willis,
William R. Winans,
John Joseph Wincklhofer,
Gottfried Wollenschlager,
William Young.

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Juniors.

Agnes Baldwin,
Edith Blake,
Edith Dickenson,

Edna Freeman,
Waunda Hartshorn,
Louise Lefort,

Frances Martin,
Gertrude E. Meeker,
Lydia Spring.

Second Year.

J. Alice Brittain,
Mabel Brittain,

Josephine Jolley,
Beatrice Maybaum,

Eliz. L. Squier,
* Esther Watson.

LADIES.

Seniors—A.

Ida Bailey,
Annie Barth,
Carrie E. Beyer,
Josephine Berger,
Annie R. Deidrick,
Linda M. DeMott,
* Florence A. Dowden,
Ida M. Gable,
E. Elise Geissele,
Ada Graham,

Carrie Grill,
Georgiana Hamel,
Margaret L. Hewitt,
Julia May Horstmann,
Margaret J. Ledwith,
Bertha D. Littell,
Laura W. McCrea,
Wilma Mulford,
S. Elizabeth Noe,
Charlotte I. Pullin,

L. Maude Rhodes,
Christiana Roalefs,
Caroline S. Romer,
E. Josephine Sell,
Anna E. Sill,
M. Adelle Smith,
Clementine Tucker,
Addie L. Utter,
Emilie Wangner.

Seniors—B.

Helen Baldwin,
 Alberta Bartow,
 Elizabeth C. Bennett,
 Emily Block,
 Mary A. Boylan,
 Regina H. Breidt,
 Florence M. Coe,
 Cora F. Cogger,
 Caroline Conselyea,
 Lunevra F. Crane,
 Jane Pierson Dod,

Florence Dovell,
 Mary E. Dunham,
 Ida B. Edwards,
 Mariam Feder,
 Agnes Haddow,
 Minnie P. Hartness,
 Jeannette Hegeman,
 Edith M. Jacobus,
 Nellie R. Kane,
 Lillie Kreiner,

Jessie MacGowan,
 Alberta Mills,
 M. Elizabeth Nicols,
 Josephine L. Noble,
 Ida M. Reeve,
 Isabel Smith,
 Leona C. Smith,
 Myrtle H. Smith,
 Alice Van Arnam,
 Minnie W. Williams.

Junior—A.

Ada Abbey,
 Jennie Abrams,
 Grace Ames,
 Edith F. Allen,
 Katherine V. Ball,
 May Baker,
 Emma R. Beach,
 Minnie Borce,
 Rosie Barthman,
 Amelia B. Bourne,
 Josephine A. Belcher,
 Etta S. Burke,

Katharine Blake,
 Irene G. Benschel,
 S. Lorena Conant,
 H. Daisy Crane,
 E. Mabel Clarke,
 Nelly A. U. Cook,
 Grace H. Cleveland,
 Genevieve A. Cashion,
 Louise Clark,
 Meta Chadsey,
 Olive Cornish,
 E. Florence Chedister,
 Florence Corlies,

Grace Z. Drummond,
 Alberta Doremus,
 Florence Dougherty,
 Mabel Dill,
 Minnie B. Dunn,
 Jennie May Dowie,
 Lois F. Elston,
 Frances G. Fisher,
 Emilie L. Glorieux,
 Lillian A. Ganong,
 Emma Gauch,
 Louse McVey.

Junior—B.

Bessie Ward Harvey,
 Elizabeth M. Hiscox,
 Anna L. Johnstone,
 Charlotte Halisch,
 Florence C. Helley,
 I. Ellistine Hirk,
 Cora Belle Loder,
 Charlotte Marshall,
 May Belle Mawha,
 Helena McClelland,
 Virginia L. McWhood,
 Sarah C. Moore,
 Lizzie Morehouse,
 Sadie W. Morris,

Grace Northrop,
 Bertha H. Oppel,
 Julia A. Osborne,
 Carrie G. Osborne,
 Rachel C. Osmond,
 Addie Cutter Pell,
 Augusta Preston,
 Mamie M. Purvis,
 Mary E. Richards,
 Clara Rosencrans,
 Antornette Rummell,
 Sadie Grace Russell,
 Milly Schwab,
 Jennie Sharp,

Clara B. Sutphen,
 Alice M. Thompson,
 Florence R. Thowless,
 Cora A. Todd,
 Lizzie M. Townley,
 Hattie E. Van Nest,
 Tillie Weil,
 Ella B. Welcher,
 G. Georgeine Wildes,
 Ada M. Woodland,
 Josie Wyckoff,
 Emma H. Ziegler,
 Minnie D. Ochs,
 Mamie H. Garrison.

Second Year—A.

Julia N. Aspinwall,
 Alice W. Baldwin,
 Minnie A. Budd,
 Mabel A. Carter,
 Anna A. Crane,
 Helen N. Crane,
 Mabel Dickerson,
 Lucy Elliott,
 Lottie M. Ferguson,
 Olive N. Griffin,
 May E. Holbrook,
 Annie J. Kinsey,
 Jennie B. Kitchen,

Mina Mains,
 Lottie A. Martin,
 Ida Belle Meyer,
 Fanny O. Miller,
 Louise P. Brugger,
 Florence Nichols,
 Edith L. Oakley,
 Annina Periam,
 Belle Platt,
 Genieve E. Schuerin,
 Grace Scott,
 Sarah D. Smalley,

Attiel Stillwell,
 Hetty Stull,
 Edith A. Smith,
 Helena Smith,
 Almira V. Suydam,
 Annie Thomas,
 Madeline Thomas,
 Annie H. Wakefield,
 Adeline Weil,
 Marguerite S. Wills,
 Bessie L. Woodruff,
 Emma Cook.

LIST OF PUPILS.

Second year—B.

Lulu Adams,
Marion Arbuckle,
Jessie M. Ayres,
Elenor H. Barker,
Theresa Beck,
Grace Bergfels,
Jessie L. Biddinger,
Annie K. Browaz,
Estella Brewer,
Carrie M. Brown,
Hattie M. Brown,
Hattie L. Byram,
Jenny B. Case,

Jennie D. Cochrane,
Grace G. Condit,
Maggie Conklin,
Gertrude Craig,
May E. Denny,
Adelaide E. Drew,
Fanny Estabrook,
Estelle G. Farmer,
May Hendershot,
Emma Hermann,
Jessie J. Hochkins,
Lena Horton,
Mabel Jackson,

Minnie James,
Nellie B. Johnson,
Flora Jorolemon,
Alice O. Kane,
Sophie McGaffin,
Beatrice Marley,
Kate Kithcart,
Maud Kinsey,
Helen E. Marsh,
Lida McBride,
Martha Nordt,
Melia Hamilton,
Anne Washington.

Second Year—C.

Lulu Harper,
Julia A. Lyon,
Margaret A. Martin,
Mary E. MacMillon,
Harriet McGowan,
Marietta McGowan,
Charlotte B. Memmott,
Lizzie Mewhimey,
Grace Miller,
Helen McKee,
Clara E. Moch,
Alice F. Munsick,
Josie Mundy,
Edith M. Meyers,
Alberta Peal,

Mamie Ida Polk,
• Margaret Penrose,
Carrie R. Raphael,
Saidee Roalefs,
Mabel Russ,
Pauline Safier,
Grace L. Sayre,
Louise Sandford,
• Caroline Schaeffer,
Anna Shrubey,
Amelia Schwitzgalh,
May Shumann,
Frederica Schwerin,
May Smith,
Margaret Smith,
Pauline Zahn,

Minnie Spear,
Minnie Straus,
Lizzie M. Stickney,
Cornelia Sutphen,
Florence Trier,
Nellie E. Tuttle,
Florence Van Duyne,
Edna Van Ness,
Maude Walker,
Edith E. Wells,
Lizzie Weldon,
Florence E. Whiteside,
Jennie Wooley,
Marion Yeomans,
Frances Zahn.

First Year—A.

Eleanor L. Alden,
Ella Baldwin,
Lydia S. Bannister,
Ella E. Beers,
• Kate M. Biller,
Nellie Bishop,
Cora E. Brand,
Caroline Brenn,
Eliz. Brown,
Mary Brown,
• Helen Buggy,
Eva M. Campbell,

Josephine Campbell,
Helen A. Case,
Agnes Chapman,
Emma Cohn,
Nellie Cohn,
Margaret Collins,
Lottie Connery,
• Sarah Corlies,
Eliz. Crane,
Mabel L. Crane,
Grace A. Dewolf,
Adele Doremus,
Mary S. Dreyer,

Emma Drummond,
Mabel H. Foster,
Florence Frazee,
Grace A. Frazee,
May L. Gee,
Doris Geppert,
Emma A. Gibson,
Kate Grace,
Stella Hager,
Mabel Hurd,
Alice M. Keepers,
Nellie MacBeth.

First Year—B.

Gertie Ackerson,
Alice Holmes,
Clara H. Lewis,
Lillian McEwen,
Grace Parson,
Lizzie Pifster,
Lottie Pittenger,
Gussie L. Potter,

Lulu Potter,
Mamie Russell,
Gertrude Rhodes,
• Alice Richardson,
Edith Riley,
Ruth Robinson,
Birdie Romer,
Phebe Rowden,

Florence Runyon,
Ruth Runyon,
M. Louise Rusling,
Marie Renziehausen,
Anna Sanders,
Jennie Sandford,
Marion Sloan,
Mabelle Smith.

First Year—B—Continued.

Sarah Smith,
Mary Teas,
Mabel Thompson,
Clara Terwilliger,

Leulineau Van Roden,
Bertha Van Roden,
Susie Van Steenberg,
Florence Whitehead,
Lulu Wills,

Anna Welcher,
Mabel Young,
Jessie Zimmerman,
Marguerite Burnett.

First Year—C.

Amah A. Anderson,
Bessie C. Bowman,
Janet V. Bradley,
Bertha Chapman,
Maud W. Combs,
Alice G. Dennis,
Elfreda F. Devendorf,
Amy Furness,
Mabel E. Gates,
Watie Glorieux,
Mamie P. Hamilton,
Addie A. Hardy,

Nellie L. Haring,
Fida C. Hawley,
Mary I. Hays,
Clara L. Hicks,
Rosetta A. Hirsch,
Charlotte A. Hopper,
Winifred E. Hopwood,
Margaret V. Jenkins,
Beulah Johnson,
Estella Kaiser,
Estelle M. Kelly,
Olive E. Kenny,
Dora Kieseewetter,

Ray Kridel,
Anna Lehlbach,
Bertha P. Lyon,
Emma MacLay,
Jennie McCallum,
Edna M. McNary,
Nettie L. Merritt,
J. Ethel Riker,
Florence M. Rose,
Mabel B. Tobin,
Marion L. Willets,
Margaret M. Wilson.

First Year—D.

Emma Brandt,
Alice Bolton,
Alice May Boice,
Lillie Drew Bunell,
Gertrude May Clark,
Harriet A. Coykendall,
Estelle M. Delaney,
Jane F. Darress,
Grace E. Edwards,
Josephine Gibian,

Ella L. Goodrich,
Mary E. Long,
Elizabeth C. Marvin,
E. Estelle Mawha,
Iva M. Mundy,
Elizabeth McWhood,
Lena A. Manthy,
Eulalie McDowell,
Janet B. Nesbit,
Louisa C. Overgne,

Mildred A. Oliver,
Lillian B. Osborn,
Mabel H. Ross,
Maud B. Rose,
F. Mabel Spencer,
Mamie F. Turner,
Nettie Thompson,
Caroline L. TenEyck,
Edith H. Pitney,
Mamie H. Eveleth.

First Year—E.

Ida Belle Arrandale,
Zaidee W. Allen,
Gertrude L. Ackerson,
Bessie C. Bacron,
Hattie Baer,
Ida May Ball,
Grace E. Baxter,
Louise L. Beach,
Jennie Beckwith,
Annie M. Becker,
Nettie Belcher,
Jennie G. Benbrook,
Dora F. Berger,
Catherine Berry,
Edith J. Bioren,

Evelena O. Blanchard,
Helen Bosch,
May E. Brittain,
Jeannette Brown,
Anna M. Brown,
Idelle C. Brower,
Helen A. Bryden,
Margaret Burnett,
Lulu C. Burrows,
Dorcas Burtchaell,
Emma L. Butcher,
Anna Cahill,
Eva A. Carr,
Ella B. Carter,
Marion E. Carter,
Henrietta Clark,

Ida May Clark,
Nettie M. Clary,
Lizzie M. Clearman,
Edith Cobb,
E. Louise Coe,
Sara Conroy,
Florence M. Conley,
Lulu B. Conklin,
Bessie S. Cooper,
Nettie M. Crelin,
Anna R. Curtis,
Elizabeth Denman,
Della A. Denton,
Mabell Devendorf,
Agnes T. Finn.

First Year—F.

Mary A. Lewis,
Augusta Lieb,
Margaret Link,
Jessie L. Lull,

Anna L. Lyon,
Ella Lyon,
Lillian Lytle,
Anna MacElhose,

Eve F. MacMahon,
Rosa B. Markens,
Olive Mathews,
Lillie McCurdy,

First Year—F—Continued.

Eva C. McVey,
Sarah Meyer,
Virginia Morissey,
Daisy O. Nicoll,
Josie Norcross,
Sarah Northrop,
Nellie C. Nye,
Lillie O'Donnell,

Florence O'Connor,
Carrie B. Pitney,
Edith H. Pitney,
Daisy C. Pollock,
Louise B. Pollock,
Ella Prouty,
Lizzie J. Reed,
Nellie G. Reeves,

Laura V. Reifsnyder,
Ada Reuck,
Lillie M. Rhodes,
May E. Robinson,
Minnie Rodgers,
Sadie Rosenstrauch,
Grace W. Runyon,
Lillie E. Smith.

First Year—G.

Nellie E. Day,
Jessie E. Dixon,
Flora M. Donsbach,
Jessie Donald,
Caroline S. Doll,
Emma Douglas,
Florence A. Donaldson,
Jennie L. Drake,
Eva W. Dunham,
Hattie M. Eagles,

Helen M. Edwards,
Josephine Elliot,
Cora Elston,
Edna Elston,
Emily Emmerick,
Lottie Engelberger,
Ella E. Farrington,
Florence Feder,
Flora Frey,
Bertha Fredericks,

Anna E. Fussell,
Lillie M. Gordon,
Emma Green,
Daisy Grauf,
Eliza K. Groef,
Eudora Hamel,
Grace Harrison,
May Heinz,
Emma Hesse,
Lillian Hearn.

First Year—H.

Mercedes Ferrer,
Lulu Herrick,
Ade E. Hinckley,
Prudie Holbrook,
Lulu Holgate,
Mabel Hopler,
Lulu Houck,
Ollie Huges,
Lizzie Hunt,
Harriet Huntly,
Lillia Huffman,
Linda Jacobus,

Allen Jennings,
Marg. H. Johnson,
Clara Johnson,
Lelitia M. Jones,
Julia C. Joralemon,
Clara O. Koss,
Sarah Katz,
Rose C. Kearney,
Emma A. Kingston,
Alforate Knight,
Marie Krick,
Edna W. Loird,

Olive Lampater,
Charlotte Leary,
Bessie Ledwith,
Aurelis B. Lee,
Mamie F. Lee,
Marie Lensinboltz,
Sarah Levi,
Martha W. Levy,
Belle C. Lewis,
Bertha M. Lewis,
Edna M. Lewis,
Jennie Robertson,

First Year—I

Mamie Schaller,
Mabel Schiel,
Jennie N. Schench,
Jennie Schiener,
Minnie M. Seeley,
Mary F. Shepard,
Jennie A. Sherman,
Bertha Shrubey,
Mathi Lims,
Lillie J. Slater,
Katie Smith,
Belle Spaeth,

Ruth D. Spencer,
Sophie Stapff,
Belle Steinhardt,
Minnie Stutzlen,
Anna Taylor,
Florence Teuch,
J. Alice Terwilliger,
Maud E. Thorne,
Hattie L. Thurber,
Hattie E. Tillyer,
Florence D. Townley,
Mamie C. Townley,
Alice A. Urick,

Mabel Van Duyne,
Minnie Van Vorhis,
Mary L. Vincent,
Jessie Warren,
Kate M. Wells,
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Mamie Widman,
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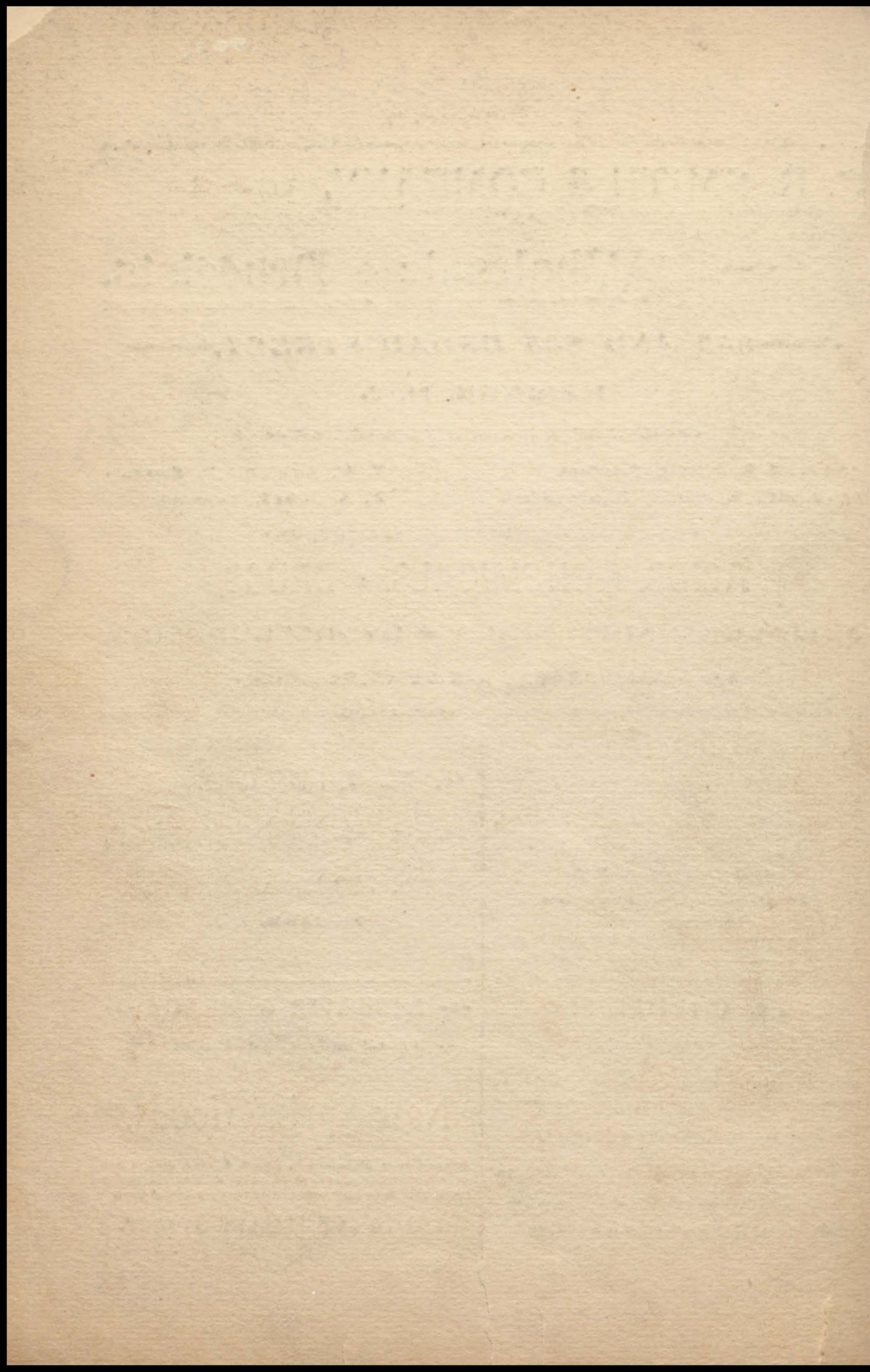
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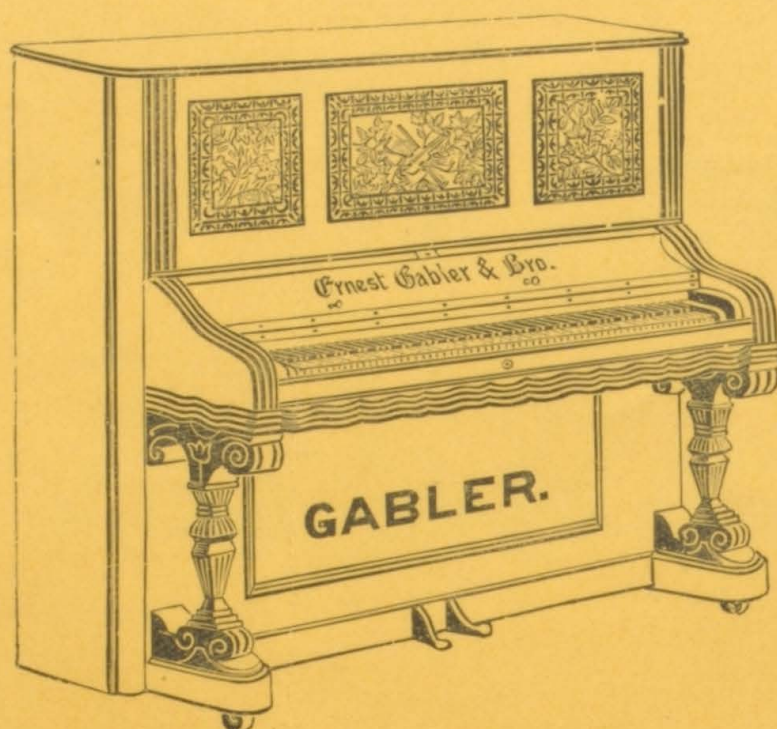
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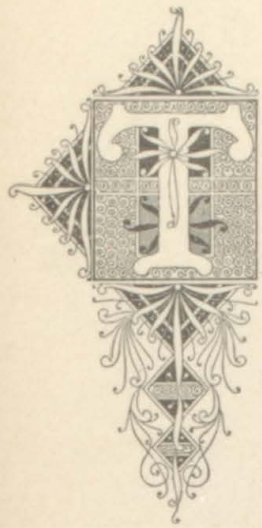
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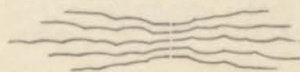
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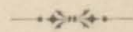
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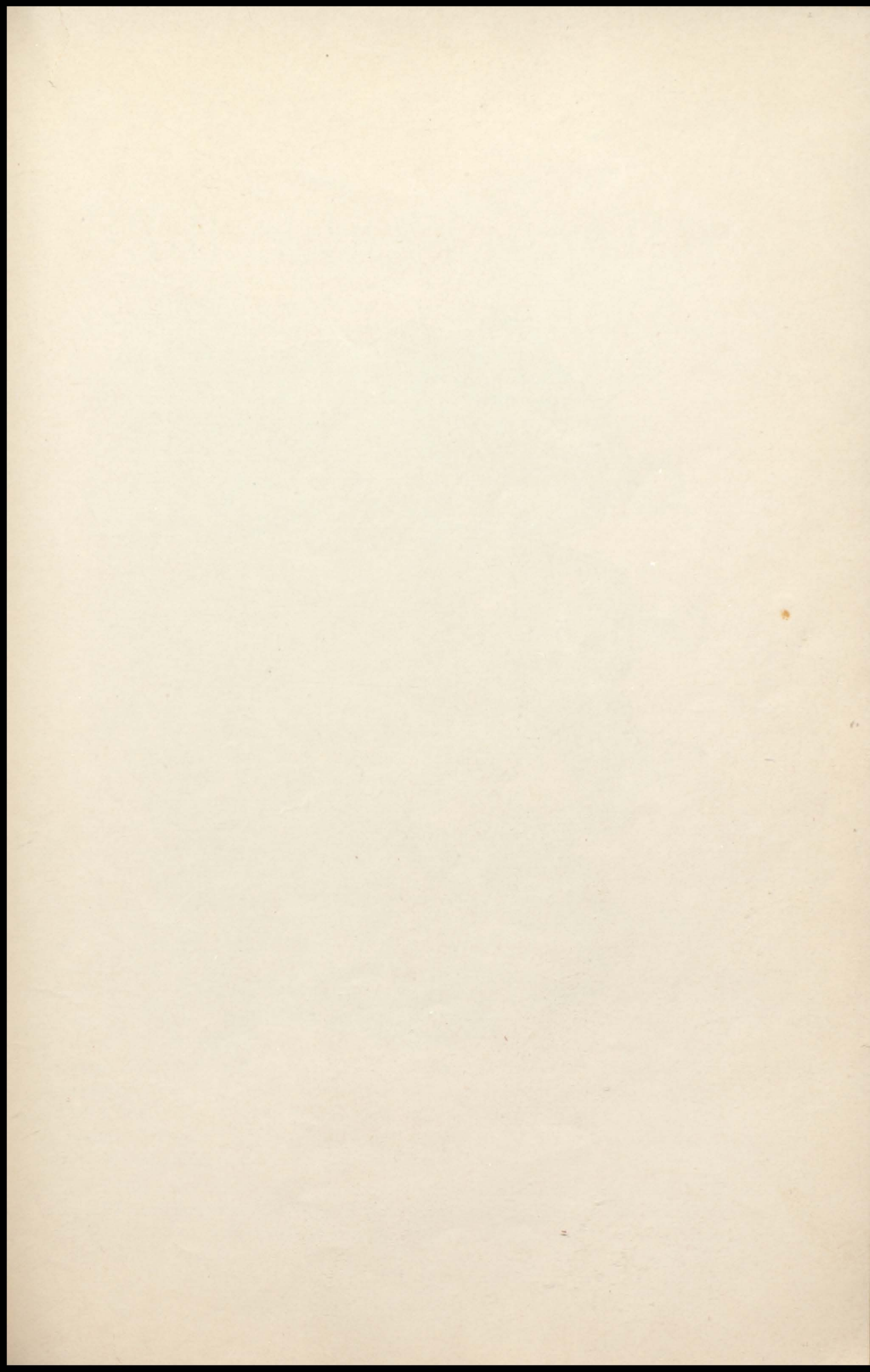


DEDICATION ▲ ▲ ▲



To the members of the Class of '93,
whose bright colors without and
sparkling thoughts within do much
toward making this paper "A thing
of beauty and a joy forever," this
Annual is affectionately dedicated.







MALE FACULTY OF THE NEWARK HIGH SCHOOL.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1893.

MY VALENTINE.

ALICE VAN ARNAM, '93.

IF ON my Valentine you wish to look,
On her whose smiles surpass the beams
Aurora throws on forests, glades and streams,
Whose eyes like violets in a grassy nook
Make the beholder glad ; whose face is a book
Wherein one reads, and all is as it seems,
Kindness and truth and love—she little dreams
That for my Valentine herself I took—
If you desire this peerless maid to see,
You need not o'er the billowy deep advance,
To search in foreign seas this pearl of mine ;
Nay, to behold the one that's dear to me,
You need but look into the mirror's clear expanse,
And there reflected is my Valentine.

THE LAST OF THE BROOK FARM PEOPLE.

FRED. R. LEHLBACH, '93.

PHILOSOPHY, the search for wisdom, is a science of theories, theories which harmonize, theories which diametrically oppose one another. And the followers of each theory disclose by their adherence to it their natures and temperaments, which rendered them susceptible to such a belief.

The philosophy of transcendentalism, the Kantian philosophy, as it is called, is the belief that there is innate in man power to originate and evolve ideas which cannot be acquired by experience. The consistent followers of this belief must therefore be idealists and strivers for reform.

Such was the belief of a number of the brainiest men and women of New Eng-

land half a century ago. In order to have as much time for psychical development as possible they conceived the plan of an organization which should have for its purpose the pursuit of agriculture on a plan of co-operation. Thus, instead of spending their best efforts in competing for the needs of existence, they, by means of co-operating, materially aided one another and thereby obtained increased leisure to pursue congenial studies.

Undoubtedly they intended that their association should be the basis on which, ultimately, a reformed condition of society might be builded. Thus, in 1842, the Brook Farm Association was founded, having among its members Emerson, Alcott, Ripley, Parker, Hawthorne, Mar-

garet Fuller and Chas. A. Dana. Associated with these, although not members of the organization, were other men of brilliant literary capabilities like Geo. W. Curtis. This society published the *Harbinger*, a paper to which all contributed. It was edited by Theo. Ripley and managed by Chas. A. Dana. The latter also translated poetry from the German, criticized men and measures, and wrote poetry of a mythical and sentimental nature.

Death has called to his last resting place almost every one of these idealists, and as we scan the list but one name stands on it, clear and bold, not dimmed by that misty haze which history gradually gathers around the names of those whose work on earth has ended. It is the name of Chas. A. Dana. He now stands near the end of a career of wonderful activity, during which he has passed through mental metamorphoses of a more striking nature, perhaps, than has any other illustrious man of his time. Changes in opinions and principles of men, due to the influence of self interest, are rather common. But in considering the mental mutations of Dana all thoughts of personal motives must be eliminated. Dana is a man of deep convictions, and a man who has the courage of his convictions. And to compare his ideas at the beginning and at the end of a half century of brain work and to mark the train through which these ideas passed in that time, is a study of unbounded interest.

At the outset he is a hopeful Brook Farm reformer, at the end he is the mouth-piece of the dominant political organization of New York city, Tammany Hall, a position which no other editor of New York dares occupy, regardless of private conviction. Fifty years ago he was connected with a body of men who

were abolitionists of such intensity that it is said of them: "they glorified the negro beyond all warrant of fact, seeing in him an imprisoned soul struggling to be free;" in 1892 we see him inventing a political rallying cry slightly incongruous with the above. In 1862 he made heroic efforts to have Horace Greely nominated for U. S. Senator from New York; in 1892 he was as zealous in the promotion of David B. Hill for the nomination for president. And this former associate of Geo. W. Curtis opposed the manifest choice of his party, because, among other things, this leader believed in civil service and ballot reform.

While Ass't Secretary of War, in 1863, his clear perception gave much weight to his opinions in the eyes of his superiors, and the influence thus gained was of much importance in shielding Gen. Grant from the base intrigues of his enemies. Later the virulence of his attacks on Grant's administration caused his indictment for libel. The reformer of the world's social condition of 1842 takes a more practical and common sense position on the labor question of to-day than any other editor in New York. This was especially manifest during the Homestead episode last summer.

Thus we may trace the change from the idealist to the realist, from the impracticable reformer to the practical politician; and we see before us the great difference between theory and practice, personified in one man.

It may be said, however, that there is probably no one man who is more closely identified in the minds of readers with the paper he edits; and therefore there is no one whose influence is so far reaching and acute. And whether this intensely practical influence is beneficial or detrimental to the community is a question varied in nature and difficult to answer.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT WESTMINSTER.

ETTA S. BURKE, '93.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is one of the most interesting spots in all Europe. To the student of history, its attractions are boundless. To the seeker after beauty, it is satisfying. To all it teaches that "time rolls its ceaseless course," and all things of this world are small when compared with the ages; that kings and realms are soon laid low, and our bodies are but frail tenements.

When our old friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, enters the Abbey, he looks about him with the greatest satisfaction. He has been anticipating the visit for a long time, and has come with his brain well stored with historical incidents of the illustrious dead lying within the sanctuary. Baker's Chronicle is to him supreme authority and he has pored long over its pages.

He walks with reverence down the main aisle of that "great temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried." True pride in his country fills his breast as he remembers that here lie many of her sons who have won the applause of the whole world; and the tie of country gives him a feeling of kinship to these mighty souls.

He cares little to look at the massive columns supporting the lofty arches which have been the admiration of millions, nor does he linger to watch the effect produced by the roseate streams of light falling through the windows upon marble columns and beautiful arcades. Like many another visitor to the Abbey he hastens "along the walls where speaking marbles show what worthies form the hallowed mould below."

Perhaps he knows little of what is between the covers of a volume of Canterbury Tales, but Baker's Chronicle has told

him that Geoffrey Chaucer wrote them, and that he is "the father of English poetry;" so the good old soul makes way to Chaucer's tomb in the Poets' Corner. As he reads the inscription, he says: "What a good fellow that host of the Tabard must have been; and, by the way, those pilgrims knew how to make a journey interesting instead of tiresome, didn't they?"

When he reaches the tomb of the Rev. Dr. Busby, he remembers that his grandfather went to school to the man "whose rod was his sieve," and who declared that "whoever could not pass through that was no boy for him." Memory also recalls the fact that this same ancestor underwent sundry doses of this heroic treatment at the hands of the venerable school-master.

But the final resting place of the virgin queen is eventually reached, and one of the traits most deeply rooted in the English breast, that of profoundest reverence for royalty, is brought out in the character of the old knight. He stands by the head of one of the lions supporting the slab on which the figure of the queen is lying. As he gazes up at the head now bereft of its crown, he murmurs, "A right able woman was good Queen Bess. Well should I have liked to be near her myself when I was younger and handsomer, to win some of those smiles that took all hearts by storm."

He wanders through the chapels, views all the monuments, and at length, pausing as he is about to leave the building, draws a long sigh and says, "Well, I'm satisfied. I've been in the presence of kings and queens to-day, and upon my word, I'm proud to be a British subject."

VIOLETS.

CAROLINE L. WILLIAMS, '96.

“**A**RE you awake, little violets? Then open your eyes, for Bancibœona has much to tell you this early midsummer morning. Do you not know that this is the day when all Athens joins in the foot-march to the Parthenon, there to do homage to our patron goddess? And you, sweet darlings, shall be twined into garlands and laid at Athene's feet! Ah, you raise your heads at last! Now lend your graceful stems to my fingers, and soon your petals, so soft and cool, shall press the ivory ankles of the sacred image; for the priests said that I might offer my garlands, if I wrought them beautifully enough. So let others prick their fingers over the silk and golden peplum. I cannot weave so skillfully as my schoolmates, but do not you think, little violets, that your fresh faces and dainty stems will be quite as acceptable to Athene as the gold thread and silk?”

So the Grecian maid chattered on to her flowers, till, having finished her wreath, she gathered up the stray blossoms in her loose white linen chiton, and with a happy “Come with me to Artemis's altar,” lightly skipped down the rocky slope of the Acropolis.

Bancibœona was a true Grecian. Her long, dark tresses, caught back in a knot, framed well the joyous, youthful face. Delicately moulded were the nose and chin, well formed and white the teeth, and her eyes, dark and lustrous, were shaded and softened by long-fringed lids. Bracelets of bronze and silver circled her bare arms, and brooches of precious stones held in place on her shoulders the edges of her blue-bordered chiton. In this flowing robe of white, she seemed like the

spirit of some fair flower—a snowdrop, or, judging from her soft blue eyes, one of her own beloved violets, so plentifully sprinkled on Athens's crown. Ah, could we have been admitted to the sacred temple of Diana that Bancibœona entered, how beautiful a memory would now be ours!—the cold, white marble pillars and walls, the statue of Artemis, Queen of the Chase, and at her feet Bancibœona kneeling and pouring out her girlish heart to her chosen goddess.

The morning ceremony ended, the maid hurried out into her world of free sunshine again. Impatiently she tossed back her blue himation, and in her low, happy voice, sang to herself and her playmate flowers. Above her Phoebus smiled kindly down on the upturned face of his sister's worshiper. From every tree and babbling brook, nymphs peeped out; the clattering hoofs of the merry fauns filled her ears, and from behind a shrub-grown knoll, there floated out notes of gladful sweetness from the reeds of Pan.

* * * * *

“O nurse, *do* you think the Fates will be so cruel as to take my father from me? Surely Queen Proserpina will spare him to mother and me, for *she* cannot forget her own love for her parent. And my garlands I have twined so beautifully. Surely, nurse, Athene will care for my father on the battle-field. She *will not* let the Spartans kill him! Say she will not, nurse! Ah, I knew you would. And now am I ready?” and being assured that she was, Bancibœona hurried to join her sister maids of Athens in the street below.

This day, as you already know from Bancibœna's own lips, was the twenty-eighth of Hecatombæon, and these damsels, arrayed in their festive gowns, were to move at the head of the procession to the temple of Athene. Soon they had disappeared from view, but nurse still watched from her vantage-point on the house-top, knowing that she would see her fair charge when the procession passed that way. Most merciless, indeed, would Atropos be to sever the thread of the warrior father's life. But those ears are as impenetrable, that heart as cold as the marble in which her image is carved, and the wrinkled, gray-haired nurse sadly covered her eyes.

But, hark! through the narrow streets, up the side of the mountain, came the sound of youthful voices mingled with notes from the musicians' flutes. Already were the thoroughfares lined with gayly dressed nobles and plebeians as well. Faces crowded at every opening. With shouts and cheers and waving scarfs, they beckoned the marchers on; and, as the first white row of fluttering garments came into view, such a peal of applause and welcome rose from the assembly as almost to drown the notes of music. But clear and high they rose above it, swelling louder and ripening sweeter, as between those living walls the procession made its way. First the lines of Athenian maidens, bearing the peplum for the goddess's shoulders. Again the crowd broke into shouts of praise, and all eyes were leveled at the proudly blushing maid who had woven its every thread. But Bancibœona only pressed the closer the frail stems of her precious wreath, and marched more proudly still. No round of applause—no laurel leaves—only, from faithful nurse's hand, fluttered one single violet blossom that barely kissed the shining hair of the

maiden, fell, and was trampled under her feet. Then followed the flute-players and the ambassadors from the States; the priests swept slowly by, and behind them were the hundred oxen, led with floral halters to the sacrifice; last of all came the chivalry and youth of Athens on glittering, prancing steeds. But the loving eyes of the nurse saw nothing save the dazzling of the border of Bancibœona's chiton, as with her every measured step its design of beaten gold flashed in the sunlight

* * * * *

Within the walls of the Parthenon the pride of Athens was gathered. Around the colossal statue of ivory and gold the new peplum fell in beautiful folds. The sacrifice had been offered, and now, holding in her hand the chaplet and the amphora of olive oil, Athene looked upon the contests and waited for the victor to advance and claim the extended reward. Every eye was bent on the contestants. Then Bancibœona slipped from her mother's side and quietly stole to where the priests stood gathered around the pedestal of Athene. Unnoticed, she bent and kissed the ivory feet, and laying her garland of fresh, sweet violets upon them, she quietly stole away.

* * * * *

Many days have passed, and Athens is again the scene of revelry and joy. News of victory over the Spartans has reached the city, and now its gates are thronged with citizens eager to welcome the warriors home. Such shouts of joy and thanksgiving! Such noisy blast of trumpets! And Bancibœona, pressing tightly the nurse's withered hand, whispers her to look, look! Proudly a crested helmet moves on, pauses, then sinks from view. On the warriors march, but leave their leader bending over his little girl.

"I *knew* Athene loved violets," sagely whispers Bancibœona.

THE GAME OF TROY.

R. W. HOLDEN, '93.

THE contests o'er, the prizes won,
 Æneas calls his noble son.
 To Epitydes he gives command,
 And bids him bring the youthful band.
 He quickly sends all from the course,
 In comes the troop of mounted horse.
 The cavalcade three chieftains lead,
 Each glitters on his bridled steed.
 The crowds applaud with lusty might
 The riders as they come in sight.
 A steel-tipped spear each horseman bears,
 And at his side a quiver wears ;
 All have their hair with garlands bound,
 And golden bands their necks surround.
 In numbers three the bands appear,
 And twice six boys in each draw near.
 Young Priam first, as leader came,
 Rejoicing in his grandsire's name ;
 Polites' son, he comes with grace,
 The destined father of a race ;
 The youth a Thracian charger rides,
 Spotted with white on front and sides.
 Young Atys next, whence comes to us
 The Latin tribe of Atius.
 Now after him, Iulus rides,
 A horse of Sidon he bestrides,
 Fair Dido's gift, a mettled steed,
 Excelling all in strength and speed.
 Sicilian horses others bring,
 The chargers of Trinacria's king.
 The companies ride side by side,
 Iulus chief, his father's pride.
 The Trojans shout with many a cheer,
 As hastening the troops draw near ;
 And now they see a father's face
 In each fair lad so full of grace.

When joyful they have made the round,
 And loud with shouts the hills resound,
 Epitydes, with sudden call,
 Snaps loud his whip and signals all.
 In bands of three the boys divide,
 And separate on either side ;
 Again when all the signal hear,
 Each rushes on with leveled spear,
 And with advances and retreats,
 In adverse places each one meets,
 And oft the troop in circles twines,
 Presenting mimic battle lines.
 And now they turn to take their flight,
 And now with spears pretend to fight ;
 And then again when peace is made,
 They ride together down the glade.
 As once the Labyrinth of Crete,
 Presented paths without retreat,
 Where error in a thousand ways,
 Confused the wanderer with its maze,
 Not in a different manner they
 Their battle mimicry display,
 Like dolphins in the humid sea,
 That sport and glide in revelry.
 Ascanius first renewed this game,
 At Alba Longa, known to fame,
 And taught the Albans how to play
 The sports he learned in childhood's day,
 And how to weave the circles wide,
 As through the tortuous maze they glide.
 This to their sons the Albans taught,
 From thence the sport to Rome was brought.
 Now this the game of Troy they call,
 Before that mighty city's fall.
 And thus they now complete the game,
 In honor of Anchises' name.

STATESMAN, PREACHER AND POET.

HELEN SMITH, '94.

WHERE, in any nation or in any time, can we find three vocations which represent wider fields of labor, greater opportunities for fame, and more contrasted requirements of intellect than those of statesman, preacher and poet? In the number of great minds she has produced, in the rapidity of her progress in every line, in the highly devel-

oped condition of her institutions, the nineteenth century undoubtedly surpasses any other. The loss, in such rapid succession of three of her most highly endowed intellects, James G. Blaine, Phillips Brooks and Alfred Tennyson, the deaths of men working in such different spheres, cannot fail to call forth a contrast of their several lives. The first was devo-

ted to the welfare of his country, although working at the same time for personal ends; the second, devoted to the salvation of his fellow-men; the third, consecrated to the purification and enrichment of his art. Each was endowed with mental gifts far beyond those of ordinary men, each come of highly intellectual ancestry, each represented the highest type of his ancestral line.

Even the enemies of Mr. Blaine cannot but acknowledge that he was not a mere politician, but also a great statesman. Many of his gifts were those of inheritance, as the Blaine family has at more than one time held prominent positions in the service of its country. His early association with the Ewings also tended to give him a wide view of national affairs. He impressed one as a man of whom something brilliant was expected, and he never disappointed the hopes of his friends. Then again, he possessed a certain personal attractiveness which affected all who came in contact with him, whether in private life, in society, or in the wider field of public affairs. Doubtless, in many instances, he worked for personal gain; doubtless, many of his acts were open to censure; yet, for all that, his policy toward other nations, especially in the case of the South American republics, shows that he always acted in the highest interests of his country. In spite of prolonged ill health, in the midst of the pangs of personal grief, and through the deep disappointment of unfulfilled ambition, he yet gave the best work of his life for the development of her resources, for the increase of her influence abroad, and for the progress of the entire nation. Such a life was not lived for a selfish end.

A man of a far different mold was Phillips Brooks. Possessing mental endowments fully as great in their way as those

of Mr. Blaine, his mission was a spiritual rather than an intellectual one. Coming of stern old Puritan ancestry, that numbered among its many distinguished divines the Cotton Mather of colonial renown, he represented the culmination of his race. Devoted to the service of his fellow-men, his philanthropy was not a hobby, a mere pastime with which to while away spare hours; he made it his life work. His answer in reply to the question as to what sermon he was going to preach in Westminster Abbey is characteristic: "Sermon," he said, "I have but one sermon." Knowing what a minister of Christ ought to be in the highest sense of the word, not confining his talents within the limits of one denomination, possessing a marked spirituality in an age of strong materialistic tendencies, no one ever came within the circle of his influence without obtaining a broader view of life. His strong personality and his liberal views in religious matters have made him a leader among the descendants of the little flock of John Robinson, whose spiritual descendant he has been deservedly called. Ardent following in the footsteps of his Divine Master, he lived in order that by means of his efforts, men might have life, and might have it more abundantly.

Alfred Tennyson represents a still different type. With no less genius than either of the others, with no less patriotism and love of humanity, he consecrated his life's work to the perfection of his art. A descendant of a family in which the æsthetic traits predominated, one of many talented brothers, all of whom wrote poetry, upon Alfred alone was bestowed the gift of genius. By the exquisite purity and unparalleled finish of his poems, he not only banished from our literature all the careless and unfinished

work which had been accepted from some of his predecessors, but he has also given us an unusually high standard by which to judge of the works of others. Although not so well known personally as Mr. Blaine and Mr. Brooks, although working less directly for his country and for his fellow-men, he has left a legacy of no less value to us whose privilege it has been to live in the same generation with him. Who shall say that the work of the artist can be spared in the elevation of mankind?

Who shall say that one worked better than the other?

Although the loss of such great characters within one month of each other seems to have left vacancies which cannot now be filled, yet if by their deaths, we are led to have a fuller appreciation of the value of their lives to us; if, thereby we are led to give a deeper devotion to the True, the Good and the Beautiful, we shall not lose but gain.

MR. KIPLING'S "AMERICAN NOTES."

FREDERIC L. JOHNSON, CLASS OF '94.

FOR the last few years, American readers have been amused and delighted with the entertaining productions of Rudyard Kipling, the young Anglo-Indian writer. His "Plain Tales from the Hills," his "Soldiers Three," and the rest of those works which pleased us so much, had gained for him a wide reputation in this country when, a short time ago, he published "American Notes," written after a visit to the United States. Then there arose a storm of angry comments upon those unfortunate notes, which plainly told that Americans did not appreciate them, thought them very unjust, and believed that a foreigner did not have the right to take us to task so severely.

Why a foreigner's criticism should not be as just and more just than that of one of our countrymen, I cannot see. For we must remember that a man is liable to overestimate the virtues among his country's characteristics, as a fond mother does the virtues of her child; and that, although an outsider's views of our affairs may seem a little harsh at first, he sees

us in an altogether different light from that in which we see ourselves. It is true that, in the "American Notes," Mr. Kipling said some things which were very unpleasant to us, when we read them; but it may be that some of that unpleasantness which we felt, arose from our knowledge of the justice of many of his criticisms. Let us examine a few of them, and see whether we have not something to learn from Mr. Kipling.

At almost the beginning of his work, he tells his readers about the laxity of of the law in this country, about the stabbing of a Chinaman in the street, and how this sight was so familiar in San Francisco that only six men paid any attention to it. This may be exaggeration; but who does not think as Mr. Kipling probably did whenever he reads in the papers how an infuriated mob has lynched this suspected murderer, or that one, and how it took more than one man's life to do it? Or about the man who has been shown guilty of some monstrous crime, and yet escapes with little

or no punishment? In the newspapers we read editorials condemning these things, and it is right for the press to raise its voice against such practices; yet in the next column we find something of this sort—"We wonder whether Rudyard Kipling is reconciled to his baby's being born an American," etc.; something which gives the reader the impression that Kipling is our country's enemy, and a bad man.

Kipling may have said some mean things about our hotel clerks, our slang, and our pronunciation, things which were of course unjust, which he might just as well have left out; but surely this criticism about the execution of our laws was just. And just criticism, no matter from whom it comes, or in what manner it is tendered, still remains just criticism, and should be received as such.

Then Mr. Kipling briefly mentions the killing of two persons by a train which was going at full speed down a city street. "Why does he do that?" you ask, "is not a railroad accident too common an occurrence to call to the attention of so many readers?" That is the point; we are becoming so accustomed to railroad accidents that we are surprised, when a traveler, like Mr. Kipling, takes upon himself the task of telling his friends in India about the speed of our locomotives—and the many tragic results.

And again he criticises our ward politics, the government of our cities, and calls it corrupt; what political paper does not criticise the ward politics of the other party, about election time, and employ stronger words than "corrupt," in its criticism? And is a foreigner, simply because he is a foreigner, while your paper is American, to be prohibited from speaking the truth? He disclosed to us our defenseless coasts, the weakness of

our navy, the small numerical strength of our army, although not a few times had these facts already been disclosed to us by Americans.

We should remember that, notwithstanding the wonderful progress that has taken place in the affairs of our country during the last century, we are not yet perfect, and that there is still room for improvement, and therefore room for criticism. We should not forget, also, that America does not depend, in time of danger, so much for military strength on the numbers and discipline of her regular troops as upon the love, which all true sons of the republic are supposed to have for her, and that, therefore, a foreigner, who is used to measuring the strength of a State by the strength of its standing army, is to be pardoned if he thinks it strange that the eagle screams so noisily,—and you must own that the good bird does scream noisily sometimes—over what appears to be so little to scream about.

A man who loves his country, is called patriotic; and a patriotic man is expected to do all he can for the good of his country. If this is so, which is the better patriotism, to refuse to accept the criticism of an outsider, simply because we do not like to have outsiders meddle with our affairs, or cheerfully to take his advice, when we know that it is good? Let us accept Mr. Kipling's criticism, and forgive him for thinking—it seems unbelievable, but so it appears from his notes—that nothing is beautiful in America, except women and salmon.

TEACHER—"Describe hydrogen sulphide,"

STUDENT—"It has the odor of rotten eggs, is colorless, tasteless and odorless."

Why is a thump like a hat? Because it is felt.

THE MANUFACTURE OF A FUR FELT HAT.

M. STERN, '96.

ONE of the principal industries of our city is the making of fur felt hats.

In it are employed thousands of people, both male and female. The fur used in making hats comes from all parts of the world ; the colder the climate the better the fur. Russia, North and South America, Germany, France, England and Australia, all contribute their share. The furs generally used in this industry are from the hare, rabbit, coney, nutria, beaver, otter, seal, musk-rat and coon.

The skins are first sprinkled with powerful acids and placed in highly heated ovens to dry ; then the fur is brushed out by a large revolving brush. This process is called "carroting" and is done to make the fur shrink easily in the "sizing," which is another part of the work. After the fur is carroted it is taken by girls to the cutting machine where the entire skin is stripped of all the fur on it by rapidly revolving knives. The fur comes out of the machine in one large, unbroken sheet, while the skin is cut up for making glue. The fur is now ready to be packed and sold to the hat manufacturers.

After having purchased the various kinds and qualities of furs required to make his particular quality of hat, the manufacturer takes certain qualities of several kinds and sends them to the forming mill to be made into hat bodies. In this process the different furs are mixed up thoroughly by men and are then put through a mixing machine called the "devil." This machine has a stationary hollow cone, the inside of which has steel teeth about one and a half inches long, set all around. Inside of this cone fits a solid cone with projecting teeth. This inside, solid cone revolves, tearing the fur

apart and also loosening it. It next goes through a machine called the "blower," which removes any particles of felt that may be in the fur. It is next taken to the girls, who weigh out the quantities used in the separate hats. If the mixture has been made for a stiff hat, or "derby," it weighs $1\frac{7}{8}$ to $2\frac{7}{8}$ ounces.

Next, the fur is fed into a machine which is used to form the hat bodies. The fur flies in and is caught by a revolving picker which throws it out, only to be caught again by the suction of a fan. This is placed under a hollow, perforated, copper cone. The cone revolves on its base and the fur is evenly distributed over the surface. When the required amount of fur for the single body has been used, the door at the front of the machine opens and the cone is taken off and another put on. The cone with the body on it is taken and dipped in a tank of boiling water, the body is taken from the cone and passed to the "hardener," who rolls it in woolen cloths. It is now hardened so that it may be handled. The body is now complete and is pressed and baled up ready for the next process called "sizing." The body which is about three feet high is now dipped in boiling water and then rolled in cloth until it becomes about one fourth of its original size. It is then dried and shrunk again and finally dried. It is now put on a tip stretcher to give the tip a shape ; the brim receives the same attention on a brim-stretching machine. The hat must be softened in hot water before it can be stretched without tearing it. It must next be dried and colored, then dried again. The hat is now blocked and commences to look like a hat. After this it is pounced or

smoothened with very fine sand paper; it has previously been stiffened with a solution of shellac and alcohol; the brim is now curled; the hat is trimmed and finished and ready for the head.

YE BALLADE OF YE MYLK MAYDE FAYRE.

EDYTH F. ALLEN, '93.

IT IS ye blythsome mylkyng-mayde,
They call her ye fayre Emelie,
She trippeth adowne the flowery lane,
And syngeth bonnylie.
"Ye skye is as blue as ye ocean,
Ye aire is as cleare as a belle;
Ye beauties and joyes of ye springe-tyme,
All nature delighteth to telle.
Ye flowers blow gaye;
Ye byrdies syng cleare,
Ye summer it cometh,
Ye springe-tyme is here."

Ye mylkmayde's hair is yellow as gold,
Her eyes are as blue as ye skye;
Ye blooms lift their dew-heavie heads to see
Ye daintie mayde passe bye.
"Ye skye is as blue as ye ocean,
Ye aire is as cleare as a belle;
Ye beauties and joyes of ye springe-tyme,
All nature delighteth to telle.
Ye flowers blow gaye,
Ye byrdies syng cleare,
Ye summer it cometh,
Ye springe-tyme is here."

Ye shye little violet scenteth ye aire,
Ye butterflie speedeth alonge,
Ye humble-bee, grasshopper, linger to heare
Ye mylkmayde's happy songe.
"Ye skye is as blue as ye ocean,
Ye aire is as cleare as a belle,
Ye beauties and joyes of ye springe-tyme,
All nature delighteth to telle.
Ye flowers blow gaye,
Ye byrdies syng cleare,
Ye summer it cometh,
And springe-tyme is here."

Ye evenyng cometh, ye cattle wait,
Ye shadows growe long in ye vale;
Ye mayden comes syngyng her merrie songe,
And swingyng her mylkyng paille.
"Ye skye is as blue as ye ocean,
Ye aire is as cleare as a belle,
Ye beauties and joyes of ye springe-tyme,
All nature delighteth to telle.
Ye flowers blow gaye,
Ye byrdies syng cleare,
Ye summer it cometh,
And springe-tyme is here."

Ye meek-eyed cattle begin to lowe,
As she reaches ye pasture bar;
Ye foamyng mylk flows into ye paille,
And shineth ye ev'nyng star.
"Ye skye is as blue as ye ocean,
Ye aire is as cleare as a belle,
Ye beauties and joyes of ye springe-tyme,
All nature delighteth to telle.
Ye flowers blow gaye,
Ye byrdies syng cleare,
Ye summer is coming,
And springe-tyme is here."

Why is gooseberry pie like counterfeit money? Because it is not currant.

Why is a horse like the Prophet Elijah? He is fed from a loft.

What bird is that which has no wings? A jail bird.

What fishes have their eyes nearest together? The smallest.

PEN PICTURES FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

*"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino."*

FLORENCE M. DOUGHERTY, '93.

ON A FALLEN log over-run with clinging vines, and covered with dusky patches of moss and lichen, are seated Touchstone and Audrey. Two pages sit, one on each side of our oddly assorted pair, and seem to be singing a love ditty, for Audrey looks somewhat confused. The "lover," Touchstone, is indeed a queer looking chap. His motley dress proclaims his office, that of court fool. He is beating time to the ballad the pages are singing with his queer little wand, tipped with cap and bells like his own. He sits as though he were judging the merit of the song, with a scowl on his brow, and the corners of his mouth drawn down as though in distain.

The "lass" is an extremely awkward country maid, who sits in a shame-faced way, with the corner of her apron in her mouth. A pleased smile, however, plays about her lips. Her features are coarse and irregular, and the shock of hair falling over her forehead is faded by the sun's bright glare that undoubtedly has never been provided against by the use of her hat. The hue of her naturally ruddy countenance is considerably heightened by the embarrassment under which she seems to be laboring, and her eyes are intently studying the unique (?) workmanship of her shoe, which, by the way, is very prominently advanced.

The two pages appear to have given themselves up wholly to the forceful rendering of the musical production in hand, and as they sit with heads thrown back, mouths wide open, and hands clasping their knees, we can almost hear them sing:

*"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino."*

*"Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet
and hose?"*

CHARLOTTE GORDON MARSHALL, '93.

WHAT an interesting picture it is! The towering oaks and hardy pines lend a graceful background to the subjects of the picture. Standing out in bold relief against the tranquil depths of the forest are two animated figures; the one, a gentle girl in the simple dress of a shepherdess, the other a youth, if we judge from his forester's suit. As we look closer, however, we see in the face eagerness and modesty, intense excitement and great love. Surely her eager expression betrays her sex. Her very attitude, too, shows that, though she is not in girl's apparel, she has not a "doublet and hose in her disposition." With one hand she has drawn about her the mantle hanging from her shoulders, as though she would hide her mannish dress. As she stands, her beautiful young face all aglow with excitement, we wonder what it is that has moved her so powerfully. Her companion, on the other hand, shows no excitement, but rather seems to be playfully trifling with her friend. A gentle smile is playing round her mouth and she seems to enjoy the other's discomfiture.

And here our imaginations must furnish the rest; why such undue excitement, why such eagerness; can we not imagine?

Why are your nose and chin always at variance? Because words are passing between them.

Why is a man with a wooden leg like one with an even bargain? Because he has nothing to boot.

Why is a drummer the greatest person of the time? Because time beats all men and a drummer beats time.

ROME AND SLAVERY.

LEONIDAS STEIN, '94.

THAT condition of society in which one person is the property of another, and is compelled to work for the interests of another, is very ancient. As early, probably, as the Migration of Aryans, these people, moving as they did, in all directions, coming in contact with barbarian tribes and conquering them, found it profitable to place them in servitude. When these Aryans had become permanently settled, and had governments of their own, we find them in many cases enslaving the lower castes for debts. This was especially noticeable in India. Just so soon as a people became conquerors, just so soon was slavery introduced, so that we find even the smallest nations, who had at least been victorious once, holding slaves.

But this was not the only way of procuring them—kidnapping was a common mode of obtaining them for commerce; and therefore, we most naturally find this method employed in maritime countries, as for instance, in Phoenicia. Hence by these three methods, slavery gained a sure foothold among the nations of antiquity.

Slavery was introduced into Rome at a very early date in its history; and although the Romans treated their slaves quite mildly at first, their many wars hardened the Roman heart, and brought suffering upon the poor slaves. Soon the Romans sought to possess slaves almost wholly from the love of luxury and ostentation. Some wealthy Romans, it is said, were the possessors of twenty thousand slaves.

This condition of affairs was detrimental not only to the Romans personally.

but to Rome itself. Their numerous conquests brought them thousands of slaves. Their markets were literally flooded. The supply was many times greater than the demand. Hence the value of a slave was greatly depreciated. A master found it more profitable to work out his slaves by a few years of unmercifully hard labor, and then to buy others, than to preserve their lives for a longer period by more humane treatment. In cases of sickness they were left to die without attention; as the cost of nursing exceeded the cost of a new slave. Old and useless slaves were exposed to starve on an island of the Tiber. But what made this all the more bitter is the fact that some slaves were often the peers, and even the superiors of their master, and when they turned their minds back to the time that they had formed the nobility of a nation, their lot was almost unendurable to them.

Consequently, from the persecution and the hardships to which the poor slaves were exposed, insurrections and servile wars naturally followed. Two such wars broke out in Sicily after the conquests of that island by the Romans, and were quelled only in the blood of thousands of men.

In fact, slavery may be said to be one of the chief causes of the very downfall of Rome. It prevented, on the part of the slave, the development of human self-respect, which lies at the foundation of character; and the culture of his ideas and sentiments was wholly, or at least in most cases, entirely neglected.

Had it been that it only affected the slave, it is certain Rome could have existed at least two centuries longer than it did.

But that habit of absolute rule, which is always dangerous to us, was especially corrupting at Rome. Slavery led further to a contempt for industry; even agriculture was no longer held in esteem. Thus the existence of slavery eventually degraded free labor. It is natural that the free-born Romans would not condescend to do any sort of work which was expected of those "animals possessing intelligence."

Hence, the idle and worthless citizens of Rome were greatly multiplied. They had to be supported by public contributions and by the bounty of patrons. They formed a very dangerous class, for they could be easily bought by ambitious politicians, and were ready to aid in civil disturbances.

So Rome was threatened by two dangerous elements. On one side immorality was poisoning the body politic, on the other the insurrections of the slaves and

the civil disturbances which were aided by the beggarly population of Rome, were thinning the Roman army and making awful drains upon the treasury. Both were slowly but surely working out the destruction of Rome.

So Rome was undermined; so every other nation has been undermined that allowed slavery to exist to such degrees. Those who think that all men are not born equal count themselves the superiors of lower classes. Where these people form the majority of a nation, slavery will exist. Where slavery exists, labor will be considered degrading. Where labor is considered degrading, and where the habit of absolute rule is exercised, the mind becomes effeminate by living in luxury. In fact, morality is destroyed, the government and officials become corrupt; nothing remains now but the smouldering ruins of a nation.

A CONVERSATION.

FLORENCE HOLBROOK, '96.

NEAR a window facing the lawn in one of the spacious rooms of a palace, sat two young maidens chatting and giggling, as girls will, while they busily engaged themselves in weaving tapestry.

"When will the mariners arrive?" asked one, while a troubled frown appeared in place of a pleasant smile.

"In just fifteen minutes; and then we shall have some fun," replied her friend, laughing gaily.

"Fun!" said the younger and more beautiful one, scornfully, "I can see no fun in such deception."

"O, you always were too good! I think

it will be rare sport to see swine upon the throne."

"Well, I am thankful I am not wholly depraved. I am sure you will feel sorry for those poor starving people when you see them."

"Not I! Such creatures never awaken my sympathy," airily replied the heartless maiden.

"Perhaps you will change your mind when I tell you what I have heard about one of them," continued the other hopefully.

"Oh, yes, possibly I shall. Do tell me quickly," eagerly urged her companion, who had her share of woman's curiosity.

"Well," proceeded the narrator with an exasperating pause, "this morning I overheard Circe say that the leader, King Ulysses, was very brave and handsome."

At this a series of "ohs" and "ahs" were distinctly heard above the noise of the loom, issuing from the other side of the apartment, where sat two other maidens, who were pretending to listen to the instructions which their mistress was imparting in regard to the weaving.

"So his beauty is what has aroused

your interest," commented the listener, with a toss of her head.

"No, bravery interests me more than beauty. My grandmother says, 'Handsome is, that handsome does!'"

"For my part it will make very little difference if they are all brave and handsome. I mean to have a regular frolic over this performance," and the girl shrugged her shoulders as though she thought converting human beings into swine was one of the common amusements of the day.

OUR LUNCHEON.

BY MILLY SCHWAB, '93.

"IT IS not the quality of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests which make up the feast."

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling," went the luncheon bell at 3.45 P. M., on December 16, and into the Montague Library walked five of our teachers, where they were received by the seven hostesses; for covers had been laid on the library table for twelve, and by aid of Miss Buttner's palm and our mother's best napery, it rivaled one of Delmonico's. As for the edibles spread thereon, we are sure that Miss Greene and all the other guests will vouch for the excellence of the salads, coffee, jellies, cakes and entrees, and recommend us as cooks to all interested.

Our motto during this luncheon, "Now we sit to chat as well as eat," was faithfully adhered to, and many an entertaining subject was discussed between the—courses.

After the ices had been served, and the little toasts over the coffee had been offered, we converted our Senior A room into a dance hall. Even the teachers laid aside

their school-room dignity and danced to the merry strains of "Robin Hood" and "My Sweetheart."

We closed the school gates that night at 6.30. It was the most enjoyable afternoon of the year, and we feel almost sure that the six Seniors, the one preferred First Year, and the five teachers will ever remember "Our Luncheon."

"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past shall stay,
And half our joys renew."

Why is a sick Jew like a diamond ring?
He is a Jew ill.

When are volunteers not volunteers?
When they are mustered.

Why is a spotted dog the most reliable?
Because he is always on the spot.

How did Jonah feel when the whale
swallowed him? Down in the mouth.

What is worse than raining cats and
dogs? Hailing cabs and omnibuses.

Why is cricket on the hearth like a soldier
in battle? Because he faces the fire.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1893.

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EDITORIALS.

AGAIN the time has come for us to send forth our ANNUAL; so here are the productions we offer you. We have endeavored to make this issue of '93 as interesting as any of previous years, and we hope it will receive as kindly a welcome.

As we look back over the past year we notice a few changes. We are glad to welcome to our corps of teachers Miss von Seyfried, Miss Wiggin and Miss Grork; we wish them all success in their new duties. When we assembled this fall we found that we had lost a Junior teacher, Miss Olmstead, who had so long helped to make study in the High School pleasant and profitable. Her old pupils send their wishes over the seas to her that her own life may be happy in her self-sacrificing work among the people of India.

We are sorry indeed to learn of Prof. Quinlan's sudden illness. This is the first time in forty years that he has been absent from school on account of personal illness. He has the heartiest sympathy of all, and we trust that we shall soon see him back again.

"Alas! No music!" is the wail that is now heard among the youths and maidens of the High School. We no longer warble sweetly our songs on Friday afternoon,

with Prof. Ellis as our leader. We can only say, "it ought not so to be." We are hoping that this will not long be the burden of our sighs.

In a prominent position among the pictures which served to adorn the Senior rooms are two large etchings which—well, "thereby hangs a tale." Suffice it to say that they stand as memorials of the literary talent of two of the worthy Seniors of the class of '93. Others of our number are deserving of honorable mention as having been fortunate enough to win valuable prizes in the essay contest, of which we have heard so much.

From time to time we hear from our different college girls, and gain some idea of the work they are accomplishing. Nearly all of them came to see us during the Christmas Holidays, and as they all looked blooming, we cannot doubt that college life agrees with them. There are now three of our High School girls, Miss Hewett, Miss Romer and Miss Downs, at Syracuse, who tell us of early morning recitations and well nigh unsolvable problems in mathematics. Miss Tompkins speaks enthusiastically of Evanston, Ill., and word comes from Miss Sill, of fine skating and "Blazer Drills" at Vassar. Miss Tucker, Miss Sutphen and Miss Wendover seem to be enjoying their Freshman year at Barnard. Nearly every college has one follower in this class of '93; Vassar, Syracuse, Smith, Baltimore, Bryn Mawr, New York Medical, Wellesley, Barnard and Mt. Holyoke have been chosen by one or another of our girls.

That the higher education of women is growing in favor is well demonstrated in our own school, where forty-seven girls, fifteen of whom are first years, have decided upon a college course.

ATHLETICS were some time ago intro-

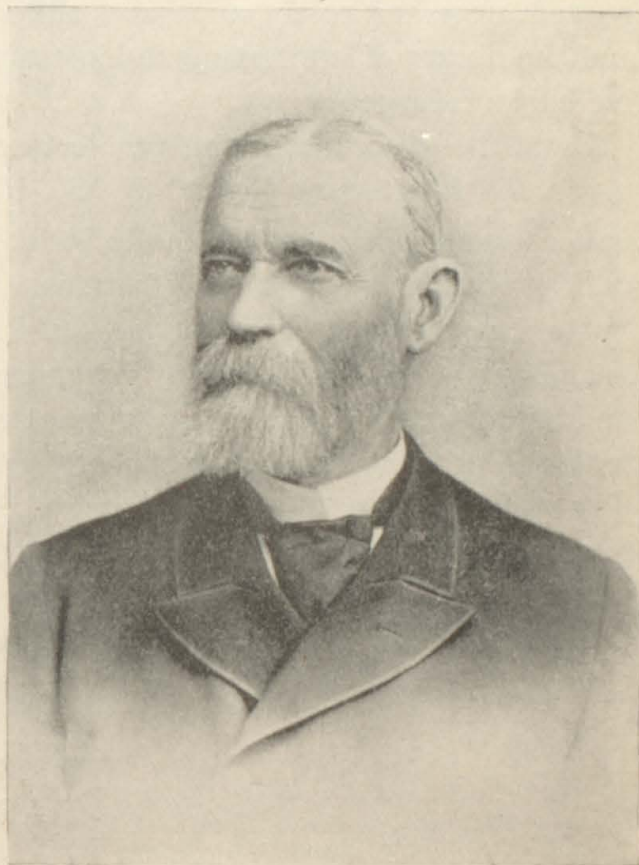
duced in the High School in an indirect manner, by a rule which demanded of a pupil, coming just within the specified time, that he divest himself of his street apparel, go up three flights of stairs and take a seat in chapel within sixty seconds. This was an impossible feat, but it served as an ideal of physical perfection to be striven for by the pupils. To add interest, severe penalties were imposed on the unfortunates who could not accomplish the impossible. We are rejoiced to state that the time was lengthened to a seasonable limit as soon as the impossibility of the feat was demonstrated.

THE Classical Department is doing excellent work, the classes on the whole having passed very satisfactory examinations. The Classical Club, an instructive supplement to the class room work, holds well attended meetings, the members taking part and preparing their work with unflagging zeal. The annual public meeting affords an opportunity to the parents and friends to become acquainted with the nature of the work done.

THE subject of a new High School building probably wearies any one who has read the successive ANNUALS of late years. But notwithstanding the fact that this topic has so regularly appeared in the ANNUAL we cannot pass it by without protesting at the evident disregard and neglect of this need. Magnificent public library structures are always the causes of just pride to citizens, but the enlargement of a library to the neglect of overcrowded public schools is not consistent with current opinions of practical progress.

THE picture of the male faculty which graces this paper does not need to be commented upon. But to our friends the ab-

sence of Professor Quinlan is apparent at the first glance. We are sincerely grieved that illness was the cause of his absence for a few weeks from the school room which for forty-four years has been the field of his efficient labors. Since the existence of the High School he has been among its foremost workers, and we are very much pleased to know that he expects to be with us again next term. The picture appended is a very good likeness of him.



WHAT has become of the Alumni Association formed many years since? We have not heard from it in some years. While it has been so quiet a new organization, the "Alumni of the Newark Public High School," has sprung up, which promises to leave the older association in the rear. This later society is managed by such wide-awake young men as Messrs. Heller, Tucker, Thowless, Auerbacher and Heinz, and it has shown its faith by

its works, having contributed some seventy or eighty dollars to found a library for business education, and we are assured that there is more money to follow.

This association is agitating the new High School building question. We wish the young men great success in all their undertakings.

THE Scientific Department of the High School is in a vigorous and flourishing condition, and through the efforts of the students the laboratory has been improved, new and costly apparatus added, and the library of interesting and instructive books enlarged.

From the proceeds of the two lectures given by Lieutenant Peary, U. S. N., under the auspices of the Agassiz Society, various instruments have been purchased. Some of these are a self-registering anemo-metre, a Smithsonian barometer and many other instruments connected with the weather bureau established here. The students have taken the observations every day for one year without an exception.

Soon the class in minerology will take the usual trips to the mines in the adjacent

counties and thereby add to their store of knowledge and experience.

Altogether we find the department better equipped and in better order than ever before. Still we long and look forward to the time when we shall have our long promised new High School, where we hope to have commodious quarters in which to prosecute our work.

OUR High School days are almost over and ere long we shall leave the protecting care of our Alma Mater to take our several ways in the great and busy world. The four years that have passed are as fleeting shadows to us, and we scarcely comprehend that in a few weeks the fraternal ties will be severed and we shall no more meet in class room and chapel as the class of '93.

In our life here opportunities have been daily offered to us to improve our minds and to strengthen our bodies, and we hope that we have utilized every one of them.

From this institution we go, some to the greater schools of learning and some to the greater teacher, the world; but wherever we go let us hope we shall ever cling to the noble, the pure, and the true.

MARRIAGES.

- Miss Alice B. Poinier, '78, to Mr. John A. Sanford.
 Mr. George S. Pollard, '74, to Miss Alma Dell Martin, '74.
 Miss Nettie T. Elcox, '83, to Mr. Clarence A. Leonard.
 Miss Emma L. Leonard, '85, to Mr. Thomas J. Dennis.
 Miss Alice J. Dunn, '84, to Mr. Alfred E. Farshall.
 Miss Jessie B. Baldwin, '85, to Mr. Wesley C. Miller, Jr.
 Miss Ada McGregor, '81, to William Clark, Jr.

DEATHS.

- Mr. Joseph W. Henson, '67.
 Mr. Samuel H. Gibeau, '92.

IN MEMORIAM.

DIED—JAN. 12—AFTER AN ILLNESS OF ONE YEAR AND A HALF,

LUCY MATTISON FREER,

FOR NINE YEARS A TEACHER IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

“And love doth hold my hand and make me write.”
So sang the courtly Sidney when his heart
Was touched by love. And we who lack his art
To fashion thought in poesy aright,
Must yet a tribute bring to thee, whose bright,
And gracious memory is a precious part
Of all our aching hearts hold dear. Thou art
Indeed, art still, a loving, tender light
To draw us on to thee: thy gentle ways,
Thy gentler words, thy sympathetic thought,
Thy spirit's purity,—how strong to hold,
And inspiration give to us whose days
Are still among the many tasks unwrought,—
O dear, and sweet, and *safe* within the fold!

A NEW CANTERBURY TALE.

(ADDED AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.)

BY EMILIE WANGNER, '93.

WHAN that the monk yfinished had his tale,
 There rose a nonne with her face all pale ;
 For she was ful of greet emotioun,
 And could ne waite for permissioun
 To speak out of her owne turne ;
 The wordes in her throate dide burne,
 Her eye shon as doeth any starre ;
 Across her cheeks there was a purple scarre.
 Full sweetly entuned was her voice,
 In melodye her soule did rejoice,
 " Gud ladyes faire and knightes talle,
 Eek worthy ben your legendes withalle,
 But sikerly ther weren verray fewe
 That like mine wil all ben true."
 Thus ful solemp her tale she begonned :
 " Ful many mile adown wher now doth ronned
 The mightie river by men yclept the Poe,
 A city stands ; the name it is Genoa.
 And there in verray gud condicioun
 As presently accordaunt to resoun,
 I telle. His fadre was rich as any wighte
 That ther ywoned had all of his life ;
 In large house, alle saye so,
 Ther lived the greet Christofer Columbo.
 He was the greetest man in all the toun,
 So wise a man as he was nowher noun.
 He ne was such a silly rate
 As to ysay the worlde wase flate,
 But sayde, though it sounded straunge,
 This earthe is like to an orange.
 But mene held he was a foole,
 And shoulde backe go to schoole,
 And ther to learn with more paine
 This ilke world is but a plaine.
 But what they thought, and wher they wente,
 That cared he nat worth a cente.
 ' Weste shall I sail,' cry'd Columbo,
 ' Across the Greete See will I go,
 And ther to seeken a shorter waye
 To Ind, though it take all my daye.
 But very little gold was ther in toun,
 And Christofer had the least of any oun,

But he ne let his hopes rende,
 For to his trust ther was ne ende.
 Whan shortly he wente for to reste,
 He dreamed that a saint his heade bleste,
 Christofer keepe good courage,
 Soon will you gon on your viage ;
 And you shall finde newe landes,
 And rest your ship on straunge strandes.
 Go ; Isabella, Spayne's gude queene,
 Her jewels will eschange for gold ful sheene,
 And alle is for you, ne one cente lesse
 But soone you shall paye it, as I gesse.'
 Then Columbo arose and obeyde,
 And alle went accordaunt to the shade.
 Christofer, a proude man was he.
 In shippes thries he sailed the Greete See,
 A weeke, then a monthe, on he spedde,
 Though dark the cloudes weren overheade
 And many a wave upon the shipe broke
 Or tossed about as if it were a spoke.
 But ever and ever he hearde, ' Gud courage,
 Soon may you see the end of your viage.'
 The shipmen had ne little patience,
 And soon loste alle their reverence
 For Columbo, and threwe him in chaines,
 Of trials all on him they laid the blames.
 ' Of glade hopes bine this the ende,
 Me back again in chaines will they sende.'
 And alle wasen darke in despaire ;
 Whan suddenly ther wente through the aire
 A mightie cry, ' Lande ! Lande we see !
 And sikerly it bin a new countree !'
 And Columbo a happy man was he.
 On land they goen a mightie companye,
 And never so fine a lande had they seene ;
 More lovely than the holy Palestine.
 Then on hir kneen fell they each and alle,
 And thanken for deliverence, greet and smalle.
 She could ne telle for emotioun
 More of hir tale ; and in a greet swoone
 Straitway she fell. A tale of such greet lengthe
 Eek was too muche for her little strengthe.

Why was Robinson Crusoe not alone on the island? Because there was a swell on the beach.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is a drift.

Why are pen-makers inclined to do wrong? They make people steel pens and say they do write.

Which of the stars would be subject to the game laws? Shooting.

ATHLETICS.

ATHLETICS at the High School experienced a decided boom last fall.

A Football Association was organized, with Prof. Sonn as its president. The other officers chosen were: Pryor, '93, secretary; Baldwin, '95, treasurer; Brown, '94, captain and manager; and Lehlbach, '93, assistant manager. Brown afterwards resigned and Haddow, '94, was

ing a neat goal from the field. The game with the Riverside A. C. was the last one played and resulted in a victory for the High School. The score was 12 to 0. In this game Meier played quite brilliantly, making a long run for a touchdown.

All the team did well; but, of course, there were some who deserve especial



THE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM.

elected to fill the vacancy. Although the association was not well supported by the school at large, a good team was organized, which was quite successful, winning fifty per cent. of the games played.

The best games played were those with the South Ends, Bloomfield High School and Riverside Athletic Club. The games with the South Ends and B. H. S. were very close. In the first the score was 12 to 10 in our favor. In the latter our team played several substitutes and lost by the score of 11 to 12, Captain Haddow mak-

credit. More, '93, although a beginner, played guard like a veteran; Roehr, '93, held up his end in fine style, especially in the South Ends and Riverside games; Captain Haddow's kicking was first-class and he could always be depended on to make his distance through the center; Grom, '94, at center, played a strong game; Lehlbach's absence, which was caused by the injury he received, was greatly felt by the team.

The team loses several men by the graduation of the senior class, and also

Captain Haddow, who expects to enter Rutgers in the fall. However, if the school, and particularly the lower classes, will do more for the association next fall, a team that will bring glory to the High School can be put in the field.

The baseball team, of last year, did not make as good a showing as it should have. This was owing to poor organization and bad management. Still the team had as good an average as did the football team.

The outlook for the coming season is bright, except with regards a pitcher; May, who played that position last year, is now at Steven's Preparatory School. The most promising candidates for the position are, Giles, Com. '93, who played short-stop on last year's team, and Gep-

pert, '94. Several of last year's players are still in school and a good team ought to be formed.

In the inter-class games the Commercial class, of '92, were the winners. They were defeated only once, that was by '94, but they afterwards turned the tables on that class.

There is soon to be held a meeting for baseball organization and every scholar is earnestly requested to be present, as it is only by the united efforts of all hands that success can be achieved. Notices will be given on the bulletin of this meeting.

Brown, '94, has been elected captain of the football team for 1893.

AT THE GATE OF ROME.

THOMAS MC CLELLAND, '95.

ALL Rome is in anticipation of some joyous event. Groups of men may be seen talking, and we may presume by the intense interest depicted on their faces, that something unusual is about to take place. Occasionally these knots are increased by new arrivals, until quite a body of people has collected, when with seemingly one accord they move off, all in one direction. We are on the Via Sacra, and as there is no other happening to engage our attention, we will follow this moving mass, so that possibly we may learn the cause of their actions, and while away a few hours in pleasant recreation.

We place ourselves in the crowd, and are carried onward with little exertion on our part, toward the common destination, the Esquiline Gate. Soon we have reached it, and are greeted by the cries of "Io Triumphe." Before us stands one of

those immense structures, "as powerful in protection as they are majestic in architecture," through which the busy crowds of purchasers and sellers surge daily. It is adorned with garlands and gay hangings. And now the cause of the excitement of the people, and of their cries becomes apparent to us. Some great victor is to make his way in triumph through his native city.

Let us hasten to one of the stands erected for the convenience of the spectators, that we may be certain to see the imposing pageant as it passes us. Nor have we long to wait, for soon we are greeted by the sound of tramping feet, in time to sweetest melody, and we hear from the seats nearest the gate the oft repeated cry of "Venit," "Venit."

At the entrance are assembled the senators, in their robes of state, each distin-

guished from the city magistrates by the number of lictors he possesses. From our seat we can scarcely see the bundle of rods which they carried as insignia of their rank. These officials take the lead in the procession, and following them come the flute players, whose stirring music had announced the approach of the army. The people around us are intensely interested in the trophies of war, the shields of fallen kings, and the great heaps of costly spoil, telling of plundered and desolate provinces.

Passing before us now is a spectacle which brings exclamations of pity from some, but taunts and jeers from others. For below us are marching in the dust, fettered kings and nobles, with cheeks suffused with the blush of shame, and the fire of impotent rage, as they meet the mocking glances of the people. One handsome captive, who by looks must have in his veins the royal blood of many generations, carries on high a great tablet inscribed with the deeds of his victor. But all hearts are not cruel and all minds are not debased, for a vestal virgin among the spectators, noting the anguish in the man's face, fixes her gaze on him. Instantly a guard loses his bands, and sets him free. He is soon lost in the crowd, while his burden is placed on another. A discontented fellow at my side whispers, "Why cannot the vestal keep her saving glances for the Roman people, instead of bestowing them upon a dog of an enemy."

Nor was religion neglected in the vast procession, for there in the midst of a body of priests, we see a pair of oxen, sacred to Jupiter, decorated gorgeously for the sacrifice. Following these, and in striking contrast to the solemn priests, came jesters, making the whole concourse merry with their jokes and antics.

But here, now, is the long expected

sight, here now, is the man with whose praises all Rome is ringing. Those who have beheld his face once, are as eager to gaze upon him a second time, as those who have never seen the features of the man who is as near being king as any man can be in a republic. We, too, have an opportunity to snatch a glance of him, and are greeted by a face, which once seen, can never be forgotten. Eyes dark and piercing, nose of rather unusual size, sunken cheeks and irregular mouth, make up the principal characteristics of a face singularly handsome. The victor is—Julius Cæsar. As he passes us we hear the extravagant praise of his friends, which all but drown the whisper of a friend of Pompey at my ear. "That eagle crowned ivory scepter, now lying so passively in Cæsar's lap, may some day be transformed into a rod of iron with which to govern the people."

And so we have seen Cæsar, the last man in the pageant, the first man in Rome.

Charles A. MacCall, '92, is in Colgate University,

Harrison VanDuyne, '92, is in Rutgers College.

M. Royal Whitenack, '92, is in Rutgers College.

Miss Anna E. Sill, '92, is in Vassar College.

Miss Caroline S. Romer, '92, is in Syracuse University.

Miss Margaret Hewett, '92, is in Barnard College.

Miss Clementine Tucker, '92, is in Barnard College.

Miss Anne J. Sutphen, '91, is in Barnard College.

Miss Jessie M. Wendover, '90, is in Barnard College.

Miss S. Elizabeth VanDuyne, '90, is in Woman's College, Baltimore.

A PHARAOH'S COURTSHIP.

BY M. C. COLVER, '93.

SOME time ago an Egyptian peasant woman, prying into an old tomb, brought to light some clay tablets, covered with cuneiform writing. More careful search revealed about three hundred of these tablets. They were given to able Egyptologists that they might make known to us the writing. The records threw much light on ancient history, but their most interesting portion, to those who are outside of the scientific world, is the story of the courtship of Amenophis the Third. This illustrious king lived about three hundred years before the time of Moses. He was famed for his prowess as a hunter, having killed over one hundred lions in a single tour in Mithani.

It was in Mithani, too, that he met and loved Thi, the talented daughter of the king. She was a beautiful maiden, with blue eyes and long fair hair, and was a zealous worshiper of the solar disk. She introduced this religion into Egypt, and for the observance of its forms she built Tal-et-am-ama, in the ruins of which these tablets were found.

A letter from her father to Amenophis during the latter's courtship shows how peculiar were the ideas of that time in regard to marriage portions. He wrote: "The gods have done well in making gold as plentiful as dust in the land of Egypt, and in the future may they make it ten times more plentiful. I would not offend my brother Amenophis by asking for more gold, but, on the other hand, I myself do not wish to be offended by having anything less than a large quantity of gold sent to me."

After marrying Thi, he married both

the sister and the daughter of Kallimasin, the King of Babylon, and also wished to marry the King's youngest daughter, Sukharte. She was her father's favorite daughter, and he was very reluctant to give her up, even to his powerful neighbor Amenophis. He accordingly told Amenophis to wait, saying: "My daughter is too young to marry. And besides you have treated my sister harshly. I sent ambassadors and they reported that they had not seen her, and no one knows whether she is living or dead." Amenophis in return declared that the ambassadors who had been sent were "boys," and promised that if men were sent they would see how honored his sister was. A second embassy was sent, and Kallimasin was satisfied.

When this pressure was brought to bear, the Babylonian made another excuse. All the kings who had sued for the hand of his daughter had sent beautiful and costly gifts, not only to him but even to his ambassadors, while Amenophis not only had neglected to do this, but had even gone so far as to impress the escort of his embassy into the Egyptian service.

The Egyptian indignantly denied this, saying: "I have not thy soldiers. If they have not returned to thee they must have got lost in the wilderness; or perhaps the Canaanites have stolen them!" As to the presents, however, he would be the most generous of suitors.

Then, finally, came the true reason. Kallimasin had for some time been in love with an Egyptian princess, and had asked Amenophis to give her to him. The Egyptian, although his own love compelled him to seek the Babylonian prin

cesses in marriage, considered Kallimasin beneath him. So he hotly refused to give "the daughter of the King of Egypt to a nobody."

Kallimasin humbly bore the insult, and again besought the Egyptian to send him one of the many beautiful princesses of Egypt. But as Amenophis remained obdurate, the Babylonian was aroused, and declared that if he would not give him an Egyptian princess, no princess of Babylon should ever enter Egypt.

Finally, however, Kallimasin relented, and promised that Amenophis might have his daughter for a consideration, and said

that when he received the "required presents" he would send her to him. We do not know how great the required presents were, but undoubtedly they were of great value, as in another letter of Kallimasin, he asked for three thousand talents of gold, and said if they were not sent immediately he would not accept them.

Thus, at last, they were married, and although the fate of Sukharte is buried in oblivion, we trust that Amenophis thought often of the price he had paid for her and valued her accordingly.

IN A STREET CAR ON A SNOWY DAY.

H. MAC DOUGALL, DIVISION A.

EVERY ONE enjoys a day when the snow covers everything, and the world appears white and spotless. On such a day we started out for school, but the snow was too deep for walking, so we had to ride.

On reaching the corner we met several people waiting to board the car. It was very much behind time, though it was drawn by four horses, instead of two. With a shout we climbed into the already crowded car. Of course, considerable jolting took place, but it was taken good-naturedly. On the whole, I never saw a jollier crowd in so small a place.

In one corner is a large, fine-looking man, with long hair and beard, and a felt hat put on in a careless, artistic way. From his general appearance one would suppose him to be an artist or a literary man; and, as I found out from a friend, he was the latter.

Next to him is a man who endeavors to convince his friend that the *Sun* is the best paper in print, saying, "If you see it

in the *Sun* it's so." Some gentlemen laugh when they hear this argument. Just then the car stops and a lady gets aboard. All the seats are occupied, but a man whose friends have seats, says, "There is a seat right up in front here, madam," and everyone smiles as the man in the seat referred to gets up and offers it to the lady. This joke is repeated several times till all the man's friends are standing.

The windows are covered with hoar frost, and several persons are carried past their destinations, but they all seem in a good humor, and walk back without grumbling at the conductor.

We still go merrily along, and as the people begin to get off we have a better chance to observe our fellow passengers. Near us are three men discussing the topic of the day, Immigration. From his talk one proves himself to be a reporter, another a politician; but before we have time to find out the vocation of the third person, the car gives a great jolt and stops. It has gone off the track.

After we get it back in place and resume our trip, another person attracts our attention, a woman, pale and thin, with a child on her arm. The child is crying and the mother fails to quiet it. Then a kind lady leans over and offers to pacify the child, and the mother gives her the baby. The lady unties its hood, pats the little one on the back and gives it some cake from her basket, thus effectually quieting the child.

The mother appears very grateful and

asks the lady if she has children of her own. "No," she answers, "but I understand them, for I am a nurse in a child's hospital."

We are all touched by this kind little act, and before I have time to notice any one else in particular, the car stops at our corner, and we get off and proceed to school, where we open the morning exercises by singing that old favorite, "See the Snow Come Down."

ELAINE, FROM A MODERN STANDPOINT.

JOSEPHINE F. JOLLEY, '94.

TO the mind of a modern girl the romance of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, as she was called, and Launcelot, must seem extravagant and absurd.

As far as we can draw from the poem by Tennyson and from the stories of King Arthur, Elaine must have been, at the time of meeting Launcelot, of an age at which the girl of to-day is still at school, and consequently does not have any spare moments for love affairs. Moreover, he was the first man she had ever known, save her father and brothers, and to fall in love with the first man one meets must needs be a most reckless thing to do.

If she had seen other men of the world with whom to compare Launcelot, she might have found that he was not so perfect as she in her inexperience supposed him to be. But ignorance is rather to be pitied than censured, so we should scarcely blame the lily maid for what she knew no better than to do. However, when she realized that she loved Launcelot, and that her love was unrequited, why did she not make it the purpose of her

life to be a comfort to her father in his old age instead of thinking of only her own grief? Strength of will and purpose would easily have conquered death if she had kept her thoughts from herself; and the best way to have done this would have been to labor for others. But that she should give up all hope and desire of life because of one sorrow, where others have had to bear many, was, to say the least, very weak.

Then, when Launcelot was wounded and Sir Gawaine, seeking the winner of the tournament, came to Astolat, truly it was most unmaidenly in Elaine to tell him of her love for Launcelot. Here again is her folly shown forth. With the first man she meets she falls in love; to the second she gives her entire confidence.

When Launcelot returns for his shield she openly announces her love to him and asks him to marry her. It certainly must have been Leap Year, but even in Leap Year the girls of the Nineteenth Century are hardly so bold as the maid of Astolat. When he gently tells her that he is not a marrying man she still begs him to grant

her request; and when he refuses she says she will die of her love for him and then, giving a shriek, she faints.

Poor man! He was really much to be pitied, but being enamoured of the queen he resisted Elaine's impassioned appeals and rides away, leaving her to her unhappy fate. Then Elaine in her selfishness thinks not of her father, but of her own personal bereavement, and complaining and eating nothing, in time naturally dies,—a deliberate suicide.

Before she dies, however, Sir Torre, her brother, writes a letter for her which she dictates. Then she begs her father

that after her death he will place her body in a barge on the River Thames with the letter in her hand and the speechless man with her to row to Westminster. All this he does, and when the queen sees the barge from her window she goes to it, and finds the letter in Elaine's hand. The king opens and reads this which contained an address to Launcelot and the queen, beseeching them to bury her. This request was fulfilled with much pomp and ceremony by Launcelot who, as no other reason presents itself for this unusual display, must have felt guilty for having won her affections.

BIANCA.

NOVELLETTE VON SARAH W. MORRIS, '93.

UNDTER dem warmen blauen Himmel Itaiens wurde sie geboren; in der damals beruehmten Stadt Venedig war es, wo sie zum ersten Male die Sonnenstrahlen durch das kleine Fenster leuchten sah, und diese mit ihr in der Wiege spielten. Doch war sie nicht ein Kind der Sorge? Der Vater war vor einem Jahre zur See gegangen und hatte dort sein Grab gefunden, so dass jetzt die arme Mutter vom Morgen bis zum Abend um geringes Geld arbeiten musste, damit sie nicht Hungers sterben. Weshalb das alles geschehen war,—das wusste nur Gott allein. Manchmal, wenn die Mutter an der Wiege stand und das Kind betrachtete, wie es freudig mit den Haendchen spielte, dachte sie mit Thraenen in den Augen:—"Mein Liebling, was soll aus uns worden?" Doch wenn das Kind die grossen braunen Augen aufschlug und sie mit solchem Frieden anschaute, da troestete sie sich wieder, und fluesterte, wie im Gebet:—"Wie lehrt mich mein

Kind auf meinen himmlischen Vater vertrauen."

Tag aus und Tag ein arbeitete sie, und das Kind wuchs heran zu einem jungen Maedchen. Die Mutter war eine fromme Katholikin, und sobald Bianca alt genug war ihre kleine Gondel zu steuern, schickte sie ihr Toechterchen in die Schule hinter dem benachbarten Kloster. Jeden Tag, wenn die Kleine eilig heimfuhr, sang sie mit ihrer klaren kindlichen Stimme die Lieder, welche die Mutter sie gelehrt hatte; dann kamen die Nachbarinnen an die Fenster, um die vorbeigondelnde Saengerin zu begruessen. Zu Hause angelangt, arzaehlte sie der Mutter, was in der Schule vorgefallen war; oder wie zuweilen der alte Priester durch das Zimmer gekommen sei, und ihr die Hand auf den Kopf gelegt habe. Dieser Priester war der Onkel der Mutter, welche ihrem Kinde nie arzaehlt hatte, dass sie sich einst ohne die Einwilligung ihres Vaters vermaehlt, und dass nur dieser

gute Onkel ihr huelfreich zur Seite gestanden habe. Kein Wunder war es also, dass der Alte jetzt bei Mutter und Kind Vaterstelle vertrat. Die Freundschaft zwischen Bianca und dem Greise wurde noch groesser, als nach einigen Jahren die Mutter starb, und das Maedchen allein in der Welt zurueck blieb. Sie war fast achtzehn Jahre alt, und der Onkel meinte, es sei das Beste, das er fuer seine einsame Nichte thun koennte, sie als Nonne in ein Kloster zu bringen. Er machte ihr den Vorschlag; doch es bangte ihr vor solcher Zukunft. War keine Hoffnung auf ein andres Leben? Betruebt kehrte sie zum letzten Male in ihre alte Heimat zurueck. "Allein und freudlos!" sagte sie zu sich selbst. Langsam fuhr Bianca den Canal entlang, bis sie sich endlich in einer kleinen Bucht befand, die sich in das weite Meer verlor. Das Maedchen stand auf, stuetzte sich auf das Ruder und blickte umher; links lag das Meer, von den letzten Strahlen der sinkenden Sonne beleuchtet, rechts die Stadt Venedig mit ihrem dunkeln massiven Mauerwerk, ihrem runden Dome, und ihren von der Sonne vergoldeten Thuermen. Ploetzlich erhaelt die Vesper Glocke durch die stille Luft, und Bianca, die schoenen Augen himmelwaerts richtend, wiederholt andachtsvoll das Ave Marie. Mit vollem Herzen und bebenden Lippen, fuegt sie hinzu:—"Ja, liebe Mutter Marie, hilf auch mir."

Es war tiefdunkle Mitternacht. Die hohe alte Uhr in der mit Sammt-Teppich belegten Halle des einige Tagereisen von Venedig entfernten Schlosses schlug eben feierlich die Stunde, als in einem matterleuchteten hohen Zimmer, der Graf von Morosini im Sterben lag. Nur zwei Wesen waren zugegen, seine letzten schwachen Klagen zu hoeren;—seine alte Pflegerin, die dann und wann die Hand

auf seine kaltwerdende Stirn legte, und bitterlich weinte, und sein Adoptivsohn, der an seinem Lager kniete; aus dessen Augen fielen auch bittre Thraenen, denn der Graf war ihm besonders lieb. Endlich rief der Greis mit schwacher Stimme: "Und vergieb uns unsere Schuld, wie wir vergeben unsren Schuldigern — Nein! Nein! Ich vergebe ihr nicht!—doch ich muss es! Wo ist meine arme Bianca? Ja, mein Kind,—alles vergebe ich,"—und er hauchte ruhig seine Seele aus.

Nachdem die truenen Wolken der Sorge sich ein wenig gelichtet hatten, wiederholte sich der junge Mann eines Tages, was er den Vater hatte sagen hoeren, und wunderte sich, wer wohl diese "arme Bianca" sein koennte; der Greis hatte ihm niemals von der eigensinnigen Tochter erzaehlt. Roberto entschloss sich die alte Rosima zu befragen, und machte sich gleich auf in ihr Zimmer zu gehen. Er fand sie an ihrem gewoehnlichen Platze bei dem Feuer mit einem Briefe, den sie aus dem ihr zur Seite stehenden Kaestchen genommen hatte. Sie schien etwas befangen zu sein, und wollte das Papier weglegen; aber er kam ihr rasch zuvor und sie musste ihm den Brief geben—Eine lange Unterredung folgte, und am Ende derselben gab sie ihm ein Halsband mit einem Medaillon daran, in dem das Bild eines schoenen Maedchens war. Er nahm es und beschloss sobald als moeglich nach Venedig zu gehen, um dort den alten Onkel aufzusuchen, der ihm sicher Kunde von der ungluecklichen Tochter geben koennte. Schon nach einigen Tagen hatte er sein Ziel erreicht. Auf dem Wege zum Kloster fuehrte ihn seine Gondel in die kleine Bucht, in welcher Bianca umhertrieb. Es war gerade zur Zeit des Vesperlaeutens. Demuetig bekreuzte sich Roberto und betete. Als er die Augen aufschlug, bemerkte er eine

Gondel in seiner Nahe. "Bianca!" entfloß es unwillkürlich seinen Lippen, als sein Blick auf das wunderschöne Gesicht des noch betenden Mädchens fiel.

Ja, es waren dieselben lieblichen Züge, die ihn vor wenigen Tagen so gefesselt, als ihm die alte Pflegerin das Medaillon überreicht hatte. "Signorina," rief er dem jungen Mädchen zu, die eben davoneilen wollte, als sie den Fremden gewahr wurde—"Kennen Sie eine Frau Bianca Poliani genannt, die hier in Venedig lebt?" Sie schaute ihn verwundert an, und erwiderte: "Ja, so

hiess meine selige Mutter." "Selige Mutter!" Diese Worte durchbohrten ihm das Herz. Neben Bianca hergondelnd erzählte er ihr alles, was ihm die alte Rosina mitgeteilt hatte, und zeigte ihr das Bildchen. Sie begaben sich ins Kloster. Hier bewies Roberto dem Onkel in ausführlicher Rede, dass er der Adoptivsohn des Grafen Morosini sei, und bat ihn um die Hand der holden Bianca. Der edle Greis gab seine Einwilligung,—und am nächsten Tage legte er noch einmal segnend seine Hand auf Bianca die als Braut Robertos am Altar kniete.

FROM A STEAM YACHT.

C. HILL, '94.

ON the New England coast and along our own inland streams are many places of interest, several of which it has been my good fortune to visit in a steam yacht. On the Hudson River I have often passed the Palisades, and have seen them in clear weather and in storms, when the sun was rising upon them and when it was setting behind them, and a grand sight they are at all times.

It was up the Hudson that I once had the strange experience of being in a snow-fall in July. The day was pleasant, neither very warm nor very cool for the season, and as we were steaming along we saw ahead a light cloud that looked like a slight fog, resting upon the water. Upon entering this cloud, the change of temperature was at once felt, and quite a little snow fell. In about five minutes we were out of the cloud and again in the warm atmosphere of a pleasant summer day.

At Newburg we went through the house which was Washington's headquar-

ters during a part of the Revolution. In this house are many relics of that war, and one of Washington's own chairs, in which we sat. We had been in more comfortable chairs many times, for this was a high, stiff-backed affair.

As the harbor of Newport is entered, an old Norman ruin, now called Fort Dumpling, is passed on the left. This ruin, circular in form, stands upon an island which is known as "The Dump-ling," on account of its shape and from which the ruins receive their name.

Newport is a beautiful city, with its many fine residences and places of historic value. The old mill, also supposed to have been built by the Normans, is always interesting, and the harbor which offered Verrazanni refuge in the olden time, always has during the summer several yachts at anchor.

At Stonington we saw the two cannon which turned back a fleet of British men-of-war, during the war 1812. There is also a monument erected there to the

memory of the few men who fired these guns at that time.

Provincetown, at the extreme end of Cape Cod, is a quaint old village. There in one of the old churches is a book containing the names in their own handwriting of all the Pilgrims who came over on the Mayflower. This town is on the inside of the hook at Cape Cod, which is here but about two miles wide, and vessels can be seen not over three miles away which will not reach Provincetown inside of an hour and a half, on account of the distance which they have to travel around the hook.

At Plymouth, where we took refuge from a severe storm, I saw "Forefather's Rock," and directly across the harbor, at Duxbury, is a large monument raised to the memory of Miles Standish.

I went through the Old South Church at Boston, which King George's soldiers turned into a stable during the Revolution, and the hoof-prints are still to be seen on the floor and walls.

On the Piscataqua River, about ten miles from its mouth, at Portsmouth, N. H.—or rather directly opposite Portsmouth, at Kittery, Me.—is located the Portsmouth Navy Yard. Going through this we saw the hulls of the old

Constitution, the Sabine and many other historic vessels. The famous Kearsage, still in active service, was also there.

The Piscataqua River is said to have the strongest current of all rivers on the eastern coast of the United States, being even a great deal worse than Hell Gate.

At Nantucket, at the present day, unless his office has been recently abolished, there is a town crier who goes about the streets ringing and crying the news. The first time we heard him, it was a very warm summer day, and thought the music of his bell told us of refreshing ice cream, but instead of that we learned there was to be a sociable at the Methodist Church that evening! Tickets, thirty-five cents. Think of the dozen or so daily papers issued in New York, and the extras if any especial event occurs, and then think of the town crier.

Nantucket is evidently very slow to take advantage of modern ideas, and the contrast between big, busy, noisy, industrious, enterprising New York, with its means of communicating with all the world, and little, slow, quiet, isolated Nantucket, is so great that one can hardly believe that both places are in the same country, and are inhabited by people of the same nationality.

GUESSING TESTS.

GUESSING tests are the fashion now-a-days. It will not do for us to be out of the fashion. The following descriptions are of incidents connected with the life of authors studied in the High School. The first correct list of subjects sent to Miss Edyth Allen, of the High School, will gain for the guesser a copy of Stedman's "American Poets."

ON THE top of a craggy hill stands the

ruin of a castle. Back of it, in the far distance, are the purple peaks of a high mountain. To the right can be seen the serpentine windings of a river on its way to the ocean. Toward the left are rolling hills covered with heather, and among the hills is a thatched farm house.

The heavens are black and threatening. Angry clouds, rolling together, give forth a rumbling sound, like the voice of innumerable cannon. The lightning flashes

and descends to the earth in fiery chains.

In a nook, at the foot of a crag, is a child, apparently about three years old. He is lying on his back, looking up into the heavens. His face beams with delight, and at each flash and peal he claps his hands and cries, "Boung, boung!"

Over him, with panting breath and outstretched arms, bends a woman, ready to clasp him to her breast.

DORIS GEPPERT, '95.

UP IN the attic of an old-fashioned farm house, the last sunbeams strike through two small windows, which are covered with cobwebs. Clumsy old chests stand against the slanting roof, and from the rafters bunches of drying herbs, and roots are suspended. They give forth odors that remind one of the sick room.

Near one of the windows is a boy about fifteen years old. His clothes are of homespun, clean, but much patched. By the waning light, he is trying to write on the rough wall with a piece of charcoal. He has already written some lines, and as he sits there fondly looking at his work, he smiles. Perhaps he is dreaming of a time when he may write his verses in a better place than the old garret wall.

FLORA DONSBACH, '95.

NEAR to the bank of the river, "distant, secluded, still," stands a beautiful vine-encircled house. Immense live oaks and cypress trees almost surround it and keep off the intense heat of the noon-day sun, and

"a garden girds it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms, filling the air with their fragrance."

Hardly a leaf is stirring. The air is filled with spicy odors, and birds

"shake from their little throats such floods

of delirious music," that one might think this the fabled Garden of Eden. A gravel walk leads from the back porch down to the river. It is bordered on either side by handsome magnolia and orange trees. A woman of about middle age, with a little basket of flowers on her arm, stops to pick an orange blossom, and then advances to the porch and places it with loving gentleness in the buttonhole of a young man who sits bolstered up with pillows in an easy chair. From the resemblance of their faces, we judge them to be mother and son. The young man's face bears traces of long suffering, and his weak, irresolute mouth, and his air of helplessness, form a strong contrast to the gentle firmness that marks the whole bearing of the mother.

EVA CAMPBELL, '95.

TWILIGHT is gathering. This little strip of woods is very quiet. But, hark! footsteps along the path break the silence. Slowly and sadly a man and a woman advance, hand in hand, silently weeping. Such faces! Can they ever be forgotten? The sad, heart-broken countenance of the loving protector, and the despondent, careworn face of the woman. Oh, that such agony might be spared! As they plod on the wood comes to an end, and in the distance may be seen a large, forbidding-looking building, towards which the two glance shrinkingly. At last their destination is reached. Hopelessly and reluctantly they ascend the steps of the building, and the woman passes into the wide hall, casting a longing look at her companion, who has turned away, unable to control his grief, and is retracing his steps to his cheerless home.

A month has passed. The morning sunshine is streaming through the trees. The birds sing. Along the woodpath

steps briskly the man whom we saw so dejected with his sad companion. His face shines with the exuberance of joy. His heart is lightened, and with quickened step, he approaches the scene of his former visit. But who is the woman that comes to meet him? Ah, yes, this face has changed too. Hope has stirred within her breast, and, with thankful hearts, the two wend their homeward way.

JESSIE DONALD, '95.

THE sun is high in the heavens. The sky is blue and cloudless. The white-capped waves roll and toss, and sparkle merrily in the sunlight, beating playfully against the mighty rocks, the guardians of the coast.

A little curly-haired, bright-eyed fellow is playing on the cliff, with all the free light-heartedness of a child just escaped from restraint. He laughs gleefully at the soft sea-breeze that blows his yellow

curls into his eyes; at the billows tossing in the sunlight, and at the sails far out on the horizon, like white-winged sea gulls.

* * * * *

Again the billows are at their play, and the sun showers its gold over the waters. The same rocks raise high their steep sides and smile grimly at the vain lashing of the waves.

There is a tall man on the cliff now, who gazes lovingly at the sparkling waters, the blue sky, and the ships away out at sea. There is a treacherous tremble mingled with the smile about his lips, and his eyes—those merry, genial eyes that make every one love him—are filled with tears. With a half sigh, he softly repeats to himself,

“ Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.”

GRACE ALLEN FRAZEE, '95.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

HELENA MC CLELLAND, '93.

DECEMBER 23d was a very cold, dreary day, and the N. P. H. S. was as usual solemn and still, but one peeping through the windows of Mr. Quinlan's room would see the inside had a far different aspect.

Seated in this room were thirty-six poor children with expectant faces, uncertain of what was going to happen. When the room was very quiet a loud noise was heard upstairs, bells jingling, and horns blowing. “Santa Claus,” exclaimed the children. There was no need to tell them it was now time to go upstairs, for they started with one impulse in that direction.

As they entered Miss Greene's room, it did one's heart good to watch the differ-

ent expressions of pleasure which lighted up their faces. The shutters were all closed and lanterns hung around the room. On the platform was the Christmas tree, which was so high it touched the ceiling. It was all lighted up and dolls were placed here and there on the branches. One of our “post graduates” played the piano while our little ones came upstairs. It was a sight that would have pleased any one, and what must it have been to those poor children!

When they were all seated and candy and cake were given to each one, to be eaten *then*, suddenly a great noise was heard in Miss Leyden's room. It drew nearer, and to their great surprise, out

rushed Santa Claus (personified by Mr. Sonn) with long white hair and beard, and wearing a brown suit and high rubber boots. After blowing his "tootericon," which he said brought back his breath, he took a large book from his bag and read from it each child's name. As he called Lucy Smith, the smallest girl in the room, he brought her upon the platform and shook hands with her. "Well, Lucy," he said, "what would you like off the Christmas tree?" Before he was half through she pointed to a beautiful doll on the top branch. Santa Claus replied, "That's right, Lucy, take the world when you can get it." In a few minutes the doll was brought down, and Lucy went rejoicing to her seat.

Every now and then Santa would drop his "tootericon," an unusually large-sized horn, which gave the faintest kind of a sound. This pleased the boys immensely. As they came up he would tell them to blow it, but of course they could make no sound.

When he was drawing near the end of the list, one little fellow was heard to say,

"Do you think he has forgotten me?" In his great excitement, his name was called, and Santa asked him what he would like, which was very soon apparent, as he was seen making a dive under the tree and bringing out "a tin horse and wagon in a stable." He went to his seat, his face beaming with smiles.

When Santa said he would have to leave them, as some other little children were waiting for him, they took one lingering look, which seemed as if it would last till next Christmas. They said "good-bye," and he disappeared.

Each child went away heavily laden. Among the gifts they received were a box of candy, some pop-corn, cakes, an orange and a pair of mittens. The girls were each given a doll, and the boys a horn, horse reins and a book.

Perhaps some would like to know how we could afford to give this little treat. The week before, the Seniors gave an entertainment from which they realized twenty-six dollars. Do you not think this was a wise way of investing it?

POETIC PASTELLES.

BY JENNIE D. COCHRANE, '94.

ONE of the costliest and most celebrated paintings in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, is Meissonier's "Napoleon." It represents that great military genius at the head of his famous grand army, which won admiration and fame for him wherever he led it. A wonderful feature of this picture is that if a microscope be applied to it, the smaller faces are found to be as perfect in every detail as those of the central figures of the great commander and his gallant charger.

A series of beautiful poetic pictures is found in Tennyson's "Lady of Shallott." Like Meissonier's great painting, if carefully studied, the atmosphere, the coloring and every detail of the surroundings are found to be finely wrought out and finished with exquisite care by Tennyson's matchless art. But, although our poet has shown no less skill in detail than has the artist, yet he has done even more; for all his elaboration, so far from detracting from the vivid impression of the central figures, only seems to throw

them into higher relief, and to add clearness to the effect which he wishes to produce.

The first picture shows us the island of Shallott, and the opening lines lead us, at once, into a hazy, unreal, misty world, only fitted for shadows—a world where it seems always afternoon, and where the very breezes themselves seem to swoon with languor. All the objects are in accordance with the tone of the atmosphere. "Four gray walls and four gray towers" show through the still air of the silent isle, and

"By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses."

Almost the first life and motion in the scene are the

"Reapers reaping early
In among the bearded barley."

Why did Tennyson have long fields of barley and rye rather than of any other grains? Was it because, like the poet-scientist he was, he knew barley suited the land, the time and the climate of the story, or was it because the words made that liquid harmony of sound which suited his ear?

The second picture is a harmonious continuation of the first, in that "land where all things always seem'd the same." We see all the objects of the first part appearing, one by one, in the magic mirror before which the fairy lady stands weaving them with bright colors into the web of her imagination. The same stillness prevails until the lady starts, as if awakening from her dreamy life, and cries

"I am half sick of shadows!"

The third is in a new tone, no longer portraying the pictures of the mirror, but the sights and sounds of living and moving nature and now real life enters the field of view. The person of the bold Sir Launcelot is radiant with glowing effects

of light. The sun dazzles through the leaves and glances from the brazen greaves of the gallant knight, who rides forth in the beauty and fulness of youth, and in the morning of his fame. A red-cross knight kneels to a lady on the yellow ground of his shield that glitters as he rides by remote Shallott. His gemmy bridle is made

"Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy."

We see the helmet and the helmet feather burning as in one flame together, and likened to the trailing meteor of the night. As he rides along the bank of the river his image flashes into the crystal mirror.

" 'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Launcelot."

And when joyous movement enters the picture a sharp stroke breaks the reflection and hurries us out into life;

"Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;"

The fourth scene changes from the bright sunshine and unclouded weather, and we feel the depression of the tragic close.

"In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining,"

and the darkness of night gives its gloom. The opening of the life of the youth makes a sad contrast to the fate of the unfortunate maiden. Instead of the gay

"Tirra lirra,"

we

"Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,"

and instead of the gallant charger bearing the adventurous knight down to Camelot we see a little boat carrying the lifeless form of a maiden.

Which was it that suggested to the poet the subject of this lyric, so full of tone and color? Was it his love for the sombre scenery of the flats of Lincolnshire that gave him sympathy with the dreary life of the lonely girl in her isolated tower? Or did the premonition of his life-work come upon him, when as an imaginative boy he read the old Authurian legends for the first time, and did he not instinctively set the poem in the scenes to which his heart was so well attuned?

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Herman Weis,
W. A. Winans,
J. J. Winklhofer,
Gottfried Wollenschlager.

First Year—A.

Joseph Altman,
R. C. Barnes,
Frances J. Brown,
V. R. Breese,
H. C. Binde,
August Buermann, Jr.,
Joseph Coult, Jr.,
Frank S. Cronk,
Waring Carrington,
H. B. Cook,
L. R. Compton,
Daniel Crane,
Roby Cole,
C. S. Conant,
Eugene Craner,
Arthur Drake,
Geo. E. Davis,
G. W. Downing,
J. W. Denny, Jr.,
Richard A. Eble,
Chas. E. Flower,
A. B. Fitzgerald,
Jacob Fischel,
Eugene O. Fisher,
H. M. Francisco,
C. F. Gebauer,
Max M. Ganz,

F. H. Grom,
A. H. Hoover,
A. B. Hager,
Alonzo Hobbie,
Chas. W. Halstrom,
Gustave Haussling,
W. Hervey,
Arthur T. Hagstoz,
A. S. Hemming,
Thos. R. Haddow,
S. D. Jefferis,
Chas. Jessop,
C. G. Kellner,
H. A. Kornemann, Jr.,
Otto E. J. Knorr,
Samuel Kunstlich,
J. F. Kathe, Jr.,
Chas. Levy,
Berthold Laroche,
Irving Lindsley,
J. L. Libiaux, Jr.,
Frederick Mayer,
J. M. McDonald,
Percy H. Moore,
Hugh MacDougall,
Arthur G. MacAinish,
H. T. Moore,

Preston Morrow,
E. J. O'Neill,
Leslie A. Pollock,
Rudolph Phillips,
H. R. Rising,
R. G. Seikle,
F. M. Sawborne,
Eli Sickle,
E. Scribner,
A. J. Sharwell,
Edwin Steiner,
E. M. Stirling,
Max Stern,
B. T. Thompson,
Gabriel Thompson, Jr.,
C. E. Taylor,
David H. Thomas,
C. F. Underwood,
W. L. Vanness,
J. R. Van Duyne,
Edgar Wienan,
J. B. Weed, Jr.,
Thos. E. Wylie,
Alonzo A. Whipple,
Louis Weiss,
Lewis Jackowsky.

First Year—B

Wm. Bauer,
Frank A. Beitzl,
H. L. Boice,
H. P. Bailey,
W. H. Bordon,
F. G. Brands,
J. L. Brockie,
L. R. Coleman,
Wm. F. Conway,
J. W. Davis, Jr.,
Fred W. DeCamp,
Louis N. DeVausney,
Eugene Donnelly,
Elmer Eberhardt,
Henry Eberhardt,
Max Ern,
R. P. Evans,
Thos. Gillick,
Bertram Ham,

J. J. Hart,
Joseph Haussling,
J. W. Hegaman,
W. S. Henry,
Elias H. Hill,
John Hobbs,
A. R. Jennings,
E. J. W. Jost,
G. E. Ketcham,
W. O. Kilpatrick,
Fred W. Kirk,
C. T. Kirkman,
Bradley Kirkpatrick,
G. A. Leary,
Raymond LeMassena,
Irving N. Looker,
Wm. Lothar,
W. A. Littell,
G. B. Macomber,

F. E. Marsh,
Benj. Meyer,
Albert R. Meier,
H. L. Middleton,
I. H. Ogden,
F. C. Pullen,
H. E. Potter,
W. K. Potter,
A. L. Price,
Luther Rice,
M. A. Robertson,
G. J. Roller,
E. G. Rowley,
J. F. Tichen,
F. N. Watts,
Harold Welcher,
W. L. Westfall, Jr.,
Joseph Zellhofer.

First Year—C.

Theodore Aab,
C. M. Bailey,
L. E. Bailey,
Wm. Ball,
G. H. Baldwin,
W. F. Barton,
Samuel Berla,
N. A. Bornstein,
Harry Brown,
Chas. Burrows,
Oscar P. Cadmus,
John Carrol,
Percy Chedister,
Isaac Cohn,
P. L. C. Coffin,
Patrick Corrigan,
Charles Craig,

Wellington Crane,
W. E. Davenport,
W. F. Decker,
C. L. Doremus,
Fred Ellenburger,
W. A. Faatz,
Gustav Fraentzel,
Thos. Gallegher,
Henry Garfunkel,
M. F. Gebauer,
Jas. Gibney,
L. E. Goldstein,
Joseph Grom,
Wm. Haag,
Alonzo Hall,
Wm. Harrison,
Frank Hassell,

Harry Havell,
Frank Heller,
Wm. Huck,
Chas. E. Hunt,
Wm. Hurd,
W. W. Ingersoll,
Benj. Jacobs,
F. N. Jacobus,
Norval Jacot,
Meyer Jedel,
W. H. Jones,
David Keissler,
L. Kingston,
Abraham Klein,
Mortimer Koehler,
Wm. Karnich.

First Year—D.

G. F. LaFoy,
F. M. Lathrop,
J. H. Lewis,
Fred Lynch,
F. J. Maguire,
F. J. McGrath,
Henry Meesel,
Marks Meirich,
Wm. Meyer,
Geo. Millar, Jr.,
Louis Moll,
S. G. Morril,
H. A. Murray,
G. P. Needham,
John Peter O'Fake,
Elbert Archibald Park,
Julian Philipppo,
E. O. Pierson,

Frank Porner,
A. B. C. Prawl, Jr.,
E. H. Quinn,
F. M. Rainsley,
George Washington Reed,
C. A. Richardson,
W. F. L. Rodemann,
C. W. Romaine,
Joseph H. Roszel,
Oscar Rundzeiher,
Wm. Schabatka,
H. R. Schaefer,
G. R. K. Schermerhorn,
Herbert Schuck,
J. L. Sharp,
Ed. J. Skow,
Max H. Skow,
Edwin L. Smalley,

Wm. J. Smith,
F. C. Squire,
Henry Stern,
C. W. Stewart,
Otto G. Stahl,
Andrew Stout,
Geo. R. Stout,
Herman Streissguth,
Geo. D. Thomas,
LeRoy Thompson,
Fred LaF. Tomkins,
Robert Upton, Jr.,
Fred W. Van Buskirk,
R. J. Wakefield,
Wm. Weber,
Frank Williams,
W. H. Wilson,
J. G. Young.

LADIES.

Seniors—A.

Ada Gay Abbey,
Jennie Abrams,
Edyth F. Allen,
Agnes Baldwin,
Rose Barthman,
Edith Blake,
Alberta Doremus,
Florence A. Dowden,
Jennie M. Dowie,
Grace Drummond,

Minnie B. Dunn,
Edna Freeman,
Lillian Ganong,
Emma Gauch,
E. Elise Geissele,
Marie Louise Lefort,
Frances Martin,
Louise McVey,
Gertrude E. Meeker,
Sarah W. Morris,

Christiana Roalefs,
Milly Schwab,
Adelle Smith,
Lydia G. Spring,
Florence R. Thowless,
Cora A. Todd,
Addie L. Utter,
Alice B. Van Arnam,
Emilie Wangner,

Seniors—B.

Grace Isobel Ames,
Mary R. W. Baker,

Katharine V. Ball,
Emma Rommel Beach,

Irene Goodrich Bensel,
Katharine Blake,

Seniors—B—Continued.

Etta S. Burke,
Genevieve A. Cashion,
Louise Clark,
S. Lorena Conant,
Cora B. Davis,
Clara Mabel Dill,
Florence M. Dougherty,
Lois Florence Elston,
Frances Gillespie Fisher,
Kittie Belle Fisher,

Bessie Ward Harvey,
Elizabeth Martin Hiscox,
Charlotte Kalisch,
Florence Cromwell Kelley,
Charlotte Gordon Marshall,
Helena McClelland,
Virginia Louise McWhood,
Sarah C. Moore,
Grace Northrop,
Judith A. Osborne,

Mary Emma Richards,
Jennie Sharpe,
Sadie G. Russell,
Myrtle Huyler Smith,
Elizabeth M. Townley,
Harriet E. Van Nest,
Ella Bruen Welcher,
Ada May Woodland,
Josephine Wyckoff.

Junior—A

Alice Wheeler Baldwin,
Josephine A. Belcher,
Ella Florence Chedister,
Nelly A. M. Cook,
Lilian Isabel Cook,
Emma S. Cook,
Anna Augusta Crane,
Helen Matthews Crane,
Mabel I. Dickerson,
Edith May Dickinson,
Lottie May Ferguson,

Olive May Griffen,
Josephine F. Jolley,
Jennie V. Kitchin,
Ida Belle Meyer,
Jennie Elmina Mains,
Lottie Alvira Martin,
Florence Nichols,
Edith L. Oakley,
Wilhelmine Ochs,
Annina Periam,
Antoinette Rummell,

Hettie E. Stull,
Grace Scott,
Clara Belle Sutphen,
Helena Smith,
Genevieve E. Schwerin,
Alice Minerva Thompson,
Adeline Weil,
Bessie L. Woodruff,
Attiel Stillwell,
Caroline R. Burnite.

Junior—B.

Marion A. Arbuckle,
Jessie M. Ayers,
Grace B. Bergfels,
Anna M. Browazki,
Jennie D. Cochrane,
Gertrude L. Craig,
Ethel Farmer,
Malia Hamilton,
Lulu Harper,
Lena Horter,
Emma J. Hermann,
Mabel Jackson,
Mina L. Janes,

Nellie B. Johnson,
Marietta Mac Gowan,
Margaret A. Martin,
Helen E. Marsh,
Charlotte B. Memmott,
Grace E. Miller,
Clara E. Mock,
Josie J. Mundy,
E. Alberta Peal,
Mamie M. Purvis,
Carrie R. Raphael,
Carrie Schaeffer,

Grace L. Sayre,
Cornelia A. Sutphen,
Minnie Spear,
Amelia Schwitzgable,
May Shuman,
Minnie Straus,
Florence Van Duyne,
Florence Whiteside,
Maude W. E. Walker,
Lizzie Weldon,
Marion E. Yeomans,
Pauline Zahn.

Second Year—A.

Ella E. Beers,
Alice M. Boice,
Bessie Bowman,
Elizabeth J. Brown,
Mary K. Brown,
Eva Campbell,
Josephine Campbell,
Gertrude M. Clark,
Mabel L. Crane,
Maude W. Combs,
Grace A. Dewolf,
Adele Doremus,
Emma Drummond,
Grace A. Frazee,

Doris Geppert,
Josephine Gibian,
Rosetta Hirsch,
Alice Holmes,
Margaret Jenkins,
Anna Lehlbach,
Nellie E. Madison,
Edna McNary,
Fannie O. Miller,
Nettie Muller,
Lillian B. Osborn,
Louise C. Overgne,
Lizzie E. Pfister,

J. Ethel Riker,
Birdie M. Romer,
Mabel H. Ross,
Phebe J. Rowden,
M. Louise Rusling,
Mary A. Russell,
Sara D. Smalley,
Edith Smith,
Sarah E. Smith,
Anna S. Thomas,
Nellie Thompson,
Susie Van Steenburgh,
Louise Wills.

Second Year—B.

Kate Axford,
Bessie C. Barron,
Louise L. Beach,
Kate R. Berry,
Josie L. Biddinger,
Edith J. Bioren,
Helen Bosch,
Annie M. Brown,
Carrie M. Brown,
Jeanette Brown,
Helen A. Brydon,
Ella B. Carter,
Lizzie W. Clearman,
Edith Cobb,

E. Louise Coe,
Grace G. Condit,
Margaret M. Conklin,
Alice G. Dennis,
Elfreda Devendorf,
Jessie E. Dixon,
Jessie Donald,
Flora M. Donsback,
Hattie M. Eagles,
Fannie Esterbrook,
Helen M. Edwards,
Lottie Engelberger,
Ella E. Farrington,
Florence A. Feder,

Agnes Finn,
Mercedes Ferrer,
Flora D. Frey,
Annie A. Fussel,
Emma Greene,
Grace H. Harrison,
Mabel Hopler,
Lelia Huffman,
Lizzie R. Hunt,
Claribel Johnston,
Letitia Jones,
Olive Kenny,
Olive A. Matthews.

Second Year—C.

Prudie Holbrook,
Flora Joralemon,
Alice O. Kane,
Lottie Kithcart,
Martha Levy,
Edna Lewis,
Mamie Lee,
Bessie Ledwith,
Emma Kingston,
Gussie Lieb,
Sarah Meyer,
Louise P. Moosbrugger,
Eva McVey,
Alice Munsick,

Daisy O. Nicoll,
Nellie C. Nye,
Florence O'Connor,
Daisy C. Pollock,
Louise B. Pollock,
Jennie Robertson,
Saidee Rosenstrauch,
Saidee Roalefs,
Nellie Reeves,
Mabel Scheel,
Belle J. Spaeth,
Ruth Spencer,
Minnie Seeley,

Sophie Stapff,
May Smith,
Katie Smith,
Pauline Safier,
Alice Terwilliger,
Flora D. Townley,
Hattie L. Thurber,
Mary L. Vincent,
Jessie L. Warren,
Emma L. Wenzel,
Jennie Wolley,
Edith E. Wells,
Frances Zahn.

First Year—A.

America Adams,
Julia Andruss,
Jennie Arrison,
Cora Ayers,
Berta Baldwin,
Lizzie Baldwin,
Lydia Bannister,
Nellie Belcher,
Irene Barron,
Mabel Bensel,
Kate Biller,
Emma Brandt,
Lulu Buermann,
Marguerite Burnett,

Lilly Burrill,
Louise Cadiz,
Hattie Cadmus,
Shirley Carpenter,
Gertrude Chittenden,
Sara Corlies,
Grace Coervin,
Edna Crane,
Mary Crane,
Edna Darby,
Jennie Davis,
Estelle Delaney,
Maud Delaney,
May Durling,

Grace Edwards,
Cora Elston,
May Eveleth,
Kittie Fitz Patrick,
Mabel Francis,
Helen Gribbie,
May Keepers,
Nellie Osborne,
Ruth Runyon,
Hattie E. Reuck,
Fannie M. Shulz,
Marion Sloane,
Grace I. Wilson,
Mabel Zimmerman,

First Year—B.

Emma V. Baldwin,
Lorene Bird,
Hattie A. Coykendall,
Edith A. Crane,
Elizabeth Edgar,
Mabel H. Foster,
Clara H. Lewis,
Grace Mason,

Anna May McElhose,
Grace L. Mentz,
Anna May Negles,
Edna C. Osborne,
Gertrude E. Newman,
Edith H. Pitney,
Edna Anna Palmer,
Gussie L. Potter,

Lulu A. Potter,
Marie Renziehausen,
Louise Rowe,
Gertrude Rhodes,
Ruth Runyon,
Vilda Sauvage,
Blodwen Sauvage,
Edith Sill,

First Year—B—Continued.

Grace B. Stagg,
Anna B. Stewart,
Adele Smith,
Persis Snodgrass,
Bessie Swinnerton,
Anna Sanders,

Jennie Sandford,
Carrie Spann,
Nellie F. Thompson,
S. Louise Vaughan,
Mabel Van Clief,

Mary Templeton Wylie,
Helen M. Woolson,
Anna Lillian Welcher,
Caroline L. Williams,
Edith R. Wright.

First Year—C.

Eleanor N. Alden,
Charlotte Fairbanks,
Louise B. Flintoft,
Mabel E. Flood,
Laura E. Fullings,
Rosalie Gardner,
Elizabeth E. Garrabrant,
Lulu J. Geiger,
Catharine Gerhard,
Mary R. Gleason,
Watie C. Glorieux,
Mary I. Greene,
Minnie T. Hahn,
Nannie Hamilton,

Nellie Haring,
Alberta Harris,
Ada M. Hastings,
M. Florence Hodson,
Florence A. Holden,
Winifred E. Hopwood,
Mabel L. Horst,
Olivia Hughes,
Florence A. Jacobus,
Flossie A. Jacobus,
Lillie J. Jeffreys,
Beulah E. Johnson,
Estella Kaiser,
Clara Krementz,

Belle Littell,
Bertha P. Lyon,
Edith S. Merritt,
Ira M. Mundy,
Mildred A. Oliver,
Laura V. Reifsnnyder,
Mabel D. P. Tobin,
Madge G. Stevens,
Carrie L. TenEyck,
L. Ethel Terwilliger,
Mary E. Vreeland,
Edna Wyman,
Mabel C. Young.

First Year—D.

Annie Adams,
Bertha O. Albrecht,
Annie L. Audlauer,
Hattie Baer,
Anna J. Baird,
Clara L. Ball,
Nellie Beckingham,
Nellie C. Bentley,
Theodora F. Berger,
Anna Bertrand,
Clara L. Betzler,
Anna S. Blair,
Ada Blauvelt,
Eugenia Bolton,
Florence Brady,
Ellestene E. Briggs,

Mabel Brown,
A. Rosalie Bulkeley,
Dorcas Burtchaell,
Ada Bush,
Anna B. Cahill,
Annie Casale,
Susie M. Casper,
Alice B. Chamberlain,
Ella Coppersmith,
Mabel Conover,
Charlotte E. Crane,
Emma S. Clarke,
Florence E. Crone,
Blanche Curtis,
Louise Dain,
Louise T. Dawson,

Ida V. Dean,
Edith V. DeCamp,
Rosa Deinard,
Blanche E. Denman,
Mabelle Devendorf,
Gertrude A. Dodd,
Laura Donack,
Ida May Douglas,
Jennie L. Drake,
Florence Dunlap,
Rose B. Markens,
Edna W. Laird,
Charlotte M. Leary,
Carlotta Sachtleben,
Mamie Seidler,
Anna Loretta Clark.

First Year—E.

Adelaide M. Conk,
Nellie E. Dey,
Sarah Feisst,
Antoinette Field,
Bessie M. Ford,
Ella R. Gardner,
Minnie E. Gibian,
Marguerite E. Gillen,
Esther J. Goldfinger,
Mabel Gray,
Linda E. Jacobus,
Hattie L. Johnson,
Edna M. Katz,
Sarah Kay,
Lena Keller,

Lillian Keyler,
Dora Kiesewetter,
Kittie Kincaid,
Hattie Kisch,
Mary Knott,
Dorothea Koehler,
Emma A. Kredel,
Martha E. Kuntze,
Evangeline La Brasche,
Nellie D. Lane,
Mabel Lee,
Sylvia Le Fever,
Nellie Lewis,
Sadie Lillybridge,

Tinnie E. Littlefield,
Anna L. Lovett,
Alice Lowery,
Annie L. Lyon,
Carrie H. Macnichol,
Ella R. Macnichol,
Clara E. Mahon,
Evelyn Marx,
Ella Mayo,
Josie M. Norcross,
Ella F. Prouty,
Lillie M. Rhodes,
Grace W. Runyon,
May E. Shepard,

First Year—F.

Harriet J. Brooksbank,
 Alice Chamberlain,
 Henrietta V. Clark,
 H. A. Coykendall,
 Harriet F. Daly,
 Grace W. Douglas,
 Katherine S. Dearie,
 Ida M. Ely,
 Bertha Encke,
 Ethel I. Earles,
 Louise E. Eagles,
 Katherine H. Falk,
 Mary T. Forbes,
 Stella Hager,
 Mary C. Hamily,

Florence M. Holbrook,
 Susie Humphrey,
 Edith L. Isherwood,
 Mary Joithe,
 Louise Linabury,
 Margaret L. Lyon,
 Agnes Nettleship,
 Hattie E. Reuck,
 Laura K. Sharp,
 Julia H. Solliday,
 Fannie M. Schulz,
 Persis Snodgrass,
 Helen M. Smith,
 F. Mabel Spencer,
 Madge Stevens,

Carrie E. TenEyck,
 Abbie A. Urich,
 Alice A. Urick,
 Imogene E. Urick,
 Francis K. Vreeland,
 Mary Vreeland,
 Eliza W. Warter,
 Beatrice Wiener,
 Daisy R. Wiener,
 Sadie L. Williams,
 Grace Irene Wilson,
 Sadie M. Young,
 Mabel Young,
 Mabel Zimmerman.

First Year—G.

Antoinette Habersang,
 Harriet Habersang,
 Bessie Haddow,
 Charlotte Hauser,
 Estella Hirschler,
 Katie Hindenlang,
 Nellie Horrocks,
 Ethel Mayo,
 Blanche Evelyn McCann,
 Therese McCann,
 Jennie Moffet McCallum,
 Evelyn McNamara,
 Lillian G. McLaughlin,
 Carrie D. Mendel,

Bertie Mendel,
 Julia E. Miller,
 Effie J. Miller,
 Jennie Mitchel,
 Edna Morehead,
 Anna N. Morrow,
 Bessie J. Morse,
 Mary A. Mungle,
 Regina O'Connor,
 Mattie B. Ougheltree,
 Nellie M. Platt,
 Florence Poppenga,
 May A. Randolph,
 Ethel L. Reeve,

Rose C. Reilly,
 Mary L. Reynolds,
 Harriet Richards,
 Etta Rose,
 Belle R. Rose,
 Minnie Ina Rodgers,
 Edith Rowland,
 Millie D. Romine,
 Lavinia Roalefs,
 Alice Runyon,
 Lizzie B. Ryerson,
 Mary Scholl,
 Mary Sullivan,
 Martha Stein.

First Year—H.

Grace B. Bonnel,
 Grace Hardie,
 Nellie M. Henderson,
 Mamie Sanborn,
 Ada Sanders,
 Jennie I. Savage,
 Florence Schwerin,
 Annie Sharp,
 Anna Sharwill,
 Stella M. Sherman,
 Mattie Sims,
 Mabel L. Sloan,
 Louie C. Smalley,

Dorcas E. Smith,
 Julia H. Solliday,
 Sarah Solomon,
 Gussie Steiner,
 Clara E. Stiles,
 Loretta Sturgis,
 Elizabeth Telfer,
 Nellie M. Terhune,
 Estelle Tichenor,
 Mabel C. Traphagen,
 Elizabeth M. Trapper,
 Etta M. Tunbridge,
 Grace B. Tuttle,

Mabel Van Duyne,
 Anna D. Virtue,
 Aurilla Voorhees,
 Amelia Walsh,
 Nellie M. Watson,
 Bertha H. Wenzel,
 Katie Whelan,
 Celia Wirth,
 Lillie Woodcock,
 Adele V. Woodley,
 Alma M. Woodruff,
 Ida Youmans,
 Edith S. Young.

First Year—I.

Grace W. Douglas,
 Harriet F. Daly,
 Ethel Earles,
 Ida M. Ely,
 Jennie Eckhouse,
 Bertha Eucke,
 Katie H. Falk,
 Sarah Feist,
 Nettie Field,

Mary Forbes,
 Bessie Ford,
 Marion Frankel,
 Ella R. Gardner,
 Minnie Gibian,
 Marguerite E. Gillen,
 Esther J. Goldfinger,
 Mabel Gray,
 Bessie Haddow,

Antoinette Habersang,
 Harriet E. Habersang,
 Grace Hardie,
 Charlotte Hauser,
 Nellie M. Henderson,
 Estella Hirschler,
 Kate Hindenlang,
 Nellie Horrocks,
 Mary E. Woodland.

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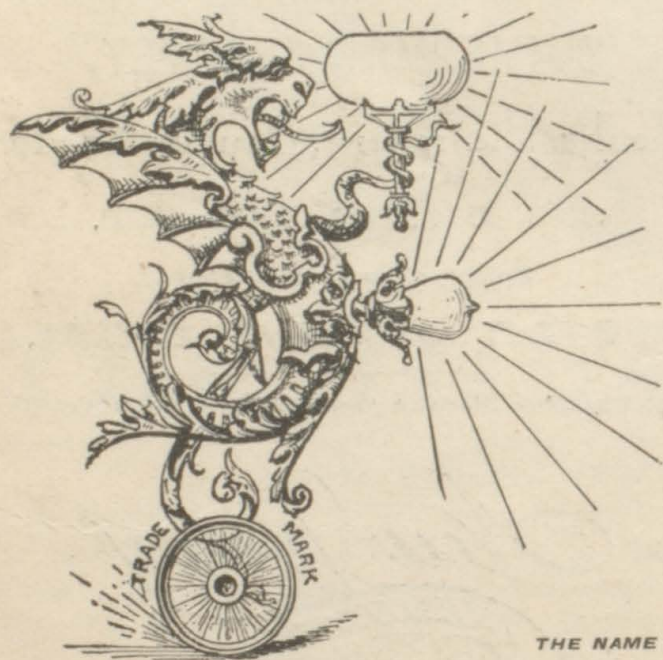
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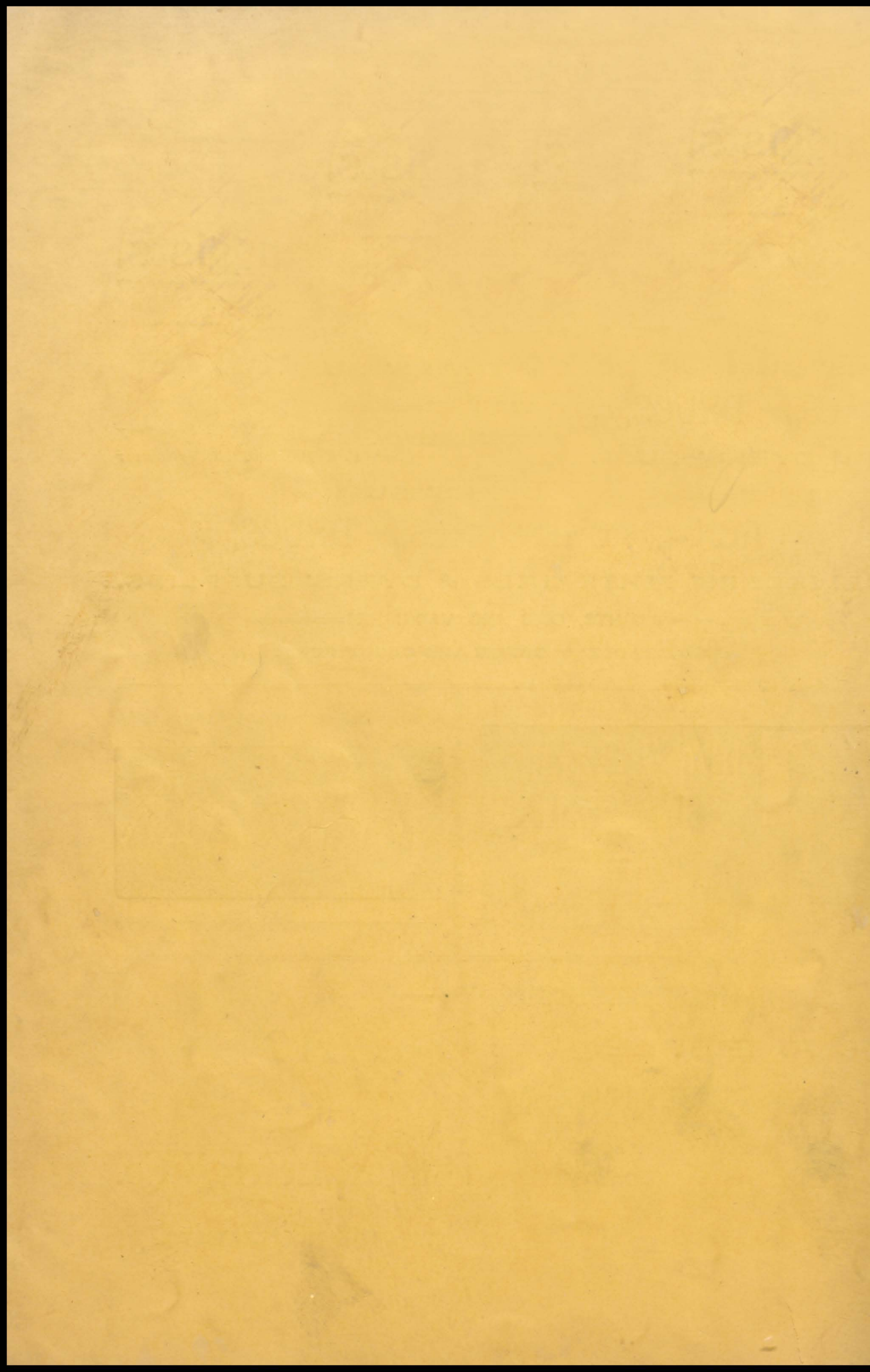
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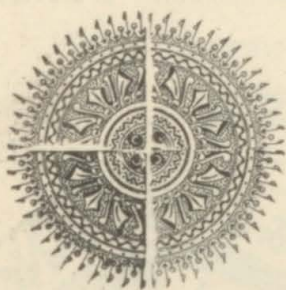
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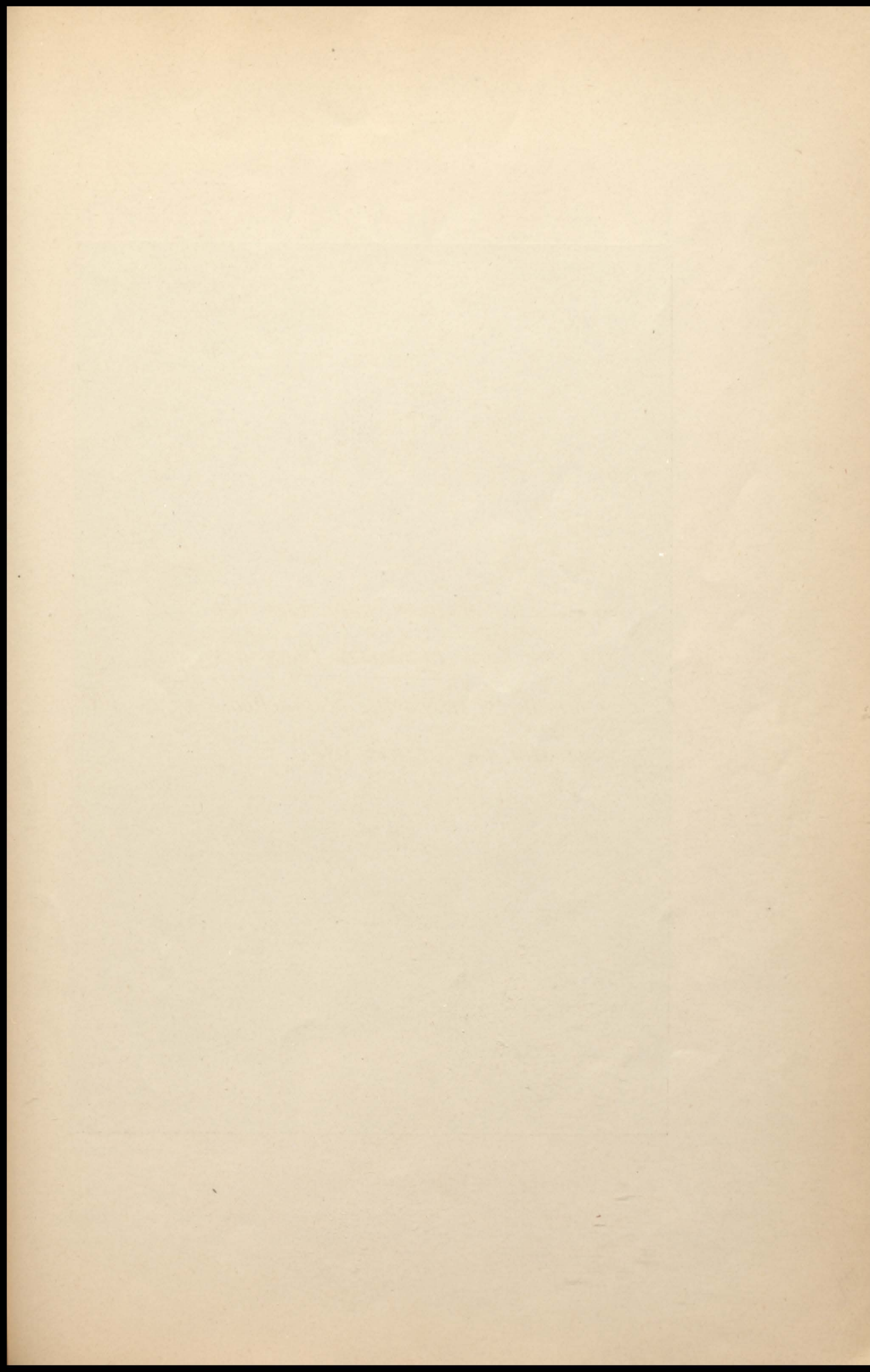
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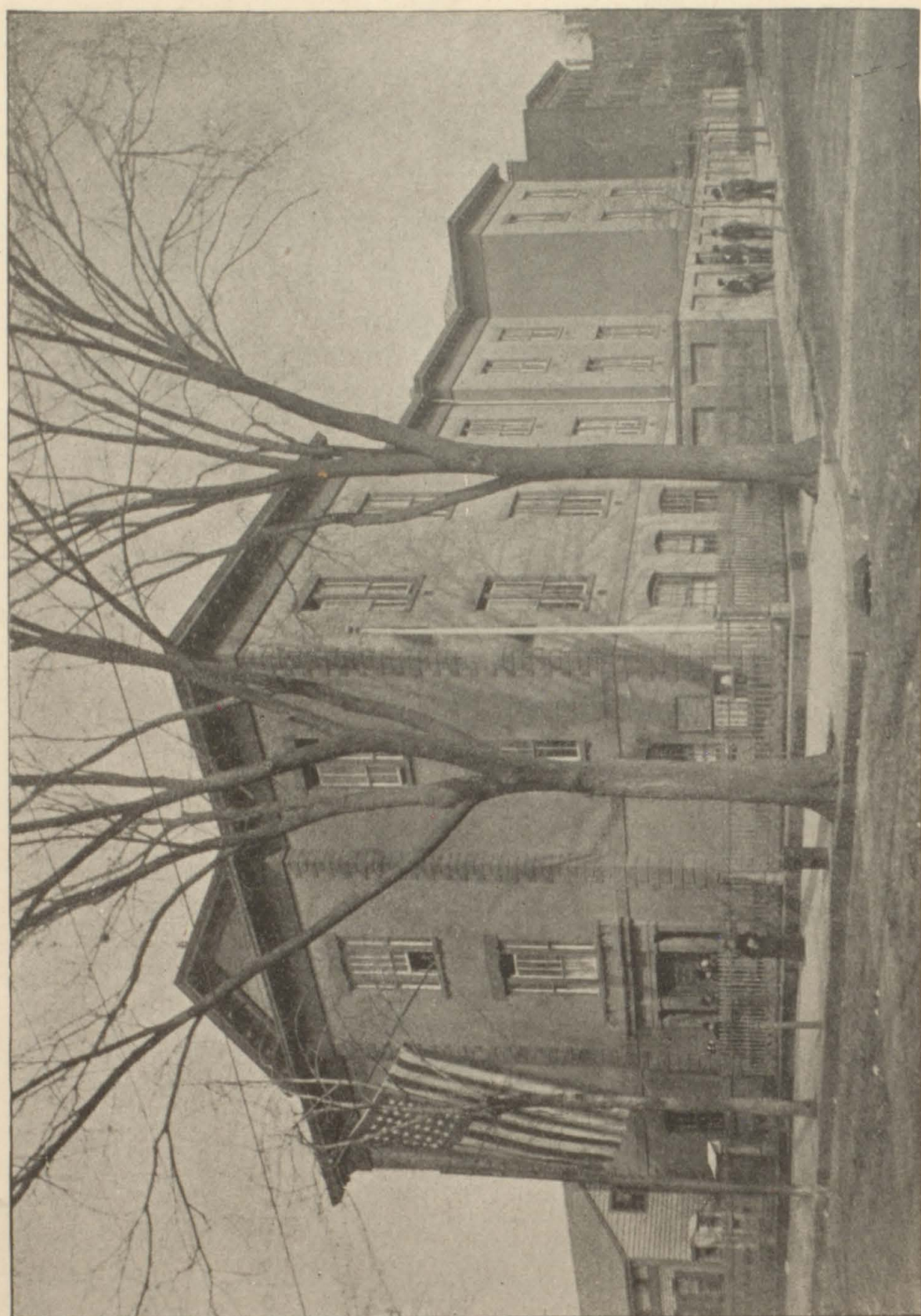
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master out of his life.”







HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

NEWARK, N. J., 1894.

MY VALENTINE.

FLORENCE NICHOLS, '94.

I N olden time, my Valentine
In meadows green did rove:
An angel saw and stooped to draw
Some of her grace and love.
An impress deep upon each cheek,
A token there he laid,
But in my heart has Cupid's dart
A deeper impress made.

ORATION ON LINCOLN.

BERTRAM RIPLEY, '94.

A BRAHAM LINCOLN was the most remarkable man of modern times.

A man in whom an early moral training from his mother produced more lasting good than the most elaborate school education could have given him. His love of justice and hate of everything he thought to be wrong, his love of knowledge and ambition to become great, made him a model man. It is marvelous that the back-woods boy, reared in poverty and faced by every imaginable difficulty, should at last gain the eminence of the Presidency of the United States. And yet these same difficulties acted as a stimulus to his ambition. They urged him on until he had conquered every one of them and stood a victor in the fight.

From boyhood the purpose was strong within him to excel. If he had been content to remain the creature of circumstance, his name would have been unknown to the world. But he was not con-

tent. An inward force, he hardly knew what, impelled him on. He applied himself so closely to everything he undertook that its purpose and meaning were grasped instantly. Can we find in all history such another illustration of industry and of studious habits?

Another trait of character, as strikingly developed, was his love of liberty. Was it a wonder that, born as he was in the heart of nature itself, that a spirit of liberty was cherished? He could not bear to see any one in distress. Slavery, especially, was revolting to him. His kindness of heart rebelled against the institution. When in New Orleans he stood in a slave pen and saw the horrors of the slave trade before his eyes, he could hardly control his rising anger; but the words that he uttered expressed the feeling that was burning within him. "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard." Was it probable that this man would ever

put into effect the force of his words? The object of his hatred is entwined in society, legalized in all the States. It is a political function, upheld by the Constitution—and the Constitution is the foundation of the Republic. Was it a forethought, a dim dream of what was to come, that inspired such words? We know his purpose was determined to do all in his power to reform the evil. He saw that trouble was approaching, that the question of slavery would be a question of issue between the North and the South. As a President, he wished to prevent war; but that no living being could prevent. At last, he saw his way clear. After the

terrible struggle had been going on for two years, that memorable proclamation went forth, liberating over four million slaves, and at last securing peace and safety to the Union.

It is now over a quarter of a century since the great President was assassinated, dying a martyr at the hands of a fiend. Probably no man, since the day of Washington, excited, by his death, such grief and mourning in the hearts of his countrymen. So deeply loved, nor was it mistaken love. He deserved it well. True to his country to the last, so may the memory of him who saved the Union be respected and sacred to us all.

THREE COMEDIES.

“IN THE WORKSHOP,” “IN THE WORLD,” AND “ON THE HEIGHTS.”

CAROLINE R. RAPHAEL, '94.

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.”

ALL who would delight their hearts with this lovely spot, need but seek it in that sweet poem, Shakespeare's “Mid-summer Night's Dream.” It is more of a poem than a play. Not Theseus and his bride, nor even the quarreling lovers, are half so interesting as Titania with her train of elves, and Oberon with his sprightly Puck. That is, the dramatic situations are not so well developed as the poetical significance. When Shakespeare left his home to go to London, in his mind still lingered the thought of that land,

“With shadowy forests and with campaigns riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,”

we can almost picture him sitting in some dingy room, his “workshop,” unconscious of his surroundings, in the pleasure of again recalling those friends of his childhood; the trees, the sunshine,

and each nodding flower, which fancy makes the abode of some little fairy.

The development of character in “Mid-summer Night's Dream” is by no means marked. That great mind had not yet arrived at the maturity of power to create men and women so life-like that we look upon them as acquaintances—yes, friends. The trials of the love-lorn Helena, who betrays her friend Hermia, call for little sympathy. As for the quarrels of the lovers—we are glad to leave them and turn to good-natured, well-meaning Bottom and his humble friends.

The interlude, that “play of very tragical mirth,” in which the amorous Pyramus so rapturously “hears” his sweet love's face and “sees” her voice, is indeed amusing. Without it, and without the adventures of Bottom while “translated,” the play might be somewhat tedious.

But Shakespeare did not long remain in the seclusion of the “workshop.” That he soon became famous for his remarkable

genius, and was welcomed into the "world," is not to be doubted. Of all the plays written at this period, none is so fine as that loveliest of all comedies, "As You Like It."

Even while gay Elizabethan London was teaching him its lesson, the poet's mind turned away from the life of "gilded pomp;" he again created a world of his own. Did he not call to all mankind—

"Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,—

Come hither, come hither, come hither?"

We do not like to leave this forest, where love reigns supreme. If we were pleased with the Athenian forest, we are delighted with this one. Here we do not see mere creatures of the imagination, but real men and women. Do we not know Rosalind and Celia, with their wit and their sweetness? living women,

"Not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simples wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

How infinitely superior are they to Helena and Hermia! How charming is Orlando, with his true manliness, mixed with the tenderness and consideration of a woman! Lysander is a "peevish school boy" in comparison. And Touchstone, with his puns, his repartee, his philosophy, his high estimation of his own wisdom, and his courtly airs, quite eclipses humble Bottom and his friends.

Though we must not try to trace Shakespeare's own character in his works, since he wrote to please others and not to give vent to his own feelings, yet we cannot help seeing in "As You Like It" the complete wholesomeness of the poet's mind. The play is the happy outburst of a joyful heart, pleased with the world, its men, and its Creator.

Between the period in which "As You Like It" was written and the reappearance of Shakespearean comedies, there was a long interval, during which the poet

seemed to be troubled by some great grief, which would not allow him to treat of light subjects. It was at this time that he gave to the world his tragedies. He never again returned to that complete joyfulness of mind, which we see in some of his earlier plays.

After years spent in London, Shakespeare felt that he had done his work—and he had done it well. He was now ready to return home. Who can read the "Tempest" and not see in it that longing for something higher and better than the busy world could afford the poet? And this play was written when Shakespeare was at the pinnacle of his great art—was "on the heights."

Most perfect and pleasing in its workmanship, this comedy might be compared to a beautiful picture of intense lights and shadows, for nowhere have we greater contrasts. In the foreground is Miranda, sweetest and loveliest of all Shakesperean women—created "of every creature's best." Over her sunny head hovers "delicate" Ariel, with his train of little elves. Claspings her hand is handsome Ferdinand, the model of all lovers. Far in the background, forming a meet shadow for this ethereal picture, is earthy, ugly Caliban. The shipwrecked king and his followers form their respective lights and shadows. Towering above them all stands imperious Prospero—his reverend countenance serene in expression, his magic robe drawn close about him, his wand outstretched.

And as we study him, we cannot help comparing him to our great poet. Like Prospero, Shakespeare was ready to bury his "wand" and his "book." We like to think that it was the "Tempest" which was almost the last creation of that wonderful mind, and that Shakespeare pleaded with his Prospero,

"As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free."

HOW I SAW THE ROMAN SENATE.

THOMAS McCLELLAND, '95.

PERHAPS the four walls of some of our school-rooms are not the most conducive environments for extensive flights of imagination; yet such a condition of the mind might possibly exist, and has existed, and the manner of its existence was as follows:

Our Latin class had assembled one day to recite its usual portion of the Catilinian orations; but instead of rendering the customary translation, we were requested by our instructor to read the allotted selection in the original language. The student to whom this duty fell, not having practiced the reading, made sad work of it, stumbling and tripping over the pronunciation of the words. The sensitive ear of our Latin professor could not listen to such wholesale mutilation of the glorious oratory of Cicero, and interrupting the student in the midst of his stumbling, he sprang to his feet and in a powerful voice began to render the passage in a manner which would have satisfied even Cicero himself.

Then it was that the extraordinary event occurred, for while the sonorous tones of the speaker were penetrating into the farthest recesses of the room, they were producing very strange effects upon my surroundings and upon myself. The room in which we were reciting is, as every one knows, not the most commodious place in our commodious school-house, and its walls would blush to own any bit of ornament beyond a lonely picture of one of those classes which have preceded us; but this in itself is a work of art. Still the voice of the orator was having a magical effect upon this sombre room. The narrow walls began to recede and the ceiling, in some mysterious manner, seemed to be ascending heavenward. The case, the black-

boards, and other paraphernalia of the school-room, were fast disappearing, and their places were being supplied by busts and statues of men easily recognizable as ancient Roman heroes. The seats in which we sat, always remarkable for their comfortableness, were also following the example of their disappearing companions, and I found myself seated upon a still more comfortable seat, which somehow bore a marked resemblance to the Roman subsellium.

But the most marked change of all was that which had taken place in the case of my companions and of myself, for we who but a few moments ago were clothed in sensible nineteenth century costume, were now in sleeveless tunics, togas and chitons. But somehow this strange scene, the result of such a peculiar metamorphosis, did not seem queer to me; for there was something familiar in it, and I had an indefinite idea that I had seen or read of such a place before. I spent some time puzzling over the cause of this conviction, until all at once it became clear to me that I was sitting in the Roman Senate house, and together with my learned classmates was forming that august body known as the Roman Senate. The usual happy and careless expression on their faces had given place to an air of unwonted preoccupation and gravity.

When I had recovered to some extent from my amazement, I distinctly heard a powerful voice hurling forth acrimonious invectives against one of our number. Looking in the direction from whence the voice proceeded, I saw that the author of these sentiments was standing in exactly the same place where our respected professor had stood before the change. And it impressed me, too, that this man was

not altogether unlike him who had so lately been addressing us, and it slowly dawned upon me that the person of our instructor had also undergone an alteration. His rather portly figure had uniformly contracted into the slim, lithe proportions of a Roman consul, which was unmistakably that of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Yet the roll of surprises was not yet full, for the words of the orator, although spoken in the Latin tongue, were as easy of perception to me as if I had never spoken any other language. Happy acquisition, thought I, for in the future it will obviate all necessity for turning to that well thumbed vocabulary of mine at the end of my Cicero.

The renowned speaker seemed in particular to be addressing one of us, who sat apart with bowed head and averted eye, and I presently heard the orator address him as "Lucius Catilina." I looked with a great amount of curiosity at that bold conspirator who came so near overwhelming all Italy with fire and the sword. The oration continued for some time, and to my Romanized ear was a production of excellent merit, for I was able to appreciate all those minute intricacies of the Latin

tongue, so difficult to be translated into English. But like all good things it had its end, and the end was disastrous for me, for as soon as the orator resumed his seat he resumed his former proportions also, and the room its shape, and I was brought back through the cycle of years to the present with amazing rapidity, for I heard my name announced to translate the next section.

Gone was all that subtle skill in understanding all the ins and outs of the language, at the very time when I stood the most in need of it, and to one, judging from the resulting translation, it would appear as if I had never heard a syllable of the Latin tongue. Still, I always thought that there was a good excuse for that failure, for at the time of the second change I had seen the mighty walls of the senate chamber rushing together with tremendous velocity, and I was in terror lest I should be crushed at their meeting. But at their near approach, I was astonished to see upon them the old familiar black boards, covered with ancient hieroglyphics, and also that one solitary picture of departed seniors.

ATHENS.

TONI J. REHMANN, '97.

ATHENS, oh, how much do you recall to us! Who will again give us your Acropolis, and who the Minerva in the Parthenon, who the walled path to the Piraeus? We can see the ruins of your greatness, but never your ancient splendors. You have given to the world many warriors clad in armor, with helmets on their golden locks, and spears and shields in their strong hands. You have given us many sculptors, with their rich ivories and precious marbles, learned men, whose songs and poems have made the world, or helped to advance the world in education.

You had many beautiful women, who wore the loose long garments and bracelets and necklaces, not for vanity's sake, or fashion's sake, but for beauty's sake. Your quiet youths, taught the deeds of their brave ancestors and the language of their forefathers, in a common school, and your bashful maidens, who learned a woman's duty from the loving mothers who presided over the women's apartments—they all loved you, as we love our fair America. But everything must die to let the deeds of others shine, and so have you died, great Athens!

IN PLUTO'S PALACE.

GERTRUDE SNODGRASS, '97.

IN Pluto's palace the radiance from the many-colored jewel-lamps falls on the figure of little Proserpina, standing near the golden throne of the king.

Her blue eyes are wide open in wonder and terror; and her hair, which is the color of a yellow sunbeam, floats round her shoulders. The traces of tears are on her cheeks, and one flower from the sunny world above is still clasped in her hand. The little live maiden from the world of life and light seems strangely out of place

in this gloomy realm of darkness and death.

King Pluto, on the throne near her, is not a pleasant-looking object. His black brows are twisted into an eternal frown, and the eyes looking from under them glow like red hot coals. His crown, blazing with diamonds, he has taken from his head and has offered to Proserpina. This, truly, is wonderful, the mighty king of death in subjection to a little child!

A LETTER OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME.

ELIZABETH J. BROWN, '95.

DEAR ANDREW.—Thou hast been urging me to give thee my opinion concerning the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. I cannot better begin than by telling thee how he appeared on his last visit to London. When I first caught sight of him at the inn, he was giving an alms to an one-armed beggar and inquiring of him how his accident happened. If thou couldst but have seen the old knight then, his kindly eyes lit up with pity, his face beaming with pleasure at the thought of benefiting a fellow-creature in distress, nay, more—his whole figure expressing true compassion, as the wretched man poured forth his tale of suffering, I am sure the doubts which Sir Andrew Freeport has raised in thy mind would be put to flight. Thou couldst but think that the heart under Sir Roger's gray frieze coat is as tender and kind as all his friends are inclined to regard it.

I have been showing Sir Roger the sights of London for the past fortnight since his arrival. Thou wouldst have smiled, I

doubt not, at his country ways and original remarks and criticisms of London customs and manners, but I so joyed myself in his company that I quite forgot his singular appearance and behavior, except when some boorish fellows did leer at us. This did not happen often, for, though the old knight his conduct did excite much curiosity at first, most good folk saw at once that he was but a kind-hearted countryman, rather eccentric and unlearned in city ways, and so they did not again trouble their minds about him.

Although some men would have been put about by the unusual manners of the city, Sir Roger was not at all confused. He talked with his accustomed ease about his favorite pastime, the chase, telling me how many hares he had run down in the season, and also some of the hunting exploits for which he is noted. I inferred from the freedom with which he expressed his views that he is held in great repute the country round; and I am confirmed in this opinion by the reports of his friends,

and also by what Sir Roger himself tells me.

At the club the simple-heartedness of Sir Roger sometimes causes us to exchange a smile, but this is quickly repressed ; for even the Whig members, although his political opponents, would not wound the feelings of the good old knight for the world. I am especially hard put to it to keep my countenance when Sir Roger tells me, in his simple manner, of the magic spells of Moll White or of the fortune-telling of the Gypsies concerning himself and the widow. But it is far different in the country. There Sir Roger, his opinions and his politics, are listened to with awe by his neighbors and tenants.

Indeed, to know Sir Roger well, thou shouldst take a run down to his country-seat. There thou canst see for thyself the esteem in which the knight is held by both

his neighbors and his tenants, and the affection which his servants, who have been with him from youth, have for him. And what better proof of a man, his nobleness of character, can be had, asks Sir Andrew, than that his servants love him and have been in his employ for years? The strong affection, too, which exists between Sir Roger and his chaplain—can Sir Andrew deny that this shows the kindness and good-will of the old knight?

I, perchance, have tired thee with my long account of Sir Roger, and thou wilt say that Will Honeycomb is full tilt on one of his new hobbies, but I cannot let Sir Andrew give thee a false notion of one of the truest English gentlemen, to my mind, of our day. With well wishes to Captain Sentry, I close,

Thy friend,

WILL HONEYCOMB.

DEBATE—RESOLVED, THAT ARBITRATION TAKE THE PLACE OF WAR.

AFFIRMATIVE PRESENTATION—RICHARD EBLE, '96.

NEGATIVE PRESENTATION—ARTHUR THOMPSON, '96.

AFFIRMATIVE PRESENTATION.

WAR belongs to other ages and to other forms of civilization than those in which and under which we live. Its destructiveness, brutality and injustice hinder the humanizing tendencies of the nineteenth century. We have become accustomed to look elsewhere than to the battlefield to settle national disputes, and have learned that there are better and cheaper ways to settle them than by war.

Humanity is tending toward more fraternal relations. Commerce, educational institutions, the telegraph and railroads—all are the enemies of war and the handmaids of peace.

As the people become more highly civilized and rational they value the human

life more and have a growing horror of the cruelties of war. As the centuries roll on there is a marked decrease of war, showing a growing disinclination to resort to war in disputes. This is a token of universal peace.

The free press, the educator of the masses, is another enemy of war. The correspondent who describes the horrors of war, does more to convince the masses of the uselessness and barbarity of war than the most eloquent preachers that thunder against the horrors that they have never faced. It earnestly and vigorously declares and teaches the great fundamental doctrines of peace.

Another enemy of war is the growing influence of woman. If her heart must

break she will not allow it to break in an unnoticed silence. In former years it was her duty to send to the battle-field husband, son and lover, to gain glory or find death, while she wept and prayed at home. This division of parts was no doubt inevitable, but as hers was entirely uncompensated, she may well be excused if, in the future, she protests against conflicts in which she pays a great price and receives no reward.

War cannot by its nature be anything but utterly cruel and barbarous, and if we want to prevent cruelty and barbarity we must check them at the fountain head. Can it be doubted that this is the conclusion to which modern feeling irresistibly and inevitably tends? There is plainly visible a growing detestation of the odious massacres which from time to time disgrace the world, and a growing desire to discover some honorable means of doing without them. Why not try arbitration?

Within the last twenty years arbitration has taken the place of war in a great many disputes. Among the most noteworthy were those between France and Prussia, Turkey and Greece, Great Britain and Portugal, Great Britain and Russia, Great Britain and the United States.

The first arbitration of this century was resorted to by our own country. We, as disputants or judges, have been in over sixty-three cases which arbitration has settled. This certainly indicates the tendency of civilization.

The organization of societies for the promotion of peace is another important factor. The Parliamentary League of Europe was recently organized with forty members of the French and English Parliaments, and in four years its membership swelled to fourteen thousand, including representatives of all the great powers.

But the great and fatal argument against war is that it does not pay. There was

a time when the force of this plea was not generally recognized. Then passions were fiercer, traditions stronger, popular rights in embryonic feebleness. The hope of conquest, the quarrels of dynasties, and religious differences all helped to usher in the dawn of the coming era, the era of common sense, which balances the good and bad of any given course, and adopts the more expedient.

The wars of America and Europe alone, from 1790 to 1880, a period of ninety years, destroyed four millions four hundred and seventy thousands of human lives, and fifteen billions two hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars of the proceeds of human industry. The cost of the war system of Europe alone is now over two billions three hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars per year, employing twelve millions of men, taken away from productive industries of the countries. The war system of the countries necessitates a further taxation, burdening the people to a greater extent; in some countries they are now groaning under the weight of taxes.

Now select your course. Before you lie two paths—arbitration and war. The former is the ideal life, educational and justifiable. The latter dark, gloomy, degrading and barbarous. Select the former and you have peace, prosperity and good will to men. Select the latter and you cast yourself into everlasting gloom, wrench yourself from all educational industries and ruin your country.

NEGATIVE PRESENTATION.

In the unceasing evolution of ideas there are continually being developed new theories in all the arts and sciences. A new theory, which some people say is being very rapidly unfolded, is the theory that war is to be displaced by arbitration. But some are disposed to look for a too

rapid development of this most excellent theory. That it has, more and more, come into use, is a fact ; but that it will at any time wholly supplant war, is impossible.

There are serious disadvantages in this system which prevent its general adoption. The tardiness of arbitration in dealing with questions which demand promptness is a defect which cannot be remedied. A fitting example of this characteristic is portrayed in the Fishery Question. This question has occupied the minds of some of the greatest diplomats of England and America since the close of the Revolutionary War, and is still an open question. Cannot war, with its newly acquired arts and devices, produce more satisfactory results than this ?

As men have become more enlightened they have sought for more humane means of adjusting difficulties than by the use of war. In their search they have found that arbitration nearly answers the requirements. The aim of this system is to adjust international difficulties and at the same time preserve peace. But in this peace, which is the aim of arbitration, arise vices in the form of commercial and political corruption, which are more destructive than any evil which war has produced. On the other hand, there is no time in the history of a country when there is more patriotism manifested than in the time of war. The multitude of men who join in the support of their country when it is in need, is ample proof of this assertion.

When, in reviewing the history of nations, we observe the effects of their great wars, we cannot fail to notice the remarkable prosperity which followed them. At the close of the Revolutionary War, when our country was in a state of poverty, it was possible, through the patriotism of the people, to improve the condition of the country so as to place it among the most powerful nations of the earth. The same effect will be found

throughout history. The most prosperous ages of Greece and of Rome were immediately after their great wars. Compare these periods of prosperity and growth with any period of peace, and you must admit that the years which followed the wars were attended with a more healthful condition than were the years of peace.

Although arbitration may be employed in many cases of international difficulty, it has one fault which seriously impairs its efficiency. I refer to its inadequacy to meet all the demands made upon it as a substitute for war. The particular classes of difficulties which arbitration is unable to solve are those which threaten the liberty of the people, and those which are excited by their sympathy or prejudice. These two general classes embrace a host of particular cases. When an invading conqueror, as Napoleon, threatens the liberty of a people, arbitration will not be resorted to by either party. The threatened nation will not allow it, lest a decision in favor of the conqueror deprives the people of their liberty ; nor he, for fear the decision may defeat his purpose. Both would rather fight than arbitrate.

In the time of the French Revolution, and in the time of the religious wars of England and Spain, prejudice was wrought by religious fervor to such a state that there was no observance of law and order. Arbitration has never been sufficiently perfect to take the place of war in such cases.

How long might the American Colonies have waited for arbitration to gain for them their independence ? I fear that if arbitration alone had been available we would still be Englishmen and that the United States of America would never have existed.

The slavery question proves very conclusively the inadequacy of arbitration to solve difficulties which have been excited by prejudice. On one side of this question were men who believed it to be right to buy

and sell slaves. They had been brought up from childhood in its midst and could see no wrong in it. The right to trade in slaves was not only upheld by their State legislatures, but had been handed down from time immemorial. There has been hardly a country, civilized or barbarian, from the earliest time, which has not held

slaves. Never before had this right been seriously questioned. On the other side were men determined to carry out the principle that "All men are created equal." In this discussion there was prejudice on one side, rigid determination on the other. War, and war alone, could decide between them.

EIN BILD.

ELIZABETH WELDON, '94.

DIE Blitze zucken und erhellen auf Augenblicke die Gegend; vor uns liegt der See—

"Seht hin,

Wie's branded, wie's wogt und Wirbel zieht
Und alle Wasser aufruehrt in der Tiefe."

Ein Nachen treibt ans Ufer, in diesem befinden sich zwei Maenner der Lande Schwyz. Den einen mit den edlen Zuegen erkennen wir sogleich, es ist der Tell. Kraeftiglich hat er soeben durch die tobenden Fluten gerudert, denn es galt das Leben eines Biedermanns zu retten. Dieser schaut dankbar auf zu seinem Retter, der ihn der Gewalt des Vogts entrissen.

Noch immer hat die herrliche Sonne ihr Antlitz verhuellt, nur die schwarzen Wolken ziehen ueber die Gegend hin. Wieder

enthuellen die Blitzstrahlen eine andre Scene jenseits des Sees: Ein Trupp Reiter sprengt dahin, eine Herde schmutzigen Vie mit sich fuehrend, und die Flammen einer brennenden Huette erheben sich hoch in die Luft. Vor dieser stehen kummervolle Gestalten. Der Eine, ein alter Fischer ringt die harten Haende, als ob er Gerechtigkeit des Himmels erflehe. Neben ihm steht ein Handbube mit blonden Locken und nackten Fuessen. Er haelt den Melknopf in der Hand und schaut sehnsuechtig dem Viehe nach.

Im fernen Hintergrunde dieser Scene erheben sich die Eisgebirge und die Spitzen des Hacken. Nun ist alles wieder dunkel und noch immer giesst unendlicher Regen herab.

FRIDOLIN VOR DEM GOTTESHAUSE.

JESSIE M. AYERS, '94.

ES ist eine breite Landstrasse, welche sich von der Stadt weit in das Land hinzieht; auf beiden Seiten ist dieselbe von einer niedrigen halbverfallenen Steinmauer begrenzt. Unweit der Strasse steht eine alte, gothische Kirche, ganz mit Epheu bewachsen. Es ist Fruhlingszeit; die Voegel flattern unter die Dachtraufe und zwitschern lustig, waehrend sie ihre

Nester bauen. Die lieblichen Veilchen, sowie die andern Blumen des Fruhlings, richten ihre vielfarbenen Kronen im Sonnenschein empor. Deren suesser Duft vermischt sich mit dem der Apfelbluethen, die ueber die Mauer herniederhaengen.

Die alte Glocke der Kirche hat zum Morgengottesdienst eingeladen, und vor dem Gotteshause steht Fridolin. Seine

Augen sind niedergeschlagen und seine ganze Haltung bezeichnet die groesste Ehrfurcht; das Licht des Morgens erleuchtet sein Gesicht. Dem Befehl seiner Gebieterin folge leistend, ahnt er nicht

den feurigen Tod, den ihm sein Herr im Walde bestimmt hat. Kindliche Unschuld und hoechstes Gottvertrauen ist auf seine Stirn gepraegt.

MELCHTHAL AUF DEN BERGEN DER SURENNEN.

HELEN M. SMITH, '94.

WEIT, weit entfernt in dem Lande des ewigen Schnees, von donnernden Hoe-
hen umgeben, fern von den Wohnun-
gen der Menschen breiten sich die maech-
tigen Eisfelder aus. Kein lebendes Wesen
ist zu sehen, nur ein einsamer Juengling,
der mutig auf dem schwindlichten Wege
sich abmueht. Es grauet ihm nicht, die
schreckliche Kaelte fuehlt er nicht, denn
das heilige Feuer der Entschlossenheit
brennt ihm im Herzen, und nichts kann
dessen Leben gebende Waerme kuehlen.
Furchtlos zieht er den muehsamen Weg
durch die fuerchterlichen Gletscherspalten
des Eisstromes dahin.

Wer ist es, was thut er auf diesen oeden
Hoe-
hen? Wie kommt es, dass ein so
junges Gesicht die Spuren so grossen Kum-
mers traegt, dass ein so knabenhaftes
Antlitz diese Charakterfestigkeit aus-
drueckt? "Melchthal!" donnert es von
den Hoe-
hen. "Melchthal!" hallt es mit
Entruestung von den Bergen wider, und
"Melchthal," murmelt es vorwurfswoll
von den Gletschern. Hast du nie von
Melchthal gehoert? Melchthal, der schon
im Fruehling seines Lebens alle Wuensche
seines Herzens seinem blinden Vater, sei-
nem blutenden Vaterlande opferte!

Er schaut durch einen Riss der Berge
hinaus auf die laechelnden gruenen Thae-
ler, die fruchtbaren Felder, die sich an die
umgebenden Huegel schmiegen. Weiter
entfernt erstreckt sich das laechelnde
blaue Wasser des Sees, und die lustigen

Wellen tanzen im Sonnenlichte. Es ist
als ob es erst gestern gewesen waere, dass
er noch an jenem Ufer gespielt, und mit
seinem Vater in jenem Felde gepfluegt.
Und nun? Krank, nackt, blind, auf
seinen Stab gelehnt, wandert der Greis von
Thuer zu Thuer. Ein Geruecht, dass des
Geliebten Leben in Gefahr sei, treibt den
Sohn durch diese wilde, unbewohnte
Wueste von Eis und Schnee. Sein Herz
wird immer schwerer von der Last der
Sorge, doch: "Mut!" mahnt eine Stimme
von oben. "Der brave Mann denkt an
sich selbst zulezt. Vertrau' auf Gott und
rette den Bedraengten."

Dies ist seiner bekueemmerten Seele
eine Antwort. Mit dankbarem Herzen
blickt er auf zum Himmel, und man
koennte wohl in seinen Zuegen lesen:
"Feigherz'ge Vorsicht, fahre hin! Auf
nichts Als blutige Vergeltung will ich
denken."

Wie er so hinschreitet in dem stolzen,
von den Voegten so hart bedraengtem
Lande, den freien Himmel ueber seinem
Haupte, die ewigen Gletscher, fest wie
seine eigene Entschlossenheit, um ihn her,
das Edelweiss, ein Fingerzeig goettlicher
Liebe, auf schwindlichten Hoe-
hen, das Alpengluehen in den stillen Abendstunden
sein Haupt, wie mit einem Heiligenscheine
kroenend, ist er nicht die Personification
der Freiheit selbst, fuer welche er kaempft
und leidet?

CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

JOHN RUTAN, '95.

IN attempting to analyze the character of Alexander, we must hold in mind the fact that it would be impossible for any one, living in his time and with his environment, to undergo the experience which fell to his lot and come forth with unblemished character. Is it any wonder, then, that this man of a race naturally very versatile and imitative, coming into contact with the most luxurious and demoralizing civilization of the east, should deteriorate in nobility of character? As a boy, he was active, full of ardor and enthusiasm, being at the same time, however, calm, prudent, very thoughtful and far-seeing. He was naturally kind and considerate, faithful to his friends and generous to his foes.

He seemed born to rule, and had he but used his gifts as wisely as he employed his executive ability and physical courage, he would have been one of the greatest of *men*, whereas now he can only be called one of the greatest of conquerors, whose life was marred by some of the most terrible of vices. He possessed a rare intellect, and was especially fond of study, chiefly as it pertained to the good conduct of a prince in the government of a people. He was not brought up in the habits of luxury, but, as a military leader, obliged to undergo the dangers and hardships of the battlefield.

Alexander having once made a promise remained faithful to it at whatever cost. An instance of this trait was shown when he was in Asia Minor. He had determined to destroy a certain city named Lampsacus. The ambassador, sent from the city to implore mercy, had once been Alexander's teacher. Knowing the errand and fearing lest, owing to former friendship, he should be persuaded to spare the city,

he declared with a solemn oath as the ambassador approached him, that he would not grant the request he was about to make. The witty ambassador replied: "I have come to implore you to *destroy* Lampsacus." Alexander, pleased with this ready speech, kept his oath and spared the city.

Prosperity and power were beginning to exert a most evil influence over him. He became haughty, imperious and cruel. He treated his captives with extreme cruelty, and torturing them with inhuman brutality. At the storming of Tyre, Alexander displayed a brutal ferocity which tarnished the brightness of his character. As he continued to conquer, his brutality increased and his character rapidly deteriorated.

At Persepolis, Alexander exhibited another evidence of wicked weakness. While in the midst of a banquet, given to his officers, some vain and foolish person, half intoxicated with wine, suggested that they should amuse themselves by burning the Great Palace of Persepolis. Alexander, flushed with wine, fell in with the proposal, and the drunken guests sallied forth to execute their fiendish plans. Arriving at the magnificent palace they applied their torches and soon the gorgeous structure was a mass of flames. Alexander, sobered by the awful spectacle, repented of his wild folly. He ordered the flames to be extinguished; but the infamous deed was done, and another blot, which can never be effaced, tarnished the character of Alexander the Great.

Alexander, after eight years of constant fighting, had become undisputed master of all Asia. His power was now supreme. He lived in the palaces of the Persian monarchs, and gave himself up to all

sorts of vices. Conspiracy and treason prevailed; many of his generals, dismayed and indignant at Alexander's imperious manners, turned against him. During his stay at Samarcand, in a drunken broil, he killed his friend and general, Clitus, who had saved his life at Granicus, and who now ventured to rebuke him for his overbearing pride and his infatuated belief in his divine origin. After this bloody deed the murderer, seized with remorse, passed three days without food and drink.

But in enumerating his bad qualities, let us not overlook his good ones, for he certainly possessed some excellent characteristics. He had a kind and generous nature; he avenged the murder of his enemy, Darius, and, as we have seen, repented sincerely over his rash murder of Clitus. He voluntarily exposed himself like the commonest soldier, sharing the dangers of the battle-field as only a brave and fearless man could. He endeared

himself to his soldiers by sympathizing with their every trouble. His remarkable military genius, his far-reaching plans, his foresight and rapidity of movement, are almost without parallel in history, when we consider the time, the region where he acted and the resources at his command.

He possessed almost every virtue requisite to the character of a great man, and if we find in the record of his deeds actions which are entirely unworthy of him, they were caused chiefly by his environment, and were wholly foreign to his originally kind and amiable disposition.

Although the effects of the conquests of Alexander upon the civilization of Europe were, without doubt, remarkably evil, still they caused an immense diffusion of Hellenic culture and civilization which influenced for ages the condition of Western Asia and of Egypt.

JOHN RUTAN, '95.

TO MY LADY DERE.

WILHELMINE D. OCHS, '94.

WHAN dayes waxe longe, and the warme sonne
 Hir courtshipe of the earthe hath begonne.
 And fowles eke their loves begonne to seke,
 And nature lifteth up hir visage meke,
 Than is it signe that Seint Valentyne
 To alle lovyeres now his course dothe winge,
 And eke to me his face hadde he broughte
 With merrie lokes—of sorrow wiste he naughte.
 His goode presauce inspired swiche courage,
 That noghte coulde it contayne though yonge of age.
 And I wolde saye what my hearte liste,
 But wordes will notte to me comme—I wiste.
 But in my minde these wordes make repetaunce—
 “I love but thee—I love thy countenance.”
 With thee the sonneshine dothe comme and goe
 Leave me, I dye—what can I saye moe?

NATURE IN THE OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.

EMMA S. COOK, '94.

IN the old ballads, the love of nature stands noticeably out. The people seemed to enjoy it as the birds and bees do, not in any critical way. They did not sit down and talk of the beauties of spring and the glories of the sunset, but took it all as a matter of course.

Of all the seasons of the year, the spring-time was to them especially enjoyable. Robin Hood says:

"When shaws been sheen, and shrads full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
'T is merry walking in the forest
To hear the birds' sweet song."

The spring came to them after a long winter, and they were glad once more to come out into the forests, and the open air, and the sunshine. They loved to hear the voices of the little birds which had been silent all the winter.

Of all the spring months, they loved May best. How many allusions are made to the "merrie month of May."

"There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month of all the year
Is the merrie month of May,"

sings one of the old ballad writers. It was then that they had their games and dances about the May pole.

The merry green-wood was a favorite resort for them. There lovers took long walks; there the hunter indulged in his favorite pastime; and there the outlaw found a refuge and made his home.

The winter weather, too, was loved by the people. At times, when

"The winter's weather it waxeth cold,
The frost doth freeze on every hill,
And Boreas blows his blasts so bold,"

the people assembled, the poor at their firesides, the rich in their banqueting halls, to sing songs, to tell tales, and have a merry time. The rough winter developed the sturdier qualities of their natures.

Although in many cases the ballads of the sea are those of shipwreck and disaster, yet the people loved it. Time and time again, we read of mothers sending their sons upon the ocean, and of maidens sending messages to their lovers across the waters.

The trees and flowers were dear to them. Many, indeed most, of the figures are drawn from nature. The ladies have "cherry cheeks," "lily white hands," and "grass-green gowns." "He stood as still as rock of stone," is said of a warrior waiting the coming of his foe. A maiden wailing her faithless lover, says,

"Love fades awa' like morning dew."

Throughout the ballads, we are impressed by the naturalness and simplicity of the people, because of their close contact with nature. They lived a free, happy, out-of-door life. They were true children of nature, and like children found their greatest enjoyment among the forests and fields, where they could hear the birds sing, feel the odor-laden breezes, and gaze upon nature's handiwork.

Principal Hovey spent last summer's vacation traveling and geologizing in Nova Scotia, and he brought home and put in our mineralogical cabinet valuable specimens of gold ore, oxide of manganese, mica, and sulphate of calcium.

James R. Blake, '90, played full-back on the Princeton foot ball team of '93.

PEOPLE I HAVE HELD.

BY AN OLD SOFA.

J. B. WEED, JR., '95.

MANY years have elapsed since the morning when I, in all my glory of brightly polished mahogany and hair-cloth upholstery, was first exhibited to an admiring public, in the warerooms of a large downtown furniture company; but I remember quite distinctly this first notable event in my history. I was a beautiful sofa. Every one said so—how could I help believing it? I did not then comprehend that my beauty was only as deep as the varnish upon my surface, and I considered myself quite above the other articles in the store. Even the carpet was below me.

I said something of this to an old chair, who stood beside me. He replied: "When you have been sat upon as often as I have, you will not be so egotistical. You—" At this point I told him to "dry up," but he said he could not, as there were springs inside of him.

My first visitor was an old lady. She was dressed neatly and plainly, but I thought she seemed not even well-to-do, for she had a tired, care-worn expression upon her face. She was quite pleased with my appearance, but every sofa, like every man, has its price, and the old lady could not buy me. I was very sorry, for she impressed me quite favorably, especially when she sat on me.

Next came a well dressed, well fed, comfortable-looking old gentleman, with his pretty daughter. The young lady wanted him to purchase me at once, but he said that he thought something a little less expensive would answer. Then, after saying he would "call again to-morrow," they departed.

All day long shoppers continued coming,—well dressed and ill-dressed, happy and sad; but when night fell no one had purchased me.

Early the next morning a newly-married couple visited the store, and, after looking at all the other sofas, finally selected me. In the afternoon I was sent to their uptown residence, where I was given a conspicuous place in the parlor.

For many years I remained in that parlor. Births, marriages, and deaths have occurred. I have witnessed great changes while standing there so stolidly. I remember the baby, who was brought to me, wrapped in shawls and blankets, and laid among my cushions. I remember the child who played about me, calling me his ship, with which he was to visit undiscovered shores. I remember the youth who studied while sitting upon me, and idly sticking his pocket knife between my ribs. Then the youth died and there was sorrow in the household. The home seemed dark and still for many weeks afterward.

By this time I had grown a little too shabby and seedy for the parlor, so I was relegated to the library. While I was there the daughter of the house was born, and she, too, made me her comrade and playmate. I remember most of the events of her childhood also. Then, she was courted and became engaged on "that old sofa," and finally she was married in my presence.

After the marriage I was consigned to the attic, where I am writing this sketch. Nothing but the rats disturb me here. My hair has turned gray, and I am filled with rheumatism, but I like to review my past life and think about the many incidents in my career. I am now one of those mountain-and-valley sofas that I used to dislike so much. A stray rat sometimes comes and balances himself upon a spring while I tell him the story of my life.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1894.

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EDITORIAL.

THE ANNUAL of 1894 is herewith offered to the public for inspection.

The productions which it contains are good examples of the literary work which the students of the school have performed during the past year. By means of these the reader can determine whether we have advanced or retrograded in this branch of study. We call his attention to our work and invite his lenient criticism upon it.

Several changes have been made in school affairs since the last number of the ANNUAL was published. Near the close of the last school year, the Junior boys began to make preparations for the Junior Recital, a new institution of the school. It was doubtful, at first, whether this innovation would be favorably received by our friends and by the pupils themselves; but the large attendance on the evening of the entertainment and the general approval which the performance of the different parts of the program received, entirely removed that doubt and decided that the new institution should be a permanent one.

When the boys, old and new, came to school, at the close of the long vacation, it was found that the number of male students was too large for the part of the building set apart for them. A boys' annex was, therefore, established in the

building of the Technical School, and Mr. Wiener was placed in charge of it. This management not only pleased the annex boys in giving them new quarters of their own, but it makes more comfortable the large body of students who still remain at the old school building.

In previous years it was the custom for some member of the Senior Class to favor the school with a declamation every Monday morning. This year the rule has been changed. The speeches which the Seniors make must now be original. The object of this change was to give the Seniors more practice in writing and speaking, and to prepare them more thoroughly for the Commencement exercises than they have formerly been prepared.

High School graduates have been distinguishing themselves at the colleges during the past year. Holden, '91, is one of the Junior honor men at Yale. Joseph Kussy, '91, has been selected to deliver the valedictory at the closing exercises of the New York College of Pharmacy. Lehlbach, '93, received the second prize at the Yale gymnastic contest. Blake, '90, was full-back on the Princeton foot ball team; his playing in the Yale-Princeton game on last Thanksgiving Day showed that, although the High School has no gymnasium or campus, and, therefore, athletics do not take such a prominent place in her affairs as in those of other schools, still, pluck and physical prowess are not lacking in her boys. And there are doubtless many other graduates whose good work at college has not reached the ears of their successors at the old school.

It is an undeniable fact that the grade of the school is gradually becoming higher. The changes which are yearly being made are always changes for the better. But, notwithstanding these improvements in the scholarship of the pupils, the students themselves seem to lack a most important quality, without which the school cannot

very well succeed. That quality is school pride. You may be surprised at this statement and say that all the students pride themselves in the school and its work, and undoubtedly such a feeling does exist among the scholars, but you must own that it has not displayed itself to any great extent during the past few years. You may point to the different societies which are connected with the school, and to the work which has been done in them as monuments of our school-pride; but, again, you must confess that in some of these societies the work has not been as earnestly conducted of late as formerly, and that the students seem to take less interest in it. And, then, there are the athletic sports. There was a time, old graduates say, when the High School teams possessed a wide reputation throughout the country, and constantly defeated their rivals, the Academy boys. Now, we have almost equal shares of victory and defeat. We do not intend to attribute this change of fortune to the boys who have played on the teams and have striven earnestly to win victory for their school, or to those who have supported and encouraged them in their work; but we mean to lay the blame on the large body of students who never attend the games, and seem to take no interest whatever in the sports. We hope that in the coming base ball season they will offer more encouragement to the teams.

We might continue and enumerate fifty ways in which an increase of this feeling would benefit the school. Of course, there is no room to do so here. May it be sufficient to say that we hope that the present Senior Class may witness such a change before it leaves the school.

In the Girls' Department we can record several changes. Rumors had been heard during the summer vacation that Miss Greene was not going to teach. Of course,

the Senior girls were saying, "It's too mean for anything," but when they learned that Miss Greene could now devote all her time to her duties as Vice-Principal, and, furthermore, that her position as teacher would be filled by Miss McNary, who had been teaching at the Normal School, and by Miss Coult, who had already won the hearts of her pupils, they began to look at the matter in a more optimistic light. That the Girls' Department is much improved since Miss Greene can attend to it uninterruptedly is well known. So the loss to the few has resulted in the good to the many. Still, we fancy that Miss Greene looks just a bit longingly at us Seniors, her "would-have-beens," as she calls us. We also found, when we assembled in the fall, that Miss Allen had left us. Her pupils all wish her well, and hope that she will think of them while attending to her duties elsewhere. At the annex, Miss Hardin was added to our corps of teachers, and Miss Kirk was with us for the first half year.

If a visitor enters the High School building upon any Tuesday morning he will be welcomed by such strains of delightful melody as will make him utter, "Where should this music be, i' the air or the earth?" Let such a person know that we are simply taking a singing lesson from Mrs. Griggs. Our progress in this study has been marked, so that now, under the new régime, we are capable of rendering selections from almost *any* composer! Tenor! base! alto! Why, certainly, we can sing them *all*. And what a beautiful quartette we do make! It is surprising into what prima donnas we are developing—miniature Pattis, promising Melbas, and, from the echoes proceeding from the realms above, we know that the boys are rivaling Campanini and de Reszke.

Not many weeks ago our school was startled by a great noise. We soon found that a portion of the ceiling of this ancient

building had left its station. Our Principal had just passed through that hall. One minute had spared—well, a little inconvenience, to use a mild term. O, ye citizens of Newark, consider!

The "Alumni of the Newark Public High School" was founded to increase the mutual acquaintance of the members who are graduates of the Commercial Department, and to maintain a social and friendly intercourse among them. This association was organized on the eighth of July, 1890. There are at present one hundred and fifteen members, six of whom are honorary, viz, Dr. E. O. Hovey, Chas. F. Kayser, James M. Quinlan, Arthur V. Taylor, Wm. C. Sandy and Frank G. Gilman. In January, April, July and October of each year the society holds its regular meetings. Besides the annual banquet in April and the annual meeting in July, they hold concerts and entertainments throughout the year. The President of the organization is Geo. V. Tucker, '89; Secretary, Herbert L. Throwless, '88; Treasurer, Wm. P. Smith, '83, and Paul Petre, '93, member of the Executive Committee. The Alumni has worked for the interests of the High School and has increased the commercial library considerably by its donations.

The Scientific Department of the High School has made considerable progress during the past academic year. Through the efforts of the students, there have been added to the Agassiz Library twenty-five new volumes on technical subjects. One of these was procured from Japan.

The efforts of the students to raise funds to wire the laboratory were successful, but the work has not proved as satisfactory as was desired, on account of the alternating current and poor wiring without the building.

Specimens of workmanship were entered

at the World's Fair. Although the exhibit did not have a very prominent position, it received many complimentary remarks. It was the only one of its kind from any State in the Union, and compared favorably with displays from purely technical schools.

March 1st was the second anniversary in the history of the Newark Weather Bureau Station. For two years there have been four observations taken daily. Not one omission has occurred since its organization. The work, as conducted by the students, has attracted admiration throughout our own and adjoining States. Following our example, as suggested by the *American Meteorological Journal*, there have been established similar stations in various parts of New Jersey and Massachusetts. Our station is one not only of observation but also of display. The telegram, as daily received from Washington, is posted in the case on Washington street, the flag signals displayed from the flag pole at the corner, and a daily record is furnished the papers.

Have you seen our new class pins? They are worthy of inspection. The Seniors are instantly recognized by the all-important air with which they carry themselves and their class pins.

We desire to express our obligations to Messrs. Adolf Barthman, '94, and William Talbot, '95, for assistance rendered in the publication of this paper.

Such a pleasant afternoon as we Seniors did spend one Wednesday! We looked forward with intense eagerness to the *last* and *too-short* period of that afternoon. It was this way: Each young lady was given the name of a class-mate, and disclosure as to whose "nomen" she had procured was forbidden. Then our poetical talents were hurried into execution. How we did

invoke the muses, sigh for some inspiration, and with one frantic effort address some weak and halting verse to "My Valentine!" The smooth and gliding rhymes, the soft, endearing terms would put any poet to shame and cause them to retire from the poetical stage. "My Valentine" received her verses under close secrecy, then, when she had displayed her elocutionary power by reading them, she was compelled to guess the name of the composer. Many were the young ladies accused of productions their brain had never conceived of! Our teachers were with us, and they, as well, put their poetical abilities to test by composing valentines to the young ladies whose names they drew. Miss Greene came in to see the fun, and was overwhelmed by receiving a val-

entine, too, without a pseudonym or without the slightest hint as to who composed the mystic lines. After we Seniors, now on the brink of graduation, have left this *venerable* building, we shall look back with keenest pleasure to Saint Valentine's Day, February 14, 1894.

By the death of Fanny Hagstoz our class lost one of its brightest and loveliest spirits. No one saw her but to admire her beauty, and no one knew her but to love her. She was a great favorite among us all, for she was kind and courteous to every one. Her memory is not marred by one unpleasant recollection, and we are glad to have known, even for so short a time, one so sweet and true.

A Class, '97.

MARRIAGES.

Trinette Courtois, '85, to Stephen Byard Harrison.
 Corinne J. Lyle, '85, to Dr. Joseph Sanford Vinson.
 Rachel Fried, '90, to Philip Bornstein.
 Lizzie McDonald, '89, to Clarence Giffin.
 Elizabeth Bourne, '91, to George Dickinson.
 Annie I. Willis, '82, to Alfred McCullough.
 Mabel T. Crane, '91, to Lee Lamar Andrews.
 Florence A. Vreeland, '90, to William Blewett.
 W. J. Hegeman, '84, to Miss Grace Parker.

DEATHS.

George A. Disch, '93.
 Alice Leucht, '86.
 Jennie D. Cochrane, '94.
 Freda Schwerin, '94.
 Fanny Hagstoz, '97.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SONGS OF SCOTT'S "LADY OF THE LAKE.

CAROLINE WILLIAMS, '96.

"It is all one song of the Minstrel Harp
* * * that mouldering long hast hung."

BUT in its reawakened strains it repeats the almost forgotten lays of those knights and ladies of old. Like the nightingale, "with its many voices singing many songs," it recalls not alone the "harper hoar" but knight and lady, maid and youth as well. Roused from their musty tombs these ancient persons move back and forth to its strains. Its subtle melody unlocks those speechless lips, to which

* * * "in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came."

We hear again the lays of Ellen, of Norman, Blanch and the Graeme. Again the hoary minstrel touches his harp-strings, and again the happy Highland chorus rings in our ears or wails in doleful melody.

How much it all tells us of the power of song in that chivalrous age! How much more it suggests of those olden folk of Romance and their unpremeditated lays. "Unpremeditated!" Scott has emphasized this in line after line. First, when Ellen, "innocently gay," fashions to the metre of her song a verse of her own composing in that pause when Allan's harp "fills up the symphony between." Sweet Ellen! The little lay partakes of her own engaging charm as carefully she feels her way o'er the paths of changing metre. And once again we hear the youthful voice, now gay no longer, but trembling all through the lines in pleading accompaniment to the minstrel's strains.

"Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast and reviled;
Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, hear a suppliant child!"

But hark! Other voices warble to the music of strings, and we detect in the stronger verses that higher education given the masculine mind. How happily Malcolm profited by the training we can see in these four lines expressive of his restless discontent.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl
Inch after inch, along the wall."

Nor does Scott confine the art to nobles. Poor Blanche of Devan, though a simple Lowland maid, evinces skill in song.

"They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung.—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue."

The poor wayward fancy has flown for an instant back to its home,—but only to cry piteously at the scene of havoc there. Yet in a moment it may burst forth in unconscious mockery of its plight with some light-hearted strain.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!"

And not the least of all Scott's art is the way in which he mingles the cunning of the maniac's brain with its former skill,—the way in which Blanche shrouds her warning to Fitz-James in an exquisite allegorical poem.

And now, coming to the true minstrel, Allan-bane, we find how much less he depends on the ready ballad of the day. With ear and eye alert he perceives much that escapes our duller vision, and with the magician's conscious power touches the harp-string with bolder hand. But alas! we may gather but impressions as we go, and many a fragrant blossom of song must plead in vain for a place in our

o'er filled hands. But we cannot pass by our only epic song,—the lay that Old Allan strikes for Roderick Dhu. Scott, of course, best describes it.

"As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam."

In full sympathy we follow whither the bard now leads, and when, suddenly, his calm gives way to apprehension, still we follow blindly on.

"Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?

* * * * *

"I see the dagger crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war
That up the lake comes winding far!"

And from this point on, it truly does "drive downward swift as lightning's beam!" It seems hardly to be imagined that lines such as these should have been so readily improvised; but there is every authority for the assumption, and our only conclusion can be that the poet of romance was made of finer metal than our modern drudging bard. It may be that our minstrel harp has softened these ancient lays,—but yet they are so filled with poetic imagery, that, even without their perfect measure, they could scarcely have been less beautiful than now. And surely our specimens of a lyrist's lament had many a counterpart in history when some household bard "poured his wailing o'er the dead."

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid?"

So its verses run, having as their burden

"O woe for Alpine's honored pine."

But how rude is the hand that pushes feeble Allan-bane aside! How different the discordant voice that takes up the strain. The rollicking verses of the soldier's catch surely cannot be of value to us! Yet, even they are held by the run-

ning thread of gold on which all these gems of Scott are strung. It is truth to nature. This "merry catch," so loudly trolled by bold John of Brent, was just such a one as often rang through the barracks of the mediæval keep. But the soldier's stiff fingers can only thrum on our Minstrel Harp, and ere some frail string is snapt our gentle harper takes it from him.

Scott himself must be the minstrel for these two contrasting lays. Ah, how happily the harp-strings tremble in answer to their master's touch! But as the thrill dies away a moaning measure quivers on the strings,—swelling and vibrating through the air. A shudder passes through its responsive frame, and the words of the cheerless Coronach fall upon our ears. Each line of the Celtic dirge is choked with sobs. It is one long continuous wail; but a softness enters into the last few lines. It is like a slow farewell, with more of the tenderness of sorrow than of its despair.

Again the harp strings shudder, but ere they wholly cease the notes return upon them. Again they swell as before,—but O how different is the import of this song! It is the merriest of merry boat-strains, with its sound of Highland pipes and lusty voices ringing out the victorious round. We hear the sweep of the oars as the music is wafted nearer. Snatches of the lay rise above the shrieking pipes.

"Lennox and Levenglen
Shake when they hear again,
'Roderich vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'"

But must we leave out "Alice Brand?" O, how full of association comes the little song! In its humble garb it stands, knocking at the doors of our hearts.

"I slipped away from Old Allan," it whispers. "I wanted to be the last,—for I come a messenger of the mind of the Middle Age. Their hearts' note was simplicity,—believe me,—I was their idol,—the delight of shepherd boy as well as of king and queen.

ATHLETICS.

LAST year's base ball team, although it won two out of three games, was not a success. This was owing to lack of practice, and this, in turn, to the great trouble we had in securing grounds. The first game played was with the East Orange High School, resulting in

played was again with East Orange, and we had no trouble in doubling the score on them. Result, 12 to 6. The day set for the game with the Academy proved stormy, and as it was then too near Commencement to arrange another date, we did not meet them. Speaking of the



THE HIGH SCHOOL FOOT BALL TEAM.

our defeat by the close margin of one run. Geppert pitched a pretty good game, but was not well supported behind the bat. Later, however, when Hagstoz caught, things went better. The match with the Clinton A. C. was a great victory, offsetting our defeat by them in foot ball. Although we played but six innings, the score gave us 25 to their 4. The last game

work through the season, we would say that the fielding was good, considering the little practice we had; but the batting was very weak. Individually, we had some good players, Capt. Giles being the best short-stop the school has ever had, and Hagstoz and Geppert turned out to be a first-class battery. Giles will be missed this year and also Holden, our best batter,

who is now at Yale. The prospects this year for a good fielding team are very fair. We still have the old battery, and there is some good material in the under-class. At the bat, however, we will probably again be weak, and securing grounds will certainly be a difficult task. In a meeting held March 13th, steps toward organization were taken and officers for the coming season were elected.

The officers of the Foot Ball Association of last fall were Prof. Sonn, President; Hagstoz, '96, Secretary; Bugg, '95, Treasurer; Eble, '96, Manager, and Meier, '94, Captain. The record of the team consisted of two victories, two defeats and a tie game. The Clinton A. C. and Academy teams outclassed us, and had no trouble in winning. Nevertheless, we succeeded in scoring six points from the latter. Our games with the N. J. Business College proved to be easy victories—one by the score of 30 to 0 and the other by 18 to 0. Perhaps the most exciting game was that played at Montclair with the Montclair High School. Neither side could score, and it was hard work from start to finish. We out-played them in the line and had better interference, but fumbled badly. One of the pleasantest features of this game was the fact that twelve or fifteen of the fellows went up to Montclair to yell for us. Another encouraging thing was the presence of Dr. Hovey at one of the games. By the way, we won that game, and if the faculty would only follow the Doctor's example we might be more successful, and it certainly would put life into the players. Of the different men it is rather hard work to speak. Ripley, this season, again proved himself the "old reliable," and Capt. Meier had plenty of enthusiasm and was right there on every tackle. Several beginners put up a remarkably good game. Of these Harris, Sanborn and Hagstoz made good records.

The last-named has been elected captain of the team for next year.

A new departure in foot ball which excited great interest among the boys, was the game between '94 and '95. While '94 won, as was to be expected, they had to work hard to keep '95 from scoring, and in the second half a neat tackle by Harris was the only thing that kept the Juniors from making a touchdown. Capt. Young, for '94, particularly distinguished himself by several long runs, while the running of Champenois and the work of all in '94's line was first-class. '95 made large gains by masses on the centre. The playing of Cook and Von Gehren in the line, and of Capt. Bugg, Marker and Coursen back of the line, was about the best for '95. Final score, '94, 20; '95, 0.

These class games are a fine thing for developing material for the school teams, and should be encouraged by the Association. The number of new men who popped up in the Senior-Junior game has a very promising look. It was too bad that the weather would not permit '95 and '96 to meet. Right on this line we ought now to be looking out for class contests in base ball. Last year we had none, but we should not make that mistake again.

How to raise elephants. Use a derrick.

Jever thinks that on a railroad train it is the freight rather than the engine that makes the cargo.

"Will the coming man use both arms?" asks the scientist. Yes, if he can trust the girl to handle the reins.

A young man who played his first game of foot ball last season told the doctor who sewed his lip and glued his ear together with court-plaster, that he had'nt had so much fun since he was kicked in the spine by a mule.

THE FISHERMAN'S REFORMATION.

A BALLAD.

ANNINA PERIAM, '94.

I N a town by the side of the deep blue sea,
 There dwelt a fisherman bold,
 And all day long by his door sat he,
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,"
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom."

No care had he from noon till night,
 This fisherman by the sea,
 But ever he cried with all his might,
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,"
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom."

The neighbors said, "He is surely daft,
 This fisherman by the sea,
 No more doth he follow his honest craft,
 Singing, 'Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,'"
 Singing, 'Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom.'"

But one dark night, ere the Spring was o'er,
 This fisherman by the sea
 Saw a goblin standing by the door,
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,"
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom."

Said the goblin, "You're the man I need,
 You fisherman by the sea,
 No more such a lazy life you'll lead
 Singing, 'Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,'"
 Singing, 'Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom.'"

And then the goblin came so near
 This fisherman by the sea,
 He thought he could his breathing hear,
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,"
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom."

But just at that moment, strange to say,
 This fisherman by the sea
 Awoke from his dream—it was bright mid-day—
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,"
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom."

"No more will I live at ease," said he,
 This fisherman by the sea,
 "I will work for my wife and familee,"
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,"
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom."

So now, if you chance to pass that way,
 This fisherman by the sea,
 Will be off in his boat the live-long day,
 But still singing, "Sweedle-dee,
 sweedle-dee-dee,"
 Singing, "Sweedle-dee, sweedle-dee wumptom."

WHO that saw the farce, the "Gar-roters," which was given by the B. Senior division of the Montagu Society, dare say that our girls have not dramatic talent? We are proud of them, especially when we consider the noble results of their work. For how could more than twenty little children have been made so happy upon that Friday before Christmas, if it had not been for that most successful farce? If the girls *were* tired, they felt amply repaid by the joy which lit up the faces of the little ones, as they received their pretty, as well as useful, gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus. Those who passed the school upon that rainy day did not perhaps know that, up above, the beautiful Christmas tree was shedding its light over a roomfull of happiness, gratefulness and good will.

AMERICA'S POSITION IN THE WORLD.

HERBERT W. SNOW, '94.

WHERE can a country be found possessing so many elements of greatness as does America? If you ask for instances of military skill, combined with patriotism, we point with pride to Washington, who fought not for party or for personal honor, but for his country and his country's liberty. If statesmanship is demanded, we find no brighter names on the pages of history than the names of Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln. In the field of science, who has excelled the achievements of Franklin, Fulton, Morse, or Edison? Where do you find poets, heroes, divines, or scholars, excelling those of our country, America, the youngest of all nations, yet the grandest and the geatest of them all?

Her position is to be attributed to her unbounded physical resources, her moral and educational influences, the patriotism of her countrymen, and her system of government. She is capable of raising the products of nearly every latitude; within her boundaries are vast mines of mineral wealth; thousands of acres of natural forest await the woodman's axe; her numerous navigable rivers and lakes afford quick and cheap transport for persons and products. These natural advantages, combined with the most extensive railroad system of the world, sustain an internal commerce greater than the foreign commerce of England, while on either side of

her broad domain her shores are washed by an ocean, which enables her to rank as one of the foremost commercial countries of the world.

As a result of England's aggressions on America in the eighteenth century, we set up a government of our own. This form of government, though an experiment then, has proven most effective in allowing the largest degree of personal liberty, while affording the most ample protection. This government not only has made America the home of the free, but has furnished a home for the oppressed of all countries, for the martyrs of every creed and for the victims of despotic arrogance. Here their industry is encouraged, their piety respected, and their ambition stimulated.

Is not America a fit example for all other countries to follow? See what progress she has made during the past one hundred years! What a name she has secured for herself! What general prosperity she has achieved! No one is bold enough to predict the wonderful development which will take place and the position she will occupy at the close of another one hundred years. Now she excels the renowned nations of antiquity—Rome and Greece—as they were in their brightest days. By what standard shall we compare her future greatness—as under the present favorable auspices she seems led forth by Providence to a most glorious destiny?

A SONNET—TO MY VALENTINE.

ETHEL FARMER, '94.

MY Valentine, who by thy gentle grace
Hath cheered and warmed my faint and
weary heart,—

Thou, by thy magic touch, doth make depart
All Sorrow's cruel and relentless trace,
And from my mind forever doth efface
All doubt; for crafty Cupid by his art
Hath pierced my breast, and his swift-flying dart

For me hath made this world a sacred place,
Wherein with thee, and by thy love divine
Content I'll dwell, from every sorrow free,
Mid fragrant flowers in some soft vale benign,
Where loved and cherished thou shalt ever be,
My own most pure, most lovely Valentine!
Sweet maid, fond maid, my life is all for thee!

ZWEI BILDER.

ELIZABETH CLEARMAN, '95.

KOENIGIN Louise von Preussen! wenn ich jenen Namen nennen hoere, muss ich unwillkuerlich an ein schoenes, edles Weib denken, deren Jugendbildniss die Wand unsrer Schulstube ziert.

Wie sprechend ist der Austruck dieses holden Angesichts, welcher Geist spricht aus den tiefen, dunklen Augen, und welches liebliches Laecheln spielt um den schoenen Mund! Ein Diadem schmueckt das jugendliche Haupt und weiche Locken schmiegen sich an den herrlichen Hals. Ja, sie war wahrlich eine Koenigin! Die ganze Erscheinung laesst uns den hohen

Charakter der spaeter so hochverehrten, vielgeliebten Herrscherin ahnen.

Ein zweites Bild kommt mir in den Sinn! Ich sehe die jugendliche Gestalt nicht mehr, sondern eine vielgepruefte, aber durch die Pruefung veredelte, koenigliche Erscheinung. Sie steht vor dem weltberuehmten Napoleon; sie fleht um ihr Vaterland, fuer ihr Volk, mit Worten voll Leidenschaft und Weh. Ja, sie kniet selbst vor dem stolzen Weltbeherrscher; doch er, obgleich er ihre Schoenheit, ihren Liebreiz, ihren Edelmut anerkennen muss, bleibt ungeruehrt.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

GRACE A. FRAZEE, '95.

DIE Sonne ist eben untergegangen. Der Abendzephyr weht friedlich durch das offene Fenster, und draussen sieht man den tiefblauen Himmel, wo der goldene Abendstern auf die stille Erde herunterblickt. Wie ein guter Freund schaut er auf den Greis, der vor einem Fluegel nahe dem Fenster sitzt.

Des alten Mannes Zuege sind gegen den Hintergrund des tiefen Himmels klar abgezeichnet; das Gesicht traegt die Spuren grossen Kummers, noch aber ist es voll schoepferischer Kraft—der Kraft, die ihn fast zu einem Gotte gemacht hat; doch die Augen, die in der Jugendzeit vom

Feuer der Begeisterung blitzten, sind jetzt geschlossen, und um den Mund, voll fester Entschlossenheit, spielt ein wehmuetiges Laecheln, waehrend die welken Haende ueber die Tasten gleiten und uebermenschliche Harmonien—die Wehklage uebermenschlichen Leides erwecken. Gar maechtiglich ergreifen diese Melodien die Seele; doch er, der sie hervorruft, hoert sie nicht; sein Ohr ist den Zaubertoenen verschlossen, nur seine Seele vernimmt sie und fuehlt ihre Bedeutung.

Dieser koenigliche Greis ist Ludwig von Beethoven, der blinde, taube Meister.

A VISIT TO CHINATOWN.

EDWIN L. SMALLEY, COMMERCIAL, '94.

MANY people think of Chinatown as being that part of San Francisco occupied by the Chinamen who live under ground. This is a false idea. It includes, in truth, the habitations of the Chinese over the ground as well as under it.

It is crowded with about fifty-five thousand persons, and is actuated by passions and ambitions, as is every American town. Each individual tries to reach some higher step in the social world.

In making a visit to this queer town, we would likely be guided by our curiosity and go under ground first—down to the second story. The houses are partitioned off in rooms, as our dwellings above ground are. But instead of having bedsteads—that article of furniture so necessary to us—they have cut in the walls bunks, on which they retire. They are built in much the same manner as the berths in our ocean steamers and sleeping cars.

Chinese enjoy life there as we do in our homes, and have many kinds of pleasant games and customs. The principal game is their monotonous Fan-tan. They sit, playing by the hour, and either win or lose their money—for it is gambling which gives them the pleasure in the game.

The opium haunts are also under the earth, and after you have staid there for a few moments your nostrils and head, unaccustomed to the sickening odor, feel the effect of the dense smoke, and so you desire the fresh air.

But, before we go, let us take a look at the wide-famed "Cat Woman." Her rooms are like the rest, but instead of having comforts for herself, she provides them for her one thousand cats, which are on the bunks, on the shelves, and even on her head and shoulders.

We are faint and hungry, so let us visit a Chinese restaurant of the outer world. They are gorgeously decorated, and the waiters, the leading women of the town, are dressed in the finest silks and satins, the many bright colors of which make the general view very pleasing. The food, although it satisfies the hunger of a Chinaman, does not please even the eye of an American.

The theatres, instead of having the play change once a week, have the same one from the beginning of the year to the end, while the spectators pass in and out as they please. There is little to the play—all you understand is that each member of the orchestra is apparently trying to make more noise than is his neighbor. There seems to be no music—all noise.

Let us visit the church, or, as they call it, "Joss House." It is named after the image they worship. The interior is very handsomely decorated with Chinese paintings and gold trimmings. Galleries, one above another, are arranged in tiers five or six in height. All the worshippers are smoking most of the time, and the smoke becomes very thick and stifling. There is in the Joss House, as in the theatre, an imitation of an orchestra, continually making an almost unbearable noise.

The Chinese seem to have taken possession of the town, at least appearances point in that direction. Hardly a week passes in which a murder is not committed, and a Chinaman is rarely arraigned before a police magistrate. They even go so far as to use a street in giving a dancing party or in holding religious services. One house has had so many murders committed in it that it is known as the "murder house." Let us be thankful that we live in the open air and away from those murderous people who inhabit Chinatown.

A CLASSICAL TRAGEDY.

JENNIE V. KITCHIN, '94.

A peculiar incident occurred one day recently. Our Cook was preparing dinner in the Kitchen when she became alarmed by a great Rummelling noise. She listened for a moment that she might tell more distinctly whence the sound came. Soon a knock was heard at the door and a man, Schwerin in a most astounding manner, demanded admittance. Upon being admitted he said that a Jolley Smith had been struggling through the Meyer to catch a glimpse of a Griffin, two Cranes, and a Martin, which had been wildly flying alternately to two tall Ochs on the opposite side of the street. The Smith was walking along merrily, jingling the Nichols in his pocket and munching away on a beautiful, rosy-cheeked Baldwin apple, when his bliss was suddenly disturbed by a cry of "Great Scott, man!" Turning, he saw Tom's son speedily approach-

ing, with mischief in his eye. "The Dickenson his pate," he thought, and his first impulse was to run, but he resolved to defy the comer, whether for Weil or woe. After many vigorous words a struggle ensued, in which both tried with might and Main(s) to gain the victory. Suddenly, the Smith stopped, and facing his opponent with an air of superiority, he said, "Your Peeriam, and will not sacrifice my dignity by an open quarrel on such a public street," whereupon he dealt his opponent such a blow that he felled him to the ground and rendered him unconscious. Doctors Sutphen, Woodruff, Oakley, Stull, Chedister, Ferguson and Dickerson were called in, and in fact all the town physicians, but all their skill was not sufficient to bring him to his senses. Finally, a shock was applied from a Leyden jar, and the difficulties of Tom's son were soon ended.

A VISIT TO A BLASTING FURNACE.

A. H. HANNOCK, '94.

ONE evening in July last, a party of about ten, who were spending their vacation in Sparta, visited the Franklin Blast Furnace. The start was made about half-past five in the afternoon, as the evening is the best time to go to the furnace. We had a large three-seated carriage, drawn by two grey horses.

It was a very cool and a most delightful evening, and we were all in the best of spirits. After passing through several villages we came to the coke-making district, which is very near the furnaces. Here we saw rows of odd, hive-shaped coke-ovens, near which stood many wagons and trucks filled with coal and coke. The houses were all black with dust from

the ovens and we were glad when we got out where we could see something fresh and green and get a glimpse of the setting sun.

But it was not very long before we plunged into another world of dense smoke. We then knew we were coming very near to the furnaces. As we drove nearer we could see bright flashes of light in the sky, and our driver said they were caused by the men dumping into the furnaces the truck-loads of roughly-calcined ore, ironstone, limestone, anthracite coal or coke, used to make pig iron.

At last we turned a bend in the road, and there stood a row of large circular brick buildings. A large shed with open sides

faced the furnaces. These buildings are built of some hard and incombustible material, as sand, limestone, and fire-clay bricks, and are held together by mighty bands of iron.

We had at last reached our destination. We made our way to the company's office and one of the gentlemen in the party told the superintendent that we would like to see the workings of the furnaces. He at once furnished us with a guide and we started to see one of the most wonderful manufactures in the world. The guide first took us to the engine room, which supplied the row of huge ovens with the blast of hot air which is required to melt the ores.

After leaving the engine room one of the gentlemen asked the guide if we could go up on the platform and look into the furnaces. He said it would be very dangerous to do that, so we went to the large room or shed where the casting was done.

When we first entered we noticed a number of men working in the space in front of the furnace. They were leveling a large layer of damp sand with long wooden beams or molds. They were forming it into what looked like a huge grid-iron, which consisted of three different sized molds. The larger one served as a "feeder" for the smaller ones, which were at first cut off from the large one by means of "shutters," or ridges of sand neatly arranged at their starting point by a number of men with shovels.

As soon as all was ready for the "cast" a signal was given by the foreman to several men, who at once began to drive a long iron bar against the "hearth" of the furnace. After some determined poking and drilling, they managed to loosen and remove a thick plaster of clay and coal-dust that had hitherto kept the liquid iron in its place. Just then we heard a dreadful rumbling and roaring noise, but this was only the hot blast or air being turned

off during the "cast." The men tapped steadily, grasping the long iron bar with their strong muscular hands. As the plaster loosened somewhat little spatters of red-hot metal began to fly about. Soon there was a gurgling burst, and out gushed the liberated torrent, the hot spurt of which made all the workmen scatter in every direction, but the next instant they returned, to prevent this too plentiful flow by flinging shovelfuls of wet sand in its way. Soon, pouring more steadily, the metal rushed down the larger mold (which was on an incline,) to the farthest smaller molds. As each of the smaller mold beds or rows was filled, the barriers of the other rows were removed, and so on until all the molds, large and small, were filled. The tapping hole of the furnace was hurriedly filled with another plaster of clay and coal-dust. Wet sand was shoveled over the bed of the yet glowing metal, and a stream of cold water was turned on to cool it.

Very soon men were moving here and there over the bars amid a cloud of steam, each one armed with sledges or levers with which to break up the yet soft iron, separating the smaller molds from the larger ones, and breaking the large ones into good sized bars, which were then ready for market as pig iron. The stamp of the founder was under each bar, having been first pressed into the sand by the wooden molds.

The men whose business it is to attend upon these flaming and glaring blast furnaces usually work in two relays, or sets of twelve each—one on, one off; for, as a rule, their tasks never cease. These mighty ovens are alight with fire and flame every day, year in, year out, never being allowed to die out, unless it may be for needful repairs, or on account of a failure in the public requirements; for if one is allowed to cool down it costs nearly \$3,000 before it can be put into proper cooking order again.

A VISIT WITH RAMESES II.

JESSIE DONALD, '95.

“O, RA ! Thy love pervades the earth. Thou makest grass for the cattle and fruit-bearing trees for men. He causeth fish to live in the river, and giveth food to the birds upon the wing, food to the mice in their holes, and to the flying creatures on the trees.”

Thus did the songs of praise to our most holy God break upon mine ear, as the first rays of light peeped into my chamber. This was to me the day of days, the day on which I was to go forth into lands of which I had heard so much, and yet had never seen. And as I stood looking toward the golden hills, I wondered if, in all my travels, I should find a spot which was as dear to me as mine own beloved On. “To be sure, I shall find much more magnificence and grandeur than I have ever seen, but I shall not hear at early dawn the songs of devotion, and feel the safety and peace which encircle the children of Ra. Here have I dwelt all the years of my short life, under the shadow of this sacred temple, wherein my dear father ministers. Who will cherish the flowers of my little garden while I am gone ; who will gather them and bring them to lay on the altar of the great Sun God, whose beams first gave them life ?”

Thus thought I as I stood here but a short time ago. Now I have seen all these wonders, and will try, as well as within me lies, to set forth my travels on these, my tablets.

Memphis, the beautiful city, the foundation of the fame and glory of Egypt, is, indeed, a city to be remembered. Here I saw the stupendous tombs of King Khufu and King Khafra, which filled me with awe and wonder, as well as the gigantic image of Horus, which lies at the foot, with wide open eyes, ever fronting the

east, to catch the first daily rays of the great Sun God.

As we passed toward the south I did remark the toiling multitude moulding the clay into bricks for the great buildings which King Rameses doth continually set up. Many of the slaves who tremble at the lash of their taskmasters were of the Hebrews, thus far from their native Goshen. All were busy as we passed, the farmer, with foot on wheel, watering his fields from father Nile, and as diligent as the toiling slaves we had just seen. And so the days went by, one like another, until we came in sight of Thebes, the royal city.

As our boat came up the Nile we were in the midst of a busy scene. Trading vessels, pleasure boats, and fishing vessels glided up and down in ceaseless motion. And on land it was ever the same. What a different life was here from that in mine own little home ! It was to me like a dream—as if I had passed into another world.

On the morrow we made our way through the crowded streets to the temple of Amen. What a massive structure ! On either side of the gateway rose the great towers, commanding a view of the whole city from their many casements. Passing between these towers, we entered a vast outer court, crowded to its utmost capacity by a waiting multitude. On the steps of the temple was ranged the body-guard of the king, and all were waiting for the monarch to emerge from the solemn darkness of the innermost recesses of the temple. It was the day of the great festival of the dead, and all the inhabitants who had dear ones across the river were now assembled to go to Western Thebes, “The City of the Dead.” Suddenly there

was a great hush among the people. The king was coming, and as he drew nearer and came through the halls into the outer court, the soldiers fell in line behind him. "What does this great king look like?" you will ask. Tall, majestic, with a kingly bearing, wearing the crown of Upper and Lower Egypt upon his head, he was the most magnificent personage in all that vast assemblage.

The procession swept on, following the body-guard, till all arrived at the bank of the river, where the waiting boats were soon filled with the masses of people. How solemn it is to think that more than all the number of the living in this great city lie in peaceful repose on the opposite shore, in "The City of the Dead."

When the boats had reached the left bank, each family found their way to the spot where their loved ones were laid to

rest, and offered their beautiful gifts to the happy souls, who were borne into the "Kingdom of Ra." The great king also had an offering for the dead, and to the tomb of the well-beloved father, Seti, he proceeded, and then prayed for his blessing, as he presented his gift. Then a feast was spread, and a great rejoicing for the happy ones, lying in their silent graves, echoed through the sepulchral chambers.

Twilight was gathering when we rowed across the river, and it was quite dark when we reached our dwelling places.

This was my last day in Thebes. On the morrow I bade adieu to the glories I had here beheld, and began the long journey home. It was uneventful, and when its end was attained my love for mine own dear home was rather increased than diminished by my glimpse of the great world.

OUR COLLEGE GIRLS AND BOYS.

S. Elizabeth Van Duyne, '90, Senior in Woman's College, Baltimore.

Anne J. Sutphen, '91, Barnard College.

Jessie M. Wendover, '90, Barnard College.

Clementine Tucker, '92, Leland Stanford University, California.

Anna E. Sill, '92, Vassar College.

Caroline S. Romer, '92, Syracuse University.

Margaret Hewitt, '92, Syracuse University.

Alberta Doremus, '93, Woman's College, Baltimore.

Sarah W. Morris, '93, " " "

Gertrude E. Meeker, '93, " " "

Adelle Smith, '93, Wellesley.

Elizabeth M. Hiscox, '93, Wellesley.

Lydia G. Spring, '93, Wellesley.

Agnes Baldwin, '93, Barnard.

Edith Blake, '93, Smith.

Florence A. Dowden, '93, Barnard.

Marie Louise Lefort, '93, Woman's Medical College, New York.

Frederick R. Lehlbach, '93, Yale.

Robert W. Holden, '93, Yale.

Charles Stewart, '93, University Law School.

Albert C. Pedrick, '93, Medical College, New York.

Goline Doremus, '93, Lafayette.

Morrison C. Colyer, '93, Rutgers.

Paul Douglas, '92, Rutgers.

F. M. Potter, '92, Lafayette.

Charles MacCall, '92, University of New York.

Louis Leroy, '92, New York Medical College.

Harrison Van Duyne, Jr., '92, Lehigh.

William K. Runyon, '94, Lafayette.

Frederick Ahbe, '94, Lafayette.

Hugh Haddow, '94, Rutgers.

Henry Ulrich, '94, Rutgers.

William Buerman, '93, New Jersey Medical College.

The picture of the High School was taken by Miss Natalie Antz, our drawing teacher. The editors desire to express their appreciation of her readiness at all times to lend a helping hand.

Which is the cheapest, a bride or a groom? A bride, because she is given away, while a groom is generally sold.

It is often asked who introduced pork into the navy? Noah, when he took Ham into the Ark.

What is the best way to make a coat last? Make the trousers and waistcoat first.

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JOHN DUNLAP, A.M., 1866-1870.

LEWIS M. JOHNSON, A.M., 1870-1871.

EDMUND O. HOVEY, Ph.D., 1871.

SENIOR STATISTICS.

| NAME. | Birthday. | Native State. | Weight. | Height. | Chosen Profession. | College in view. | Religion. | Politics. | Size Shoe. | Size Hat. | Size Collar. | Color Hair. | Favorite Sport. | Favorite Author. | Favorite Study. | Course. | Familiarity. |
|-------------------------|----------------|---------------|-----------|---------|----------------------------|------------------|-----------|--------------------|------------|-----------|--------------|-------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|---------|--------------|
| dolf Barthman..... | Oct. 19, 1876 | N. J. | 109 | 5.2 | Business. | Princeton. | Hebrew. | Dem. | 5½ | 6¾ | 14 | Brown. | Gymnastics. | Shakespeare. | Math. | Scien. | Bausch. |
| arry Barthman..... | July 11, 1878 | N. J. | 106 | 5.1 | Business. | | Hebrew. | Dem. | 5 | 6 7-8 | 13½ | Black. | Bicycling. | Shakespeare. | Math. | Scien. | Baby. |
| ary Brown..... | June 24, 1875 | N. J. | 140 | 5.8½ | Business. | Sitka Univ. | Cong. | G. O. P. | 9 | 7 1-8 | 15 | Black. | F. B. | Wallace. | W. Camp | Eng. | Lave. |
| ary W. Champeno's..... | Feb. 20, 1877 | N. J. | 144 | 5.7 | Business. | | Meth. | Rep. | 5½ | 7 1-8 | 14½ | Black. | Tennis. | Dickens. | Math. | Eng. | Champ. |
| dward Croll..... | Sept. 18, 1877 | N. J. | 147 | 5.6 | Law. | Columbia. | Hebrew. | Rep. | 6½ | 7 1-8 | 15 | Brown. | F. B. | Crawford. | Latin. | Eng. | Fat. |
| elson B. Doremus..... | June 13, 1876 | N. J. | 140 | 5.6 | Business. | | Presb. | Rep. | 6 | 7 | 14½ | Brown. | Bicycling. | Shakespeare. | Chem. | Eng. | Nell. |
| illis G. Dowden..... | Oct. 12, 1876 | N. J. | 142 | 5.10 | Business. | | Presb. | Rep. | 6½ | 6 7-8 | 15 | Brown. | F. B. | Pope. | Chem. | Eng. | Woodside. |
| ohn Grom..... | Jan. 2, 1874 | N. J. | 160 | 5.8 | Business. | | Cong. | Rep. | 6½ | 6 7-8 | 16 | Black. | Tennis. | Cooper. | Chem. | Scien. | Johnnie. |
| bert Harris..... | Oct. 19, 1876 | Col. | 134 | 5.8 | Law. | Princeton. | Presb. | Rep. | 5½ | 7 | 14 | Xanthus. | F. B. | Homer. | Greek. | Class. | Prexy. |
| ederick L. Johnson..... | Sept. 12, 1877 | N. J. | 117 | 5.7 | Law. | Princeton. | Meth. | Dem. | 5½ | 7 | 14 | Brown. | Walking. | Dickens. | Like all. | Class. | Pie. |
| ouis A. Kempf..... | May 3, 1878 | N. J. | 118 | 5.4 | Business. | Lehigh. | Univ. | Rep. | 5½ | 7 | 14 | Black. | Gymnastics. | Twain. | History. | Scien. | Poet. |
| mil Lenk..... | Dec. 5, 1876 | N. Y. | 130 | 5.7 | Medicine. | Columbia. | Presb. | Rep. | 6 | 6½ | 14½ | Brown. | Gymnastics. | Scott. | Chem. | Scien. | Mike. |
| eWitt MacClymont..... | June 12, 1875 | N. Y. | 128 | 5.9 | Medicine. | Columbia. | Baptist. | Rep. | 7½ | 7 | 14½ | Brown. | Bicycling. | Scott. | Chess. | Class. | } The two |
| gbert E. MacNary..... | Sept. 24, 1876 | Penn. | 155 | 5.10 | Business. | | Meth. | Rep. | 8 | 7 1-8 | 15 | Bronze. | F. B. | Scott. | Math. | Eng. | |
| alter H. Meier..... | July 7, 1876 | N. J. | 116 | 5.4 | Business. | | Ref'd. | Rep. | 5 | 6½ | 14 | Brown. | F. B. | Chas. King. | Math. | Eng. | Macs. |
| dolph Pistor..... | Feb. 18, 1875 | N. J. | 147 | 5.8 | Business. | | Luth. | Rep. | 8 | 6 7-8 | 15 | Brown. | Driving. | Shakespeare. | Math. | Eng. | Walt. |
| ertram Ripley..... | Oct. 14, 1875 | N. J. | 170 | 6. | Business. | | Presb. | Dem. | 7 | 7 1-8 | 16 | Brown. | F. B. | Twain. | Math. | Eng. | Buda. |
| ard Roff..... | Sept. 9, 1876 | N. J. | 148 | 5.8 | Medicine. | Columbia. | Cath. | Rep. | 6 | 7 1-8 | 15 | Black. | Tennis. | Shakespeare. | Math. | Eng. | Rip. |
| illiam C. Sandy..... | Apr. 29, 1876 | N. J. | 119 | 5.8 | Medicine. | Columbia. | Presb. | Rep. | 6 | 7 | 14½ | Black. | Bicycling. | Shakespeare. | Latin. | Class. | Billy. |
| ederick Searing..... | Dec. 4, 1877 | N. J. | 145 | 5.8 | Civil Eng. | Rutgers. | Presb. | Neutral. | 7 | 7 1-8 | 15 | Brown. | Tennis. | Hawthorne. | Math. | Scien. | Skits. |
| alph Simonds..... | Jan. 29, 1877 | N. J. | 150 | 5.9 | Civil Eng. | Princeton. | Baptist. | Rep. | 6½ | 6½ | 14½ | Brown. | Hunting. | Fielding. | Math. | Scien. | Simp. |
| erbert Snow..... | Dec. 27, 1875 | N. J. | 132 | 5.7 | Business. | | Cong. | Rep. | 6 | 7 | 14½ | Brown. | Walking. | Shakespeare. | Math. | Scien. | Herb. |
| eon Stein..... | Dec. 27, 1875 | N. J. | 116 | 5.2 | Law. | Yale. | Hebrew. | Dem. | 6 | 6 7-8 | 14 | Brown. | Swimming. | Carlyle. | Greek. | Class. | Lep. |
| red'k Van Duyn..... | Dec. 24, 1876 | N. J. | 150 | 5.11 | Surveying. | Lehigh. | Presb. | Rep. | 8 | 6 7-8 | 14½ | Brown. | Tennis. | Cooper. | Math. | Scien. | Van. |
| ohn Young..... | Jan. 1, 1877 | N. J. | 135 | 5.6 | Medicine. | Princeton. | Presb. | Rep. | 7½ | 7½ | 15 | Black. | Tennis. | Thackeray. | Greek. | Class. | Jack. |
| Aggregate man..... | Jan. 15, 1438 | U. S. | 3398 | 139.7 | Greatest man 19th Century. | | | Farmer's Alliance. | 159.5 | 173 3-8 | 365.5 | White. | A good time. | | A pretty girl. | Dinner. | Midget, |
| verage man..... | July 10, 1876 | N. J. | 135-14.72 | 5-6.9 | Business. | | | | 6.33 | 6.915 | 14.62 | Dark. | | | | | '94. |

LIST OF PUPILS.

BOYS.

Seniors.

Adolf Barthman,
Harry Barthman,
David E. Brown,
Harry Champenois,
Edward I. Croll,
Nelson B. Doremus,
Willis G. Dowden,
Richard M. Geppert,
John Grom,

Albert W. Harris,
Frederic L. Johnson,
Louis A. Kempf,
Emil A. Lenk,
DeWitt MacClymont,
Egbert E. MacNary,
Walter Meier,
Adolph J. Pistor,
Bertram R. Ripley,

A. Ward Roff, Jr.,
William C. Sandy, Jr.,
Fred. D. Searing,
Herbert W. Snow,
Ralph Simonds,
Leon Stein,
Fred. Van Duyne,
John L. Young.

Juniors.

Clifford E. Addis,
Douglas B. Bugg,
Clifford Cooke,
Horace Stuart Cory,
Walter L. Coursen,
Jacob W. Crane,
Arthur E. Denny,
Franklin S. DeVausney,
Homer J. Diefendorf,
Edward S. Foiley,
Fred. G. von Gehren,
Paul F. Girtanner,

William L. R. Haines,
Clyde E. Healy,
William Helmstaedter,
Charles G. Hill,
Elmer Irving,
Fred. M. Kreiner,
Richard Krementz,
Milton Lehlbach,
August Lowenberg,
Joseph Lewis,
Waldo S. Lunger,

Harry L. Marker,
Thomas K. McClelland, Jr.,
Philip Mendel,
Edwin H. Murdoch,
Ferdinand Pinner,
Edward Roberts,
John Rutan,
Claude E. Scattergood,
William Talbot,
St. John Williams,
J. Lincoln Van Dyke.

Second Year.

Joseph Altman,
Theodore G. Aab,
William Bauer,
H. C. Binde,
Harry L. Boice,
Fred. Brands,
C. Minor Bailey,
Louis E. Bailey,
William F. Barton,
Newton A. Borstein,
Waring Carrington,
Louis R. Coleman,
R. Compton,
William F. Conway,
C. S. Conant,
H. B. Cook,
Harry F. Cooper,
Herbert Cottrell, Jr.,
Eugene Cramer,
Frank S. Conk,
John Carrel,
Percy A. Chedister,
Patrick T. Corrigan,
George E. Davis,
Fred. W. De Camp,
E. Donnelly,
Arthur Drake,

Elmer Eberhardt,
H. J. Eberhardt,
Richard A. Eble,
Ralph P. Evans,
Jacob Fischel,
Eugene O. Fisher,
Boytan FitzGerald,
H. M. Francisco,
William A. Faatz,
Gustav Fraentzel,
Charles J. Gebauer,
Martin F. Gebauer,
Thomas R. Haddow,
Charles W. Hafstroem,
Albert B. Hager,
Arthur T. Hagstoz,
Joseph J. Hart,
Henry S. Haskins,
Gustav Haussling,
Joseph Haussling,
Wallwyn Hervey,
Howard Hill,
Alonzo D. Hobbie,
Allen H. Hoover,
William Haag,
Frank J. Hassel,
Harry Havell,

Frank B. Heller,
Samuel D. Jefferies,
Edmund G. W. Jost,
Benjamin M. Jacobs,
Frank M. Jacobus,
Meyer Jedel,
Charles Kellner,
Joseph Kenny, Jr.,
George E. Ketcham,
William O. Kilpatrick,
Fred. W. Kirk,
Otto Knorr,
Mortimer Koekler,
Henry A. Kornemann, Jr.,
Samuel H. Kuentslich,
William Kranich,
Berthold Laroche,
George A. Leary,
Charles Levy,
William A. Littell,
George F. LaFoy,
Hugh MacDougall,
George Macomber,
Frank E. Marsh,
Benjamin Mayer,
John McDonough, Jr.,
Albert R. Meier,

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Harry L. Middleton,
Henry T. Moore,
Frank J. McGrath,
Marks Meirich,
William Meyer,
Louis Moll,
George P. Needham.
Edwin J. O'Neill,
John P. O'Fake,
Rudolph Phillips,
Wilbur K. Potter,
Aaron L. Price,
Fred. C. Pullin,
Edward C. Scribner,
Augustus B. Prawl,
Frank P. Russell,

George Reed,
Watson F. Rodeman,
J. Harry Roszel,
Edward G. Rowley,
G. Rupert Seikel,
Arthur J. Sharwell,
Eli Sickle,
Edmund P. Sinnock,
Edwin Steiner,
Edward Sterling,
Max Stern,
Herman P. Schaefer,
Herbert Schuck,
Edwin L. Smalley,
Otto G. Stoll,
Fred. H. Tegen, Jr.,

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Arthur F. Thompson,
Bayard T. Thompson,
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Ralph Van Duyne,
Willard Van Ness,
Joseph B. Weed, Jr.,
Louis Weiss,
Harold A. Welcher,
William L. Westfall, Jr.,
Edward Wiener,
Julius Wolff,
Robert J. Wakefield,
William Weber,
Frank Williams.

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William Hurd,
Albert H. Hannock,
John W. Hegerman,
Charles D. Hoagland,
John Hobbs,
William Hilser,
Victor Hammefschlag,
Harry Harrington,

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Charles A. Heim,
 Fred. Heller,
 Herbert Hinickley,
 Joseph H. Horter,
 Charles Hufuagel,
 Watson W. Ingersoll,
 Herbert A. Johnston,
 William E. Jacobi,
 Arthur W. Jacobus,
 Harry Jacobson,
 Richard Jones,
 William H. Jones,
 William S. Keunard,
 William Kull,
 Frank S. Kaulbach,
 Clifford Kirkman,
 J. Ferdinand Kothe, Jr.,
 David Keisler,
 Fred. Keppler,
 Larew Kingston,
 Alfred Krick,
 Louis Lensinloltz,
 Samuel Leber,
 Edward Lehlbach,
 S. B. W. Leyenberger,
 John A. Linnett,
 John Ledwith,
 William Lehman,
 F. Lehmacher,
 Raymond LeMassena,
 Herbert C. Lyle,
 Harry A. Lechmann,
 Charles McDonald,
 James K. McWhood,
 Julius A. Merz,
 Charles Messmer,
 Verne E. Miller,
 David H. More,
 Joseph Müller,
 Paul W. Müller,
 William A. North,
 James H. MacGowan,
 Robert Marris,
 Thomas F. Martin,
 Abraham Marx,
 Charles A. Mager,

Edward F. Maguire,
 Robert W. Manion,
 Frank Martine,
 George F. Maynard,
 John H. McCreery,
 Edward F. Meekel,
 Chandler Mershon,
 Abram Meyer,
 Robert A. Meyers,
 Edward I. Miller,
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 Thomas McMahon,
 Oscar J. Nagel,
 Harry Negbauer,
 David L. Nestler,
 Paul W. Otto,
 Frank J. Parmly,
 Donal Poinier,
 R. S. Poinier,
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 George E. Pistor, Jr.,
 Ernest G. Porter,
 Perry B. Preston,
 Otto Peterson,
 Irving Porter,
 Michael J. Quigley,
 Edward H. Quinn, Jr.,
 James P. Read,
 Samuel M. Riker,
 Herbert R. Rising,
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 Benjamin Rosenbloom,
 W. F. Robertson,
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 Charles A. Richardson,
 Theodore V. Righter,
 George A. Rogers,
 Oscar Rundzicher,
 Robert E. Scanlon,
 Herman F. Schlobohm,
 Adolph O. Schoeniger,
 Philip J. Schotland,
 Wilbur J. Schupe,

Fred. Sanborn,
 Herbert Sonn,
 Arthur Smith,
 Jesse E. Smith,
 William Sauermann,
 William Schabatka,
 David Scheuer,
 Fred. A. Schlueter,
 August Schober,
 Herbert Schwinn,
 John S. Schwinn,
 Harry Seidler,
 Robert O. Shortau,
 Max Skou,
 Avery Smith,
 Matthew J. Smith,
 George W. Snedeker,
 Robert H. Spencer,
 Andrew Stout,
 Howard See Sutphen,
 Ernest Searing,
 Paul Teschke,
 Edward A. Talbot,
 Edgar Tinthe,
 John F. Titchen,
 Fred. W. Taylor,
 Albert J. Toering,
 Fred. Tompkins,
 William C. Voegthen,
 Charles C. Voorhees,
 Ernest Van Horn,
 William Van Vleet,
 Frederick B. Vreeland,
 Edward F. Weston,
 Garfield A. Zimmerman,
 Frederick N. Watts,
 Joseph E. Wiedenmayer,
 Ralph Wood,
 Walter H. Walker,
 Charles E. Waters,
 Harry Weil,
 Harry Wild,
 Frank V. Wilkinson,
 Henry I. Woelfle,
 George H. Wright.

LIST OF PUPILS.

41

GIRLS.

Seniors.

Marion A. Arbuckle,
Jessie M. Ayers,
Alice W. Baldwin,
Anna M. Browazki,
E. Florence Chedister,
Nelly A. M. Cook,
Gertrude L. Craig,
Emma S. Cook,
Anna Augusta Crane,
Helen Matthews Crane,
Mary Isabelle Dickinson,
Edith May Dickinson,
J. Ethel Farmer,
Charlotte M. Ferguson,
Olive M. Griffen,
Malia Hamilton,
Louise Harper,
Lena Horter,

Josephine Jolley,
Mabel Jackson,
Nellie B. Johnson,
Jane V. Kitchin,
Marietta Mac Gowan,
Elmina Jennie Mains,
Charlotte G. Marshall,
Lottie A. Martin,
Margaret A. Martin,
Charlotte B. Memmott,
Ida Belle Meyer,
Clara E. Mock,
Florence D. Nichols,
Edith Louise Oakley,
Wilhelmine D. Ochs,
E. Alberta Peal,
Annina Periam,
Mary M. Purvis,

Caroline R. Raphael,
Antoinette Rummell,
Minnie Straus,
Genevieve E. Schwerin,
Amelia Schwitzgable,
Grace Scott,
Caroline Schaeffer,
Clara B. Sutphen,
Cornelia A. Sutphen,
Helena Smith,
Hetty Elizabeth Stull,
Alice Minerva Thompson,
Adeline Weil,
Elizabeth S. Weldon,
Florence E. Whiteside,
Bessie Leora Woodruff,
E. Marion Yeomans.

Juniors.

Emily L. Alden,
Louise L. Beach,
Ella E. Beers,
Josephine A. Belcher,
Grace B. Bergfels,
Jessie L. Biddinger,
Bessie M. Bowman,
Annie M. Brown,
Carrie M. Brown,
Elizabeth J. Brown,
Mary K. Brown,
Eva M. Campbell,
Josephine Campbell,
Ella B. Carter,
Lizzie W. Clearman,
Maude W. Combs,
Mabel L. Crane,
Alice G. Dennis,
Grace A. Dewolf,
Jessie Donald,
Flora Donsbach,
Adele Doremus,

Emma Drummond,
Helen Edwards,
Agnes C. Finn,
Grace A. Frazee,
Anne E. Fussell,
Doris A. Geppert,
Josephine Gibian,
Emma Greene,
Alice Holmes,
Mabel Hopler,
Margaret Van R. Jenkins,
Flora F. Joralemon,
Letitia M. Jones,
Alice Oakley Kane,
Olive Kenny,
Emma A. Kingston,
Anna Lehlbach,
Mattie W. Levy,
Fannie P. Miller,
Louise P. Moosbrugger,
Henrietta Muller,
Sarah Myer,

Daisy Olivia Nicoll,
Lillian B. Osborne,
Louise C. Overgne,
Lizzie E. Pfister,
Nellie Reeves,
Julia E. Riker,
Bertha M. Romer,
Saidee Roalefs,
Phoebe J. Rowden,
Jennie M. Robertson,
M. Louise Rusling,
Mabel Scheel,
Sara D. Smalley,
Edith A. Smith,
Sarah E. Smith,
Belle J. Spaeth,
Susie L. Van Steenbergh,
May L. Vincent,
Emma L. Wenzel,
Edith E. Wells,
Marian L. Willets,
Jane Wooley.

Second Year.

Carlotta A. Adam,
Eleanor N. Alden,
Cora S. Ayers,
Hattie Baer,
Susan Blewett,
Alice M. Boice,
Emma Baldwin,
Lydia S. Banister,

Anna J. Baird,
Nellie Belcher,
Anna Bertrand,
Edith J. Bioren,
Kate M. Biller,
Lorene C. Bird,
Ellestene E. Briggs,
Emma Brandt,

Eugenia Bolton,
Lillie Burrill,
Ellen C. Bentley,
Shirley Carpenter,
Alice Chamberlain,
Edith Cobb,
Henrietta V. Clark,
Florence E. Crane,

LIST OF PUPILS.

Second Year—Continued.

Edna Crane,
 Mary Crane,
 Louise E. Coe,
 Catherine S. Dearie,
 Rosa Deinard,
 Blanche E. Denman,
 Charlotte Dickerson,
 Jessie E. Dixon,
 Grace W. Douglas,
 Lousie M. Dain,
 Louise T. Dawson,
 Mabelle Devendorf,
 Elfreda Defendorf,
 Ida M. Douglas,
 Jennie L. Drake,
 Florence L. Dunlap,
 Maude Delaney,
 May H. Eveleth,
 Ethel I. Earles,
 Ida M. Ely,
 Louise Eagles,
 Cora Elston,
 Sadie L. Fowler,
 Katie H. Falk,
 Sarah Feist,
 Antoinette Field,
 Isabel Gamewell,
 Marguerite Gillen,
 Catherine Gerhard,
 Esther Goldfinger,
 Elizabeth Garrabrant,
 Mary R. Gleason,
 Watie C. Glorieux,
 Antoinette Habersang,
 Harriet E. Habersang,
 Elizabeth G. Haddow,
 Mary C. Hanily,
 Florence M. H. Holbrook,
 Estella Hirschler,
 Stella Hager,
 Minnie T. Hahn,
 Florence A. Holden,
 Winifred E. Hopwood,
 Mabel L. Horst,

Edith L. Isherwood,
 Bulah Johnson,
 Alice M. Keepers,
 Emma A. M. Kredel,
 Edna M. Katz,
 Sadie H. Kay,
 Lena Keller,
 Lillian Keyler,
 Dora Keesewetter,
 Dorothea Koehler,
 Clara Lewis,
 Edna W. Laird,
 Charlotte Leary,
 Bessie A. Ledwith,
 Sadie Lillybridge,
 Annie L. Lyon,
 Edna Lewis,
 Bertha P. Lyon,
 Grace L. Mentz,
 Edith S. Merritt,
 Ida M. Mundy,
 Edna McNary,
 Olive Matthews,
 Evelyn McNamara,
 Julia E. Miller,
 Mary A. Mungle,
 Carrie H. Macnichol,
 Ella R. Macnichol,
 Clara E. Mahon,
 Ella Mayo,
 Eva C. McVey,
 Bertie Mendel,
 Anna M. Negles,
 Gertrude Newman,
 Josie M. Norcross,
 Florence E. O'Connor,
 Edith H. Pitney,
 Lulu A. Potter,
 Florence M. Rose,
 Mabel H. Ross,
 Mary A. Russell,
 Rose C. Reilly,
 Mary L. Reynolds,
 Lavinia Roalefs,

Lizzie B. Ryerson,
 Lillie M. Rhodes,
 Belle R. Rose,
 Anna Sanders,
 Vilda Sauvage,
 Blodwin Sauvage,
 Fannie Schultz,
 Persis Snodgrass,
 Mabel Spencer,
 Madge Stevens,
 Mary A. Scholl,
 Florence Schwerin,
 E. May Shepard,
 Ruth D. Spencer,
 Mary V. Sullivan,
 Minnie M. Seeley,
 Dorcas E. Smith,
 Stella Sherman,
 Louise C. Smalley,
 Grace B. Stagg,
 Gussie Steiner,
 Ethel Terwilliger,
 Nellie Thompson,
 Mabel DeP. Tobin,
 Grace B. Tuttle,
 Nellie M. Terhune,
 Hattie L. Thurber,
 Flora D. Townley,
 A. Audrey Urick,
 Mabel Van Duyne,
 Anna Welcher,
 Caroline Williams,
 Sadie L. Williams,
 Amelia D. Walsh,
 Jessie L. Warren,
 Nellie Watson,
 Bertha Wenzel,
 Katie A. Whelan,
 Celia Wirth,
 Lily Woodcock,
 Mary T. Wylie,
 Mabel Young,
 Sadie M. Young.

First Year.

Georgia Albro,
 Martha E. Allen,
 Ethel Ames,
 Gertrude F. Armitage,
 Gertrude Andrews,
 Louisa Auer,
 May Alice Argue,

Nellie S. Baxter,
 Edith Bambridge,
 Mabel Barr,
 Gertrude Bennett,
 Elizabeth Baxter,
 Jennie Bergfels,
 Estella Bidewell,

Mary E. Biller,
 Lizzie F. Blen,
 Elsie Burnite,
 Clara Ball,
 Irene B. Barron,
 Louisa E. Bauer,
 Edith L. Benfield,

First Year—Continued.

J. Maude Bishop,
Anna S. Blair,
Ada L. Blauvelt,
Clara B. Bovet,
Catherine Bradshaw,
Maude Brainard,
Florence Branigan,
Mabel E. Brown,
Mary Burkheimer,
H. J. Brooksbank,
Mary Blumer,
Ada Bush,
Grace Bonnell,
Lizzie Baldwin,
Nellie Beckingham,
Grace B. Corwin,
Lottie B. Campbell,
Hattie Cadmus,
Gertrude Chapman,
Hattie Cohen,
Edna Cliff,
Bertha Compton,
Emily Cook,
Alice Crane,
Edith Curren,
Jessie F. Canfield,
Marie Cariezel,
Grace L. Cope,
Edith M. Chace,
Phoebe D. Clark,
Mabel Conover,
Belle Connette,
Cleo Cooper,
Jessie I. Courter,
Jennie Courier,
Clara E. Crawford,
Grace Crelin,
Pauline L. Crevling,
Jennie Clark,
Sadie Coleman,
Hattie Cadmus,
Louisa B. Cadiz,
Gertrude Chittenden,
Rebecca Deinard,
Teresa Dunn,
Gertrude M. Dalrymple,
Addie E. Davis,
Mabel A. Davison,
Jennie G. Davies,
Burnettie C. Denis,
Agnes C. Donnelly,
Harriet Daly,
Edith V. DeCamp,
Carrie Dreyfuss,

Elizabeth Edgar,
Caroline Everett,
Florence A. Elliot,
Bertha Enke,
Hattie Eckhouse,
Maude Edwards,
Edna Froelich,
E. Mabel Flood,
Minnie Fischer,
Edna Fisk,
Marion Fort,
Mabel Francis,
Ethel Fales,
May Ferguson,
Annie Flaherty,
Annie C. Flemming,
Helen A. Foley,
Pearl Fray,
Katie M. Frey,
Mary Forbes,
Marcella Falconer,
Florence Fisher,
Emma Gebauer,
Sallie Gamewell,
Hilda Gamon,
Isabel Gauch,
Rose Geddes,
Susie Geddes,
Mary B. Greene,
Helen M. Gribbie,
Lydia Gottwald,
Nellie J. Gross,
Annie Gubren,
Annie Gallagher,
Ophelia Gibian,
Lizzie Glass,
Lula J. Geiger,
Florence Gray,
Minnie Hadden,
Fannie Hagstoz,
Alberta Harris,
Rose F. Hauser,
Jessie Hemingway,
Anna Henderson,
Nellie Henderson,
Edna M. Heller,
Jennie M. Heddick,
Alliene Hoadley,
Mary F. Hodson,
E. Alabown Haines,
Nellie Henderson,
Ida Hickey,
Bessie L. Hopper,
Edith Huggan,

Annie Hennessey,
Annie Haskell,
Emma Hess,
Lulu Hotz,
Lillie Hague,
Nellie Hague,
Emily Harrison,
Carrie Huck,
Bertha Hauff,
May Dell Hill,
Irene Jervis,
Julia Jeydel,
Blanche H. Jefferson,
Mamie Joithe,
Catherine Kelly,
Grace L. Kent,
Clara Krementz,
Clarissa Kelley,
Martha Kuntze,
Jennie Kingsland,
Clara Louise Kent,
Grace Kennedy,
Lydia Koehler,
Bertha Kuhne,
Laura C. Keller,
Hattie B. Kingsland,
Florence Lambert,
Nellie Lane,
Gertrude Larter,
Edith Leonard,
Mamie Leary,
Isabell Littell,
Amy Locke,
Lauretta Long,
Sophie Lowry,
Edith Lunger,
Etta Lunger,
Carrie Lyon,
Margaret Leary,
Florence L. Lambert,
Henrietta Lenox,
Maggie E. Lynn,
Nellie Lane,
Irene Lee,
Minnie Lehman,
Cora J. Lindelburg,
Alice Lowery,
Fannie Lowy,
Mamie Larter,
Mary Madison,
Grace Mason,
Nellie Monaghan,
Henrietta Morton,
Rachel McDowell,

First Year—Continued.

Elizabeth McWhood,
 Clara Mueller,
 Harriet Moore,
 Clara S. Mendel,
 Ada M. Monihan,
 Ida Belle Morris,
 Anna N. Morrow,
 Nellie M. McLorinan,
 Selma J. Mercy,
 Emma McElhose,
 Sadie MacMullen,
 Mindora Marlatt,
 Nettie Marsh,
 Effie J. Miller,
 Helene Morris,
 Bessie Morse,
 Blanche E. McCann,
 E. Martz McManus,
 Lillian Meyer,
 Elizabeth May Moffett,
 Evalyn Maax,
 Kate Miller,
 Bertha Mersfelder,
 Lizzie Madden,
 Ida C. Nichols,
 Annie Nirenski,
 Louie Ormsby,
 Edna Osborne,
 Matilda Obermann,
 Lillian Pemberton,
 Ella F. Prouty,
 Anna Mary Pfrommer,
 Helen Porter,
 Nellie Pearson,
 Olivia Patterston,
 Laura Piccole,
 Florence Poppenga,
 Ada Pfanstiehl,
 Dorothy Quinby,
 Anna Quimby,
 Ethel Reeve,
 Gertrude Rhodes,
 Lucia C. Robotham,
 Jennie Rosenband,
 Maggie C. Riordan,
 Minnie J. Rothe,

Toni J. Rehmann,
 Minnie Rodgers,
 Celina Reed,
 Gertrude Agnes Reuter,
 Laura B. Rhodes,
 Harriet Ethel Richards,
 Effie B. Robertston,
 Grace R. Russell,
 Lizzie Roke,
 Pauline Rathgeber,
 Hettie A. Reeve,
 L. Louise Rowe,
 Mabel A. Runyan,
 Gertrude Snodgrass,
 Adele Smith,
 Anna B. Stewart,
 Laura Sharp,
 Bessie B. Sinclair,
 Grace M. Sanford,
 Editha M. Sill,
 L. Ada Sanders,
 Etta M. Sommer,
 Ethel Schenck,
 Florence Sofliday,
 Julia H. Sofliday,
 Elsie C. Smith,
 Alphina P. Smith,
 Minnie M. Schrick,
 Sarah E. Struble,
 Rosie Seidler,
 Mamie Seidler,
 Lena M. Schloss,
 Mattie Sims,
 Nellie M. Smith,
 Belle Shackelford,
 Daisy Sherk,
 Fanny Sims,
 Letty Smith,
 Jennie F. Smith,
 Carrie Spann,
 Ruth E. S. Stevens,
 Edith M. Swaney,
 Ray Steinhardt,
 Florence Spaeth,
 Laurette Sturgis,
 Mabel L. Sloan,

Edna M. Stephens,
 Olive L. Sauerbier,
 Nellie F. Thomson,
 May Taylor,
 Carrie Thompson,
 Christina Thomson,
 Ruth A. Thrush,
 Revel Tobin,
 Mabel Tappan,
 Mary R. Taylor,
 Elizabeth T. Telfer,
 Alice Thomas,
 Priscilla Trethewey,
 Sadie Tigner,
 Florence Thompson,
 Imogene E. Urick,
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 Mabel Van Clief,
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 May Van Emburgh,
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 Edna H. Williams,
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 Mabel Walker,
 Mabel Westervelt,
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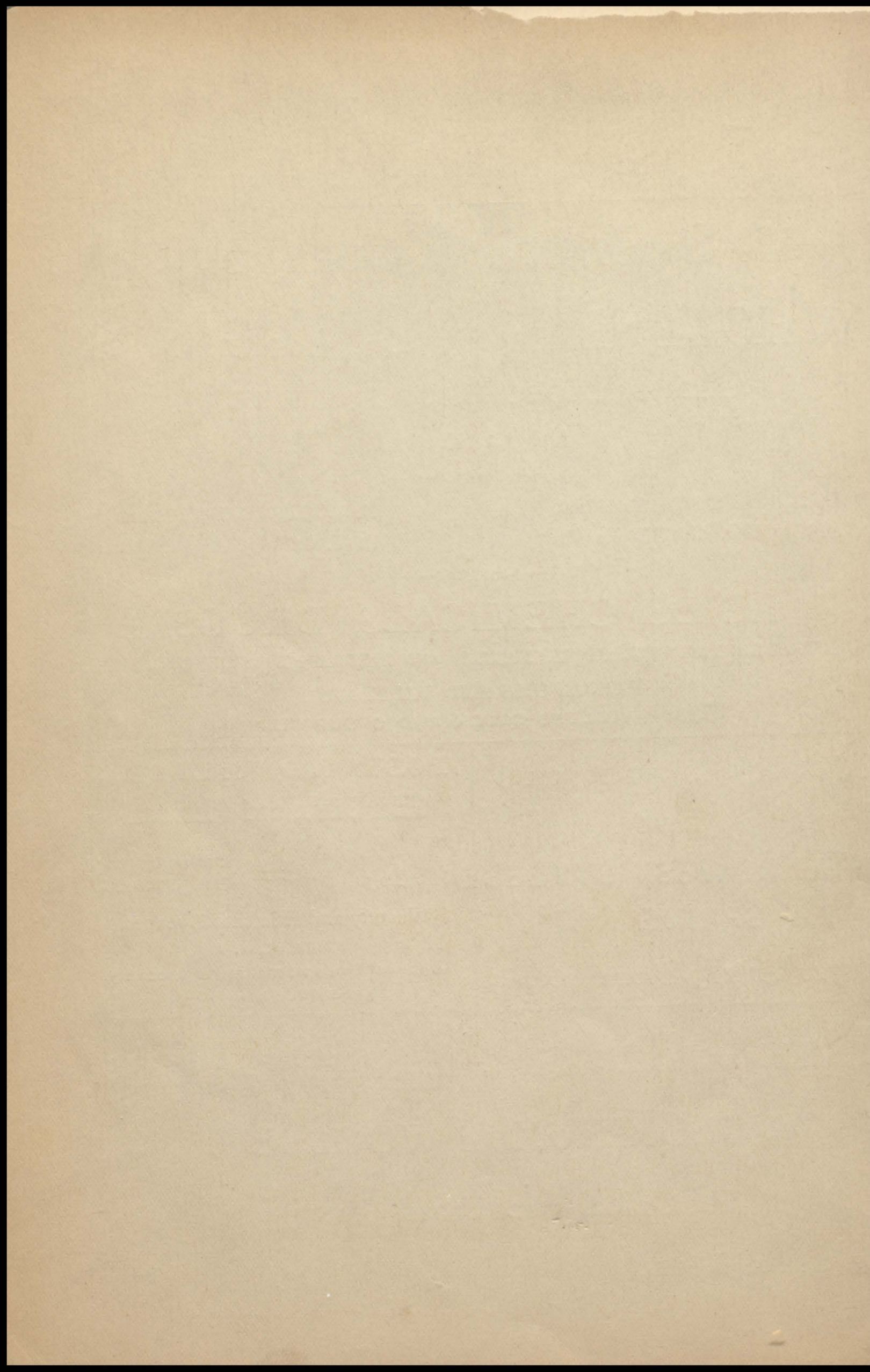
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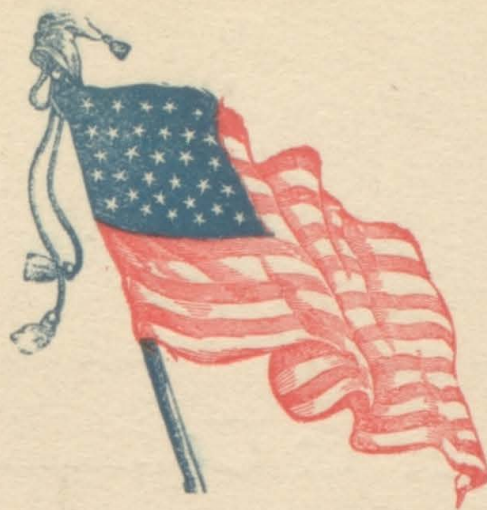
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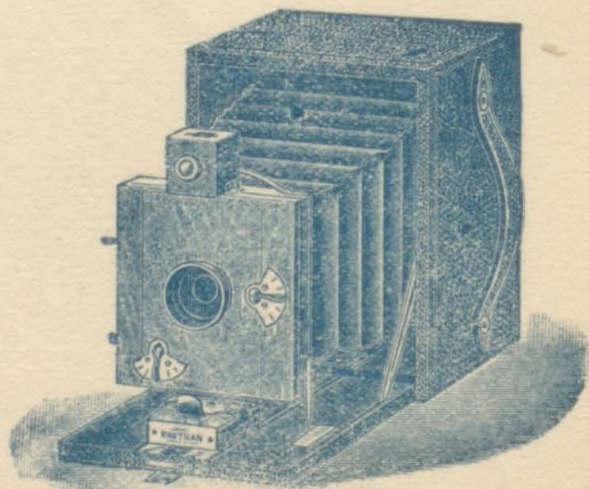
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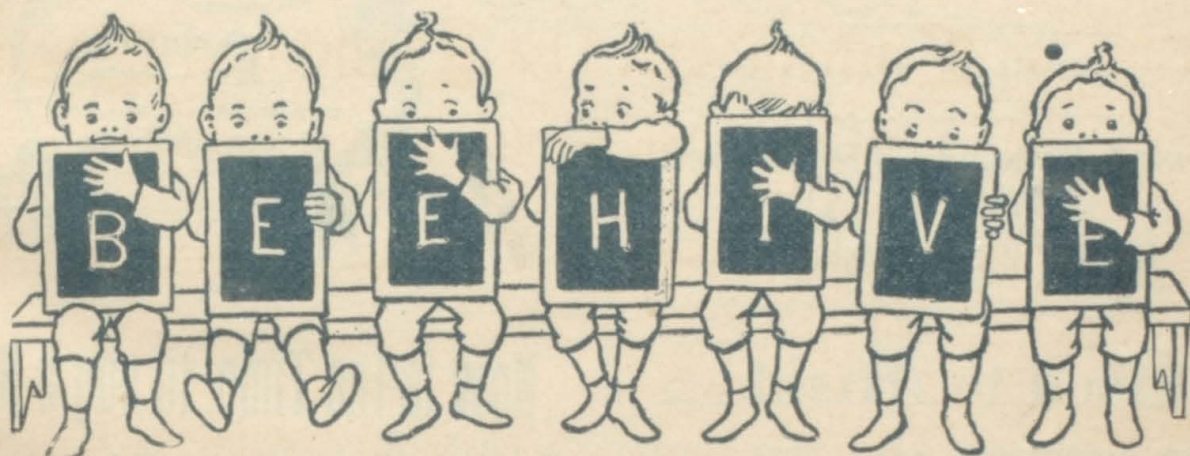
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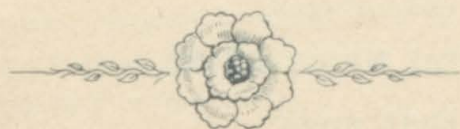
NEWARK, N. J.

1895.


 THE HIGH



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The purest treasure mortal times afford
Its spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.



HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK. N. J., 1895.

THE LOVE OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

T. K. MCCLELLAND, JR., '95.



LONG before the pale faced chief-
tains

Came across the Eastern ocean,
On the banks of the Missouri
Grew a flower tall and stately
O'er the grave of Lalatahah.
Through the Summer and the
Winter,

Through the Spring time and the Autumn,
Never dying, never with'ring,
With its beauty never losing,
Blooms it still with od'rous perfume.

Tall and fair was Lalatahah,
Fairer than the fairest maiden
Who among the swarthy Red Men
Loved to dance among the flowers.
Fanned by breezes, kissed by sunshine,
Grew she up into a maiden,
Loved by all the dark-skinned warriors
In her fierce and warlike people.

Soon among the neighb'ring nations
Spread the story of her beauty,
Of her wild and wondrous beauty.
Then of suitors had she many,
Many more than she could wish for,
For she loved brave Tascahontah,
Loved him better than all others.

Tall and straight was Tascahontah,
And among the bravest warriors
Chased the wild deer and the bison
Swifter than the swiftest mustang,
Straiter than the straightest arrow,
Foremost in his warlike nation.—
And he loved sweet Lalatahah,
Loved her rich and radiant beauty.

Through the Spring time and the Summer
Wooded he her with glowing language ;
Wooded he her until he won her—
Won the bright-eyed Lalatahah.

But the fierce browed Wascatanah
Saw the happy youthful couple,
Saw and in his heart was envy
Mingled with a stronger passion,
For he also loved the maiden.
Treacherous and very crafty
Was the cruel Wascatanah,
And with hatred fierce enduring
Filled was he toward Tascahontah.
So with jealousy urged onward
He resolved that he would slay him,
Slay the valient Tascahontah.

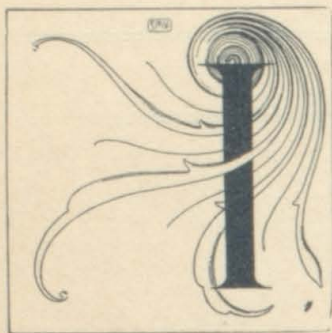
On a calm and moonlit evening,
When the lovers, nothing fearing,
Walked beside the babbling river,
Whisp'ring softly their sweet secrets,
Sprang he out from 'midst a thicket
On his unsuspecting rival
And with mur'drous hands he slew him,
Slew the mighty Tascahontah.

Then with anger, still excited,
Turned he round and faced the maiden,
Thinking that he thus had won her,
But the stricken Lalatahah
Fell beside her fallen lover;
Not in death were they divided.
Tascahontah ! Lalatahah !
Sighed the leaves upon the branches.

On the banks of the Missouri
Grows a flower tall and stately
O'er the grave of Lalatahah.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS ON SEA OR LAND.

PHOEBE J. ROWDEN, '95.



IN this age of general knowledge and individual opinion, every reader who lays claim to an intelligent understanding of books has a more or less clear idea of what makes poetry. He recognizes not only the metrical form, but in all literature certain elements of thought and expression which are poetic and are often highly developed in prose. It is impossible to define poetry, in the literal sense of the word, as the higher nature of man is indefinable. It is an imperfect utterance of intangible soul-stirrings illumined by a "light that never was on sea or land."

Man, as he looks onward and upward, seeks perfection. He is influenced by physical as well as moral beauty. He lives many lives in one, and yet they are closely blended, the dreams with the work, the spiritual with material longings. So the poet cannot cast aside the outer life, but idealizes it; even Spenser, the poet of the senses, believed material beauty the expression of inner purity. But when a poet turns to the spiritual alone this wonderful light is most clearly seen. The poet's soul, keenly sensitive to harmony or discord, goes groping through the chaos of our half slumbering spiritual preceptions. There is something in his nature, "the vision and the faculty divine," that casts upon the darkness light, "the consecration and the poet's dream."

Wordsworth, in his *Intimations of Immortality*, gives to childhood a lingering

light from heaven, which, as years pass, fades into common day. In it, he thought, the child dwelt before his human lot, settled with a weight "deep almost as life;" but we differ from him in thinking that the child reads "the eternal deep haunted forever by the eternal mind." His dim faculties first stir in this glow, using its powers to discern the mother-love enfolding him and the surroundings of his baby life. The poet is a child always, perhaps only a poet in that he keeps this "heritage" of his childhood. To his awakened soul the few uncertain rays that fall on his path reveal something of the truth for which he seeks.

Milton, in his blindness and in the great loneliness of his genius, prayed for "Celestial Light," and, as the earthly light faded into the past, the inner one became stronger, shining chaste, austere and lofty, making his soul "like a star."

In his hymn to this dream-light Shelley has embodied the awful shadow of its power and its spiritual beauty. Thus he interprets its purpose:

"Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent,
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives peace and truth to life's unquiet dream."

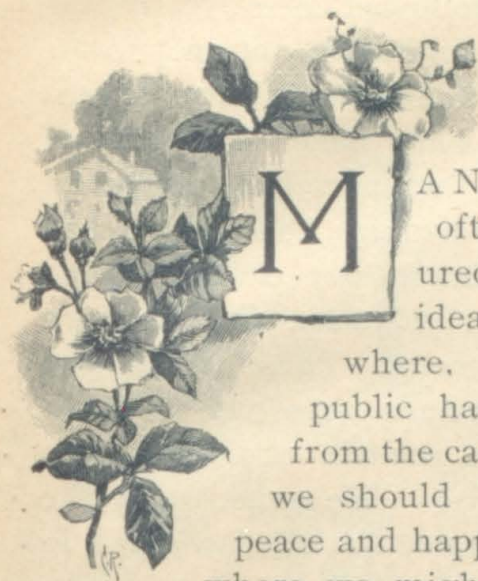
FOR the first time the ANNUAL appears in school colors. These were voted upon by the whole school on March 19 and carried by a large majority. The pupils are all hoping that the colors will now be permanent. Blue and white leads the day.

WHY is a white frost in Florida like Eagle Rock?

ANS—Because it spoils the Oranges.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

CLIFFORD E. ADDIS, '95.



ANY of us have oftentimes pictured to ourselves an ideal place of refuge, where, "exempt from public haunt" and free from the cares of the world, we should like to live in peace and happiness. A place, where we might pass our days surrounded by our friends and blessed with every comfort. We have built our dream-castles in the most delightful and secluded nooks; we have furnished them with magnificent decorations and paintings within and surrounded them with gardens and running brooks without. Thus has our fancy tried to find a life more sweet than painted pomp, more free from peril than the envious world, in an ideal "Forest of Arden."

But have those who have tried to escape from the storm and stress of life, that they might live in seclusion and freedom, really attained the highest purpose of life, and worked out in fear and trembling the noblest characters? There is something that they lacked; something that money cannot buy; indeed, the wealthiest are most frequently without it. It is a gift of God and those who possess it should value it and sacrifice it for nothing. It is the highest type of happiness; happiness in the success of worthy effort and noble action.

It is a principle of human nature that if we have everything we desire, we no longer desire anything and consequently nothing is a pleasure to us. It is in looking forward to the time when we will be

able to accomplish a certain purpose, or obtain some long wished for object that the real pleasure of life lies. Even the bare necessities are regarded as luxuries by those who have been denied them; while others whose every wish is gratified, are deprived the pleasures of this world, because they do not enjoy or appreciate the value of anything. It can be said with truth that it is by the absence of something we desire, that we learn its real worth; while if it has always been within our reach, it is of no value in our sight and we desire it no longer.

Those who free themselves from the cares and temptations of this life, are not those who spend their days in seclusion. In our daily battles with the world our victories are won, and it is when we feel that we have conquered, that our happiness is derived and our cares vanish. It is not he who lives in hermitage, but he who resists the temptations of daily life in the world, that has the true force of character and is the happiest.

Indeed, we cannot flee from our worldliness any more than we can flee from ourselves. It is a part of us and no matter where we go, we carry our little foibles with us. This thought is the central theme pervading Shakespeare's "As You Like It"; and very skillfully is it disclosed under cover of the melancholy musings of Jaques'. How true to nature is this taint of worldly life, which we detect in the characters of the Duke and his followers in the Forest of Arden? Where can we go to find anything more natural than the weaknesses exhibited by this little band? They are so common-place

that we would scarcely give them notice were it not for the importance of this thought in the development of the plot.

Here in the grand old forest they live, free to come and go as they please, with none to molest them. The vales are full of the choicest game. Deer are feeding on the shady slopes. The sound of babbling brooks and of warbling birds, with an occasional note from the merry huntsman's horn quicken the dreamer's thoughts. In the brush "hiss green and gilded snakes" while "under the bushes' shade a lioness lies crouching." Now and then we see the native inhabitants of the place, moving about among their grazing flocks; while not infrequently, a gallant band of stern and sombre knights haughtily wend their way along some beaten track. All about us is the dark and shady landscape, and we "breathe in imagination the cool fresh air of the forest." No clock is here to remind us of tasks undone. One either throws himself down upon the cool green, under the shade of some solitary tree, and philosophizes upon the vanity of life, the self-inflicted torments of society and the weariness and cares of court life, or joins his companions in revelry, and make the woods echo and re-echo with their merry songs.

What is there here to prevent an ideal life? Who would question for a moment the genuineness of this enjoyment? I think there are none; and indeed they were happy. But they were happy at court. All had shared the Duke's hospitality, who with his banquets and merry-makings had spared nothing that would add to their enjoyment. While here in the Forest of Arden, instead of being happier, they were even more miserable. Instead of overcoming their worldliness, they are overcome by it. The same cares

and temptations of life, the same hopes and fears have followed them.

This truth is applicable not only to the Duke and his followers, but also to ourselves. We, who have dreamed of Utopias would find ourselves no better satisfied and no happier, than if we had remained in our former condition and worked out our salvation in our own natural environment. Those of us who would seek to seclude ourselves from the hardships of life, seclude ourselves from its pleasures also. We must take the bitter with the sweet, at all times and in all places. We have been placed upon the earth for a great and noble purpose and our success in life depends upon its fulfillment; which cannot be accomplished, except by our constant and untiring struggles with the world and in the world.

FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS.

SHAKESPEARE was a member of the Brook Farm Association.

HAWTHORNE wrote "Ships that Pass in the Night."

A MEMBER of '98 answered thus in examination, when questioned as to the sort of clothing to be worn best adapted to the health: "Clothing that does not hang fast to the body is the best." Again, with regard to the structure of the lungs: "The lungs are made of a soft elastic substance, and if you touch it, it will run."

HIGH SCHOOL INFLUENCES AT HOME.

BIG SISTER (to younger brother)—"I wish you would stop hangin' your hat on mine."

AN ADVANCED INFANT (aside)—"Tell, sister, where do you hang your High School g's?"

RACHEL'S REVENGE.

MABEL L. HORST, '96.



IT HAD rained for three days, ever since the St. Clair family had come to Seal's Head Harbor. But this morning the sun had burst bright and warm over the clean world. By the time breakfast was over and the children were dressed for the day, the sands

along the shore were hot and dry.

The St. Clairs usually spent the summer in the mountains, boating and fishing; but, on account of the health of one of the twins, they had come to the little sheltered cove. Their house, situated on the high cliffs, overlooked the sea. A break in the rocky wall formed a secluded spot where the children might safely play.

Betsey and Ned were quarreling over the last strawberry. Rising from the table, Mrs. St. Clair said to her older daughter Edith, "The children, shut in the house so long, are cross, but the fresh sea air will make them feel better; so you and Rachel may take them down to the shore."

Edith ran upstairs to tell her cousin of the plan, and soon came down ready for the beach. Rachel was looking everywhere for her hat, and although Edith knew where it had been left, she did not tell. Presently Rachel came out, hot and cross. Edith gathered up her book, em-

broidery and sketch-book, and calling to the children, started for the beach with Rachel.

"You've got your book as usual, I see," remarked Edith.

"Yes. All I need is one thing, not forty, to spend an hour with," answered Rachel.

"Well, I don't care. If I don't feel like reading, I can sketch or embroider."

"You should not give way to your feelings so;" but Rachel forgot the daily almost hourly occurrences, when she sacrificed everyone to her own selfishness.

By the time they had reached the beach, Betsey and Ned were busily playing in the sand. Rachel, seating herself in the shade of her umbrella, was soon lost in her book. Edith, however, was restless; the book was not interesting, and she did not feel like embroidering or sketching. While gazing listlessly out to sea, she suddenly espied a boat tied among the rocks. She jumped up and ran down to it. Two oars lay in the bottom. Edith stepped in, unfastened the painter, and took up the oars.

Rachel was the child of Mr. St. Clair's sister. She had married a Frenchman, who had left her suddenly while Rachel was still a baby. The mother, returning to the home of her childhood, had soon died, leaving Rachel to her grandmother's care. And now after her grandmother's death, she had come to live with her uncle.

Edith was something of a tease, and she often went so far as to twit her cousin about her unknown father, although his name was a forbidden subject in the family. Then Rachel would

draw up her tall form and answer cuttingly, "I'm glad to know less about my father than I do about your brother."

Edith's older brother had caused his father and mother many anxious hours.

Rachel was deep in the excitement of the French Revolution when Betsey came up, begging her to play. Rachel answered abstractedly, "Don't bother me, Betsey. Ask Edith." "Edith's gone in the boat." But Rachel was back in the seventeenth century again. As disappointed Betsey turned away, her apron caught the umbrella, rolling it aside. Then Rachel noticed that dark angry clouds were hastily gathering, and picking up her books, she called to the children and started for home. "Where's Edith?" she asked when they had reached her. "Why, she's gone round the rocks in the boat," said Ned. Rachel looked out to sea—the harbor was dotted with white caps and the waves rose high against the cliffs.

"Children, run home as fast as you can. Tell Aunt Ellen that Edith and I will be up soon."

Rachel turned back on the shore. There was a hard struggle going on in her breast. She knew her cousin's danger, out in the storm with no knowledge of rowing. Should she go for assistance? Edith had that very day sneered at her father. Let her get back the very best way she could. But suppose she should not come back! Forgetting Edith's unkindness, Rachel ran up the beach and mounted the steep rocky steps that led to a fisherman's cottage. From the top of the flight she thought she saw a little boat, tossing wildly among the waves. She sped on and at last reached the house. The fisherman was at home, and after hearing Rachel's story, he set off for the beach, where he quickly loosened his boat

and with Rachel rowed out into the storm.

Terrible thoughts were racking Rachel's mind. "Oh, if I had only started at once," she thought; "but now we may be too late. How the waves leap and dash! Oh, fisherman, row faster. She may now be sinking. Do you see the boat?" And in the agony of suspense she peered forward over the white-capped waters, lighted again and again by sharp flashes of lightning, and seeming to tremble under the power of the mighty thunder.

Meanwhile Edith, trembling with fear, lay crouching in the bottom of the boat. When she had first taken up her oars it was with the perfect assurance that she could use them. So she pulled straight out for Seal's Head; but as the storm closed in around her, she began to realize her danger. In her fright she had lost both oars; she was at the mercy of the waves.

While Edith lay motionless in the boat, another boat was being pushed forward by brave strong strokes. Guided by the dark object, the fisherman was rowing with all his might, for he knew that the boat would soon be swamped. Rachel held her breath for fear the waves would swallow the frail bark. But with one more pull they came alongside, and the fisherman fastened the two boats together. "Edith, Edith!" Rachel cried, but no answer passed the cold pale lips. The fisherman lifted the unconscious form into his own boat, and turned toward the shore, while Rachel, chafing the girl's cold hands, moaned, "Oh, Edith, speak to me! speak to me!" Then in despair she cried, "I delayed to come to her and now it is too late." The fisherman knew, however, that Edith had only fainted, and comforting Rachel with this assurance,

the boat grated on the sand at Mrs. St. Clair's feet.

With a little cry she bounded forward, and held her daughter in her arms. The kind-hearted fisherman carried her up to the house and laid her on the bed. The motion and chafing brought her back to consciousness. Rachel had followed her aunt closely, casting a mournful, pleading glance into her face as if asking forgive-

ness. But Mrs. St. Clair knew nothing of the circumstances of the accident, and neither Edith nor Rachel ever told her.

Edith was confined to her bed for a day or two and Rachel was her most devoted nurse. One afternoon while alone they had a long talk when they forgot and forgave the past, and when each resolved to show a little more of the love they really felt for each other.

A PLEA FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

(Delivered at the Junior Debate)

FREDERICK H. TEGEN, '96.



THE substance of an article in the Constitution of the United States is, that minors, criminals, felons, inmates of insane asylums, idiots, and women, shall be exempted from the right of franchise. For what reason is woman placed in the category of criminals and lunatics? Is your mother or your sister no better, morally or intellectually, than the murderer or the idiot? It is a well-known fact that the standard of morality is far higher among women than among men; and as for education, we need go no farther than our own High School to find that women and girls do not suffer in comparison with their sterner brothers.

Some one has said that this Woman Suffrage agitation is a mere fad, and will soon die. Let me ask if it is usual for a fad to last forty years and to grow in pop-

ular favor every year? This is simply another great stride in civilization. It will not be complete until we place woman on a level with man. Look back at the time when civilization was in its infancy, and note the condition of woman; then as civilization developed, man's views about women were broadened and her hard lot ameliorated. Now she asks us to take the final step, and what is more, take it we must; Woman Suffrage is inevitable.

Woman's influence would be most helpful in suppressing bad legislation, because, as a class, women are more religious than men. Turn your attention to the work of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," the Salvation Army, and the churches in which women are in the great majority. If such women as these should have the power of the ballot, where would their beneficent influence end? It is the very best women of our land who want the ballot, not the low, ignorant, degraded class.

Governor Robinson, of Kansas, wrote in regard to Woman Suffrage: "It works well, and there is no idea of repealing it." W. T. De Witt Wallace says: "Fellow

citizens, I set my foot upon this doctrine, and I declare here that freedom intellectual, moral, civil and political is as truly the natural possession of woman as it is of man."

It has been said that woman would be degraded by going into untidy places to vote, and by mingling with men; but let me say, that a statute of 1881 provides that voting places be kept clean, free from smoking and drinking.

The old, old story of the opponents of Women Suffrage is, "Let women defend the country in time of war, then may she vote." Napoleon thought differently when he said, "What France needs most is mothers." When it becomes necessary Joans of Arc will be found in plenty. But war is not our normal state, any more than the fundamental principle of school government is the rod. A United States Senator says, "To-day, one-half the citizens of this nation, who have arrived at their majority, who are subject to all its laws, and who bear their full share of the taxation, are not permitted to have a voice in the selection of its President and Vice-President."

Senator Carey says, "Suffrage should be granted to women for two reasons: first, because it will help women; second, because it will promote the interest of the State." In Wyoming, women have served as jurors, as state and county superintendents of schools, postmasters, receivers of public money, clerks in the legislative assembly, clerks of the court, and justices of the peace, and in no case has a woman shown herself incapable nor evaded responsibility, but she has filled every official place with marked ability and fidelity.

It is sometimes argued that Woman Suffrage is defensible in theory, but would prove a failure in practice. When the

Greenwich pensioners saw the first steamer on the Thames, they protested and said it was contrary to nature.

When Jefferson learned that New York had explored the route of a canal, he benignly regarded it as "defensible in theory." Livingston said that the proposition of a railroad shod with iron, to move heavy weights four miles an hour was ingenious, perhaps theoretically defensible.

As for man obeying laws made by women, it must be remembered that women alone would not make the laws. But be that as it may, women are now compelled to obey laws made exclusively by men, then why should not men be compelled to be governed by the superior wisdom of woman and man combined.

Here is another question: "Would she keep her word in office?" There is no reason to believe that she would not. Almost all societies composed of our best women, are governed by them, as well, if not better than many of the organizations of men. For practical proof of the veracity and competency of women in office, we have only to look at Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming. Even the opponents of Woman Suffrage admit that they have there discharged their duties faithfully and conscientiously.

George E. Horr, '72, is editor of the *Watchman and Reflector*, Boston, Mass.

William J. Eyles, '83, is editor and publisher of *The Sky Pilot*, Red Bluff, Cal.

Herman Beyer, '84, was editor of *The Newark Times* while it flourished, and is now looking after the *Sunday Times-Standard*.

Why is the ocean so often angry?

Ans—Because it is crossed so much.

MAX MUELLER'S "DEUTSCHE LIEBE."

GRACE A. FRAZEE, '95.



ES IST eine grosse wahre Freude in unserer Zeit zu leben. Es ist, als ob die Welt aus einem Schlafe erwache. Obwohl noch viel Gleichgiltigkeit und viele Uebel aller Art vorhanden sind, so scheint es oft als rief uns eine Stimme zu: "Erwachtet! Ihr habt zu lange geharrt! Erwachtet! Oeffnet eure Herzen einem tieferen Mitleid, einer lauterer Liebe. Schaut hinaus in die grosse Welt. Reicht hilfreich eurem Bruder die Hand, damit das Band der Liebe alle Menchen umschliesse. Was sollen all' eure Lehren? Wir alle sind Brueder, und Liebe ist die Erfuellung des Gesetzes!"

Doch lange sind die Menschen dem Evangelium der Liebe, das uns der grosse Lehrer in Judaea gelehrt, entfremdet gewesen und ihre Herzen haben lange geschlummert.

Einer, der tief in den Geist des Evangeliums eingedrungen, ist Friedrich Max Mueller, der grosse Gelehrte. Mit der Forschbegierde, die des Deutschen Erbe ist, hat er dem Quell nachgespuert und in dem fernen Morgenlande lange in Dunkel gehuellte Wahrheiten entdeckt; das Studium der Philologie und der Ethnologie haben ihm eine neue Welt eroeffnet. Erfuellt von wahrer Menschenliebe ruft er seinen Zeitgenossen zu, dass alle Menschen verwandt seien, und dass die reinste Seligkeit nicht in dem Glauben, sondern in einem treuen, liebevollen Leben liege. Eine grosse Toleranz gegen andere Religionen, ein offnes Auge deren Fehler, deren Gutes zu sehen, eine wahre, ernste, bruederliche Liebe kommt in Allem, was er schreibt zum Vorschein, und dies ganz

besonders in seinem Juenglingswerk, "Deutsche Liebe."

"Deutsche Liebe" ist ein Buch aus dem Herzen und aus dem seelischen Leben des Verfassers gegriffen. Wir fuehlen dessen tiefen Sinn auf jeder Seite. Es hat die schoene, liebliche Fuerstin, Maria, wirklich gelebt und geliebt, und ihren heiligen Einfluss ueber den Juengling ausgestroemt. Und sie,—diese junge Maria, die er so innig liebte,—sie hat seine Seele der Menschenliebe eroeffnet und ihn ueberzeugt, dass Liebe nicht Leidenschaft, sondern gegenseitige Helfensfreude, gegenseitiges Mitfuehlen, gegenseitige Achtung ist. "Das beste sollte das liebste sein, und in dieser liebe sollte nicht angesehen werden, nutz oder unnutz, frommen oder schaden, gewinn oder verlust, ehre oder unehre, lob oder unlob, oder diser keins, sunder was in der wahrheit das edelste und das allerbeste ist, das solt auch das allerliebste sein, und um nichts anders dann allein um das, dass es das edelste und das beste ist." Auch hier sehen wir die Liebe wie eine hohe, von allem Koerperlichen gereinigte Gemeinschaft der Seele. "Seliger ist's zu geben, als zu nehmen." Nicht sucht wahre Liebe ihr eignes Glueck, sondern sehnt sich darnach die Freude anderer zu mehren. Die Liebe kommt aus der Selbstlosigkeit der Seele; die Seele liebt, weil die Liebe ihre innerste wahre Natur ist. Goethe sagt: "Ich liebe dich; was ist das 'dir'?"

Wir finden etwas unaussprechlich Schoenes und Pathetisches in den Erinnerungen aus Mueller's Kindheit. Die Seele eines Kindes mit all seinen Gefuehlen, seiner Liebe, seiner Verwunderung

ueber die Welt und ueber die Menschen darin. Alles ist hier mit tiefster Empfindung und innigem Verstaendniss fuer ein Kinderherz gezeichnet. Besonders lieblich ist die Stelle, worin er von den Veilchen erzaehlt—wie der suesse Hauch dieser ersten Veilchen aus seiner Erinnerung nie schwinden koenne. Wie fesselt uns diese aufkeimende, ueberstroemende Liebe des Kindes, und dies unbestimmte Wundern ueber die fremden Leute. Diese Liebe ist ihm von Kindheit auf geblieben. Sie ist der Grundton seines ganzen Lebens. Sie war die Triebfeder, welche ihn draengte, sich in das ernste Studium anderer Sprachen, anderer Religionen zu versenken. Das Verlangen des Kindes die schoene, muetterliche

Fuerstin zu kuessen und zu lieben, wurde Vater der grossen erhabenen Menschenliebe, welche ihn zu einem Lehrer der Welt machte. Und dieses einfache Evangelium der allgemeinen Menschenliebe, den wahren Geist des Christenthums, dies lehrt er uns durch den Juengling in "Deutscher Liebe." Ohne sich ueber Lehren und dunkle Theologie zu kuemmern, bietet uns sein ganzes Leben eine Fuelle von Tugend, reiner Sittlichkeit und Mitgefuehl. Wir fuehlen, es ist der Verfasser selbst, der in dem Freund der lieben Maria sein eigenes Juenglingsalter verkoerpert hat; und in seinem Werke, "Deutsche Liebe," tritt vor uns der innere Geist des "Dichter-Philologen."

DUNRAVEN.

JESSIE DONALD, '95.



DUNRAVEN, O, Dunraven, O
woful day to thee.
No more thy bonnie mill-
dams this eye shall ever see,
Dark night about them gath-
ered, brother and sister
mine,
Dunraven, O, Dunraven, of
rescue never a sign.

What would I not give now, Janet,
Once more thy face to see,
And kiss thy cherry lips, my dear,
And whisper love for thee.

O, but if she was fair, Janet,
Our Tam was fairer far,
The maidens loved him every one,
Of a' the lads the star.

O, but and she was fair, Janet,
And good as fair was she,
Her curly locks bright golden were,
Her e'en blue as the sea.

A better sister I might have been,
Had'st thou been spared to me,
And lent mine ear with glad consent
To every childish plea.

Dunraven, O, Dunraven, O woful day for me
When o'er thy bonnie mill-dams the waters
raged sae free.
And swept awa' my twa fair flooers—
O, gin I could but dee.

THE STREAM OF HISTORY.

CLAUDE EDWARD SCATTERGOOD, '95.



NE day last summer, when the sun was just sinking below the western hills, crowning their summits with a golden blaze of light, I wandered down to a little brook, which flowed in and out through a dense foliage of trees in a dark wild woodland. While gazing upon the bubbling and rippling water I became aware of a bright light wandering to and fro among the bushes and approaching me noiselessly. Suddenly the bushes at the side of me parted and there stood a beautiful maiden who, to my surprise, addressed me by my own name and then told me hers; it was "History."

Then she gracefully stepped into my rowboat, which I had fastened by a rope to a tree, and by some strange force impelled me to take a seat by her side. She with ease untied the rope and pushed the boat from the shore. Then as I took the oars almost unconsciously and she the rudder, we began our journey. After passing under the high trees which grew on either side of us and whose branches formed a high arch over our heads, we passed through green meadows and wild plains and then into a light mist, which after leaving I saw unfolded before my eyes the various events which took place in the development of our country. I saw Lee surrendering to Grant, then all the movements and battles of the Civil War, from the very beginning; then the War of 1812, and at last the Revolution. There stood Washington, superb in his grandeur, commanding our army at the battle of Brandywine, and gazing with a

determined and fearless eye upon the movements of both armies.

Then passing through the colonial days, we came to the grand court of King Louis XIV of France and saw the various wars and events of his reign. After we had beheld the many vicissitudes of Europe, which I have not time nor space to mention, we came to the Port of Palos and saw Columbus setting forth on his daring adventure.

I had noticed that along the entire length of the stream, numerous smaller streams emptied into the one on which we "Without or wave or wind" were ascending; these, my companion informed me, were the various tributaries of the "Stream of Time."

Being impelled farther by the strange force that had accompanied us thus far, we next beheld the Crusaders crossing the dreary plains and moors, in order to reach the Holy Land, and saw them meeting only with the deepest disappointment and great loss of true and noble lives. Now we saw Charlemagne setting forth on his expedition into Spain, and followed by his vast army of retainers and men at arms; their armor reflecting back the yellow rays of the sun, and the whole company looking like a large cavalcade of steel and iron.

Passing over our next views, we now witnessed the Huns invading the once all powerful and majestic city of the pagan world; its vast buildings were burning, pillars were falling, and the inhabitants were fleeing. We next beheld Rome in its latter days; Titus coming home from Judaea, and Nero pillaging

and plundering without mercy his terrified subjects. Now we saw the good old days of Rome, when consuls held the reins of government and the laws of the Decemvirs were in force; the time when men thought it honorable to learn a trade and then to practice it, and when all men dwelt together in harmony.

We now came to Greece—Greece, the light of the then known world and the seat of learning. Here we saw Plato and Socrates instructing their classes, and Demosthenes giving his most profound orations. There was Sparta, simple but courageous, making men of its children, who were worthy to be called men. Next we came to the heroic age of Greece, and saw the simple but pure customs of the people then.

Then came Babylon, the great and powerful city of the East, the pride of the Assyrian empire; there stood Nebuchadnezzar, clothed in his robes of state

and silently looking with haughty pride over his vast empire.

Passing through Chaldaea, we next came to Egypt; Egypt, the realm of wisdom and primitive civilization; Egypt, the store-house of knowledge of remotest antiquity. Here were men building pyramids; others, who by their appearance seemed to belong to a different nation, were making bricks, and that without straw.

That part of the stream which passed through Egypt was very narrow, and when we ascended it a little farther we found the atmosphere filled with a light fog, which became denser as we proceeded, and finally blotted out the surrounding objects from our view. I spoke to my companion, but she, too, seemed to be gradually changing into a fine mist, and presently vanished, leaving me alone in the boat.

JOHN REYNE'S TEMPTATION.

ETHEL MAYO, '96.



AT LAST it was finished, and Richard Armstrong leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. The work upon which he had toiled so long, his opera, was at last completed. The elusive Will-o'-the-Wisp, Fame, was within his grasp. As he looked at the manuscript before him he knew that it was honest work, the kind

of work that the world is always looking for. Instead of the noisy, bustling street below him, with its cable cars, and the vast surging mass of people hastening through under the last cold rays of the winter sun, he saw a great building crowded with all who represent the highest America can claim in art and letters, music and beauty. And there upon the stage, moving the audience to tears or to laughter, while the men clapped their hands and shouted "Bravo" until the very air seemed to vibrate with emotion, were the creatures of his brain, for this was the "first night" of his opera.

The door opened and a voice from the darkness which had settled upon the

dreamer drawled out, "Hello, Dick, where are you? This economy is all very well, but legs have some value from a commercial standpoint," and the owner of the voice groped his way through the gloom. Then Armstrong arose, lighted the gas, and without a word handed the roll of paper to his friend.

John Reyne was a man whom everybody knew. Under a pseudonym he did "clever" work for several magazines. He had known Richard Armstrong in college, and when, a few years after, they had met in New York, the old intimacy was renewed.

Reyne thought he knew his companion's power and scope, and so took up the manuscript rather indifferently, and began to read. But after he had turned a page or two, he became interested, and moving to the light, sat down and read it through from cover to cover. Then he looked up and said quietly, "Why didn't you tell your friends you were a genius, Dick?" To which Armstrong replied, "Oh, I'm only waiting to give the public a chance to find it out," and then he tried to cover with a laugh, his pleasure at such a favorable opinion.

In a few moments Reyne spoke of a half forgotten engagement and said "good night." As he went down the stairs, he said, half aloud, "I never thought he had it in him. What a difference between a few magazine articles and this."

The next morning early the two met again in the street and Armstrong explained to his friend, "I had a letter from my aunt in the East this morning. I lived with her when I was a boy. She is dying. I don't suppose you'll refuse my opera, house room, for I don't feel like leaving papers about in my rooms since our fire of last month." With a brief "good bye,"

and a hand shake he was off, and Reyne stood looking down upon the package which had been intrusted to him.

When Reyne reached home he locked the opera away in his desk. But all day long his mind reverted to it, and the more he thought, the more he envied his friend. He knew that all he had written, clever as it was, was only superficial, and he recognized the power and genius of Armstrong's work. Great things had been predicted for him. He thought as he sat there that he would always be a might-have-been, a man who had not fulfilled the world's expectation,—almost a failure.

Two days after he picked up a paper and ran his eyes over the columns hurriedly. A start of surprise, a glance down the page, and the paper dropped from his hands. His face turned pale, his hands trembled. There in staring head lines was the news of a frightful railroad accident in Massachusetts, and in the list of killed was Richard Armstrong. Below in fine print Reyne had seen, "Mr. Armstrong, whose death in to-day's great railroad disaster is confirmed, will be deeply mourned by his many friends in literary and musical circles in this city."

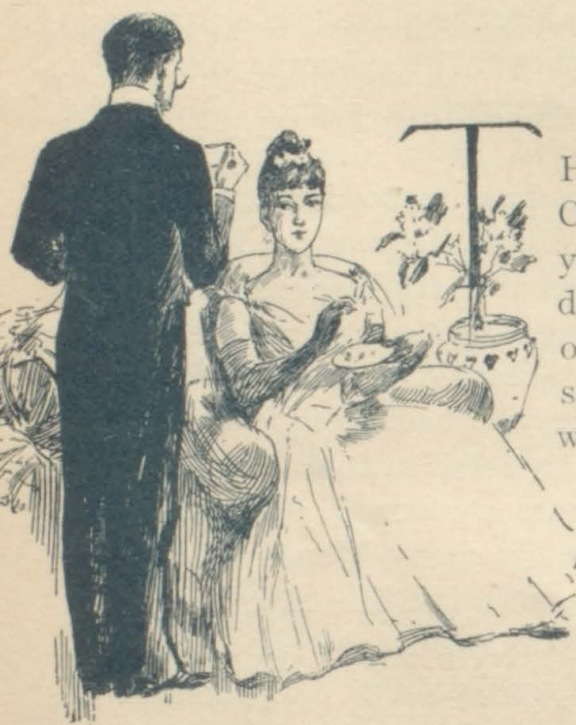
That was all, and Reyne sat there with the paper at his feet—sat and thought of the last time he had seen his friend, of the glad tone in his voice when he spoke of the completion of his opera. Even the existence of the work was to be concealed. "It shall be a secret between us for a while," Armstrong had said. "Through all Reyne's thought there ran the refrain, "No one but me knows of this manuscript. What good can it do him now?" At last he rose from the chair, walked slowly across the room to the desk where the manuscript lay, took it out and wrote on the wrapper, "John Reyne," saying half impatiently, "it would do no one good.

It is mine—mine as an inheritance.”

All day long he walked the streets, for he could not stay in the house and think, with the evidence of his treachery so near him. The thought of the old college days came back to him as he passed through the busy streets. He remembered all the long-forgotten pranks that Armstrong and he had enjoyed together. Now that his companion was gone, gone past recalling, he felt the void in his life that Armstrong had filled. At last as the stars were beginning to peer out from the watch tower above, over all the beauty and purity, over

all the sadness and despair in the great city, Reyne stopped short in his ceaseless walk and retraced his way to his rooms as quickly as possible. Here he seized the opera, and quickly snatching off the wrapper that bore his name, cast it into the fire. Then he wrote upon the fly-leaf of the manuscript, “The last work of Richard Mortimer Armstrong,” and whispered to himself, “he shall have fame but it will be too late. Perhaps over there,”—he looked from the window to the pale stars shining down upon him, “perhaps he will understand it all and forgive.”

THE SOCIAL LIFE.



THE Junior Class of last year was indeed a gay one, the staid seniors of '94 will admit this. And oh, what a jolly year this has been: even the ac-

quirement of seniorship has not dulled our love of fun.

Although the last part of the year, after the ANNUAL is published, is usually lost to the public, it is generally the liveliest part. Last year just before vacation, our Juniors exhibited their dramatic skill in a most delightful family romance, “Chalk and Cheese.” One of our girls was resplendent in a dressing-gown, smoking-cap and mustache, one end of which, by the way, would not stick, but this did not interfere with her boldly declaring herself a

much afflicted “man,” and indulging in the name of Walter. Her wife was a capital little woman, and Perkins, the maid, brought down the house with a most guileless observation, that “she didn’t keep company with any young man.”

The Juniors are now Seniors, and as such have been particularly lively in their social life. The beginning of last October saw a greatly delighted crowd of girls, and a few boys in the assembly room, awaiting the object of their visit very patiently, considering the great treat that was in store for them. The Canterbury Pilgrims entered, in full costume, with dear old Chaucer in the lead, with whom “The Wif of Bathe” flirted openly all the time. Then much to the surprise of all, these ancient people began a rather familiar conversation about that time-worn theme, “The High School.” But so cleverly was it gotten up in the real Chaucerian style, and such sly humor was introduced, that it seemed almost like a revelation.

One Friday, a short time before Christmas, when our school was about to be

closed and deserted by its inhabitants, it was proposed and resolved, that we have an afternoon session that should differ entirely from any other day. The school was delighted by recitations, duets, solos and chorus singing, and then one member of the Senior class read a short sketch of the life of Shakespear's Touchstone and Audrey. Then appeared, from Miss Crane's room, the dearest little Audrey imaginable, and the most delightfully foolish Touchstone. The school was kept in an uproar for at least a quarter of an hour by Touchstone's grand manners and Audrey's rapt admiration.

The girls have not been entirely selfish in their pleasure, but had made a little sunshine for others. A few poor children at Christmas were gathered in the girls' assembly room, which was bright with Japanese lanterns, and on the platform, Oh! delight of every childish heart, was a Christmas-tree. Dear old Santa came running in, stumbled, and fell full length on the platform, and was greatly hurt because the children laughed at him. He soon recovered his good nature, however, and gave the children their presents and sweets, with jolly little speeches, that warmed their hearts, as much as the gifts delighted their eyes.

Last, and by far the most delightful afternoon was spent in the large front room one Friday. The Senior B's were working most industriously to make the room fit to receive their expected company. And lo! when their work was finished, the platform was really "a thing of beauty." There stood a full length table, not bare, but with one mother's-best-table-cloth spread grandly upon it, and decked out with china, silver salad dishes, after-dinner coffee cups, and solid silver spoons!

When this transformation was completed, the Senior A's entered and here was another transformation. Who would ever have recognized our staid school-girls in these lively, festive creatures. There was Bacchus, Comus, Nerissa, Portia, Jessica, Lorenzo, Circe and Cæsar. Imagine Cæsar with Comus, if you can; but nevertheless he was there, and hosts of others. After the guests were seated they were soon made acquainted with the fact that the table not only held crockery, linen and silver, but something very much more substantial. The Senior B's, with Miss Coult as supporter, now proceeded to act as waiters. Two dignified Seniors presided at the table and poured the tea and cocoa with the ability of matrons. All the teachers who have these irresistible Seniors in charge were there, and enjoyed it all immensely.

Truly we hope the Seniors of next year will follow our example, but eclipse us if you can. Who says now that the High School is slow?

THIS year the Junior Classes formed class clubs to discuss the literary topics and news of the day. The German Division took the name the "Junior A Club," and the Latin Division "Tau Eta." The meetings have been held each month, and among the topics discussed were the following: The Corean War, Robert Louis Stevenson and Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

OFFICERS: "Tau Eta," President, Clara H. Lewis; Vice-President, Florence M. Rose; Secretary, Vilda Sauvage; Treasurer, Stephanie M. Schulz.

"Junior A," President, Mabel Van Duyne; Vice-President, Elfrieda Devendorf; Secretary, Letitia M. Jones; Treasurer, Alice Kane.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1895.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL.



WHEN we, four years ago, entered the portals of this institution, as humble unsophisticated first years, how far in the distance, how infinitely removed appeared

that time when we might, with all the rightful pride which accompanies this prerogative, call ourselves "Seniors." We regarded with what almost may be termed awe, those who at that time occupied the place, toward which our aspiring ambition was urging us. And now we have reached this place of honor, our dreams have been realized, but with realized dreams accompanying duties spring up. One of these, but unlike most duties, an exceedingly pleasant one, is the sending forth of our ANNUAL to all its indulgent friends, who for so many years have appreciated its merits and condoned its faults. We have endeavored to make it as attractive and as interesting as it is possible, and we hope our kind readers will remember that we editors are inexperienced in this branch of literature, and although our minds are filled to overflowing with exquisite flowers of rhetoric, touching lines of poetry, melting pathos, and burning eloquence, yet somehow, the medium by which we transmit these

beautiful thoughts to others, seems in us to be, as yet, a little defective. So with these few words of greeting, we send forth the ANNUAL of '95 to speak for itself.

A DIM indistinct image, seen ten years ago by those, our predecessors, who edited the ANNUAL at that time: A flitting vision, appearing, disappearing, believed in, trusted in, and hoped for, which eluded the ken of wistful Seniors, and the grasp of undergraduates. Yet every year it has become more distinct, until we, the Class of '95, can almost leave it as a legacy to the Class of '96. Yes leave it, and not its name, as has been done by preceding classes. And what is this mysterious image, this shadowy shade, which is so soon to be caught and imprisoned in substantial stone, nay in stately marble? Why, what elsethan that dream of every schoolboy's heart, "The New High School." Next year will see the selection of a site, and then Newark, that city in which large buildings such as the post-office spring up so rapidly will behold, we trust, that perfect consummation of every city's glory—a well equipped building devoted to higher education.

WHEN the school year opened in September, it was found that the main building could not afford adequate accommodation for the large number of applicants for admission. Accordingly a second boys' annex was established on Lawrence street, with Mr. K. S. Blake and Mr. T. B. Hascall as instructors. We also welcome Miss Josephine Field to our corps of teachers at the young ladies' annex.

PLEASURE, when combined with instruction, is at all times to be desired. The Classical Club, an organization of which Prof. Mathews is President, is a feature

of our classical department which possesses this happy combination. The knowledge gained by the members will be of great value to them in after life, especially if they intend to continue their education in higher institutions, and the enjoyable evenings spent at the different homes will always be pleasant to look back upon. Our well filled library of four hundred volumes is a great help to us in our regular class work, as well as in that of the club.

THE scientific department under the able management of Prof Sonn, is in an unusually flourishing condition this year. Year by year valuable pieces of apparatus are added to the already goodly supply, through the efforts of the members of this department. This year under the auspices of the Agassiz Society, a lecture was given by A. Conan Doyle, by which a goodly sum was realized. By such means the laboratory is furnished with the needed apparatus in addition to the pieces which the Board kindly gives us. It is expected that one of the features of the new "High School" will be a much more commodious, and a much better equipped laboratory than the present one.

THERE has gone forth from the High School one who has been called to broader fields of action, and to lands where the nobility of her character and the beauty of her life will be a truly ennobling example to those for whom she has sacrificed so much. Those who knew Miss Mary Olmstead while a teacher in this school must feel assured that her labor of love among the natives of India will result in great and lasting good to the cause to which she is so lovingly devoted.

ON the afternoon of the 17th of January the junior boys entertained a mixed audience of boys and girls with a truly excellent debate. The subject, "Should Women be Allowed the Right of Suffrage?" was treated in a masterly manner by Fred De Camp in the affirmative, and Charles Levy in the negative. The judges, Dr. Hovey, Miss Crane and Mr. Hascall, decided that the resolution had been sustained

WE have frequently combined work with pleasure, and find a delightful result, although at a loss for time to carry out our many plans. For instance, our far-famed "glee club," under the excellent supervision of Miss Ethel Riker and Mr. Homer Diefendorf, is enjoying once a week a pleasant hour with our efficient musical instructor, Mrs. Griggs.

UNDER the auspices of the "High School Alumni Association," Miss Ida Benfey gave a dramatization of "Les Miserables" for reading on the evening of February 15. Miss Benfey also rendered two other selections and was fully appreciated by the large audience.

WE desire to express our obligation to Mr. William Talbot, '95, for assistance rendered in the publication of this paper.

AMID this period of political upheaval and the Chino-Japanese War, and the frost in Florida, our school goes on as ever.

AT the present time we have three annexes to our school: a young ladies' annex on Washington street, and two boys' annexes, one on West Park street and one on Lawrence street.

MARRIAGES.

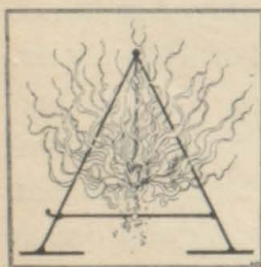
Mr. Charles Hood, '85, to Miss Julia Goldsmith, '86.
 Miss Alice E. Young, '85, to Mr. David G. Williams.
 Miss Minnie C. Starkweather, '83, to Mr. David D. Rutan.
 Miss Minnie Vosburgh, '84, to Mr. Dudley Van Holland.
 Miss Susie B. Conover, '77, to Mr. James A. Romeyn.
 Miss Emma D. Schneider, '80, to Mr. Moses J. DeWitt.
 Miss Nellie R. Kane, '92, to Mr. Frank M. Carnes.
 Miss Annie R. Courtois, '87, to Mr. Edwin C. H. Wilkins.
 Mr. Harry A. Pierson, '77, to Frances Eleanor Denton.
 Miss Della M. Jeralesmon, '88, to Mr. Walter Clarence Barnett.
 Miss Hattie Goble, '86, to Mr. Fred. King.
 Miss Lizzie A. Moore, '81, to Mr. Eugene L. Sibley.

DEATHS.

Mr. Evander G. Matteson, '91.
 Mr. F. E. Osborne, '75.
 Mrs. Marie Bimbler McCormick, '86.
 Miss Adele Smith, '97.
 Mr. Donald Poinier, '98.

GLIMPSES OF THE AGE OF ROMANCE.

MINNIE M. HANN, 97.



CASTLE in ruins ! life itself was a poem, with the romance
 How many and how of the knight running through it like a
 vivid are the pictures silver thread.
 called to mind by one of
 these relics of a by-gone
 age. Old and gray, and
 overgrown with ivy,
 there clusters around it a chain of mem-
 ories making the heart turn with longing
 from the prosaic present to the time when
 Could these silent walls now speak,
 what tales they would tell of life in that
 picturesque time. Since this is imposs-
 ible, let us look at a few pen-pictures of
 castle life, and imagine ourselves, for the
 time, living in that age of chivalry.

IN THE ORCHARD.

JENNIE G. DAVIES, '97.



BEHIND a gray old castle, with ivied towers and frowning battlements, lies a fair orchard, where the ground is carpeted with soft, green grass. The scent of apple-blossoms is in the air, and over all the morning sun is shining brightly.

At so early an hour the orchard is usually left to the birds and butterflies, but the silence this morning is pleasantly broken by merry voices—voices of men, and the sweeter tones of women; young women, with bright eyes and light hearts, dressed in rich, flowing robes of many colors, that serve to enhance the charm of their graceful movements.

"Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed." Beneath the shade of an apple tree several maidens are seated, embroidering, pausing often to caress their dogs, or to bestow an occasional dainty on their pet falcons. The young knights linger near them, and although they are dressed for the hunt, and their squires, who are in attendance with horses and hounds, cast impatient glances towards them, they seem in no haste to set out.

A little way from these are a youth and maiden, talking earnestly, and all about are happy children at play. The lord of the castle—a stately old knight—strolls from group to group, with his lady, and they seem well pleased to see the young people's enjoyment.

A sudden exultant shout from a neighboring field draws all eyes in that direction. A young squire has just succeeded

in skilfully piercing the helmet of the Quintain, and the pages are cheering loudly. The squire, however, turns to the fair spectators in the orchard, and feels well rewarded by the burst of applause that greets him, in which the maidens join.

The company breaks up into groups again, and then the dancing begins. The dance is one of those stately old measures, requiring grace in the participants in order to be beautiful, and the young people, now dancing, are full of grace. The music is furnished by a maiden. She sits before her harp, from which she draws slow, sweet strains. Her hands are soft and white, and as they sweep the strings the music seems to flow from her fingertips, as the dancers bend and sway in time to it.

This maiden is the daughter of the Castle. She is not, perhaps, any more beautiful than the others, but she is different from them. Her expression is sadder, and more thoughtful, as though she were accustomed to think more of others' joys and sorrows than of her own.

The strains of music grow fainter, and then cease, and the dancers stroll away among the trees, when, from the direction of the castle, a bugle-call is heard, and a herald is seen dismounting at the gate. Instantly all is excitement among the merry-makers, and with one accord, knights and ladies, pages and squires, stream towards the entrance. Just as the last bright form disappears, the young squire, who displayed such prowess on the practice field, stoops and picks up a tiny glove, dropped by his lady, and fastens it in his helmet, where he will wear it to give him strength and courage when he goes bravely to the wars.

THE OATH OF FEALTY.

ADDIE E. DAVIS, '97.



THE young lord was not of age. His regent mother sat in state, on the canopied seat of the great hall. The little fellow, a bright, active child, sat on her lap, and looked with wondering eyes at the strange faces of the retainers who stood near, gazing with fond admiration on the lad's plump, rosy cheeks. They were thinking, "What a fine knight he will make! We shall be proud of him!"

The under baron, who to-day was to swear fealty, had not yet arrived. Everything was in readiness, the clerk with his quill and scroll on the left, the solemn priest in his long black robes on the right. Near the priest stood an old knight, who

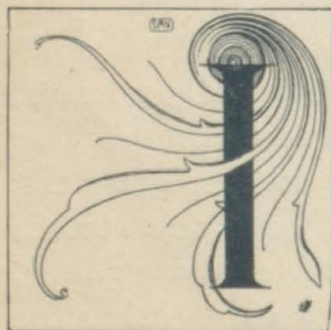
watched over them all. He would give his life for the little lord, if need were.

A loud noise of stamping horses and clanging armor was heard in the courtyard. A guard hurriedly entered and announced the approach of the under-baron.

The massive doors were flung open and the baron and his followers advanced up the long hall to the foot of the canopied seat. The clerk read from a scroll in his hand, and when he had finished all was silent. The little lord leaned back in his mother's arms and drooped his yellow curls. The baron advanced to the canopied seat, knelt on one knee, bowed his head, and, placing his large, brawny hands between the chubby palms of the little lord, swore to be "his man." The baron then rose, bowed, and left the hall. As he reached the door he glanced back and saw the little fellow fast asleep on his mother's breast.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

GERTRUDE SNODGRASS, '97.



IN THE great hall of the castle, all the household are gathered round the huge fireplace to spend the evening as winter evenings were spent in the fourteenth century. The room is long and wide, and the ceiling so lofty that the glow from the firelight cannot reach it, and dusky shadows lurk among the oak rafters. The logs on the hearth blaze

brightly, and throw a strong red light on the circle round the fire, but leave the other end of the hall in darkness. The blaze has kindled a hundred little flames on the burnished armor hanging round the walls, and here and there has lit a sparkling star on the point of a spear.

At one end of the hearth, the family are seated in massive carved chairs, and at the other end, respectfully distant from them, are the servants. My Lord is playing chess with his jester, and is evidently being beaten, for the fool points his

triumphantly to the check-mated king. The fool is a picturesque figure in his motley suit of red and yellow. His cap, covered with little bells, is lying by his side with his bauble.

The family bard is singing a ballad to the tune of his harp, for the entertainment of the rest of the group. The minstrel's hair is white and his cheeks deeply furrowed; but as he plays, the stirring measure wakes in his deep-set eyes a fire that belonged to the days of his youth. His singing has produced different effects on his hearers. The little daughter of the castle has buried her golden head in the folds of her mother's dress, as though the song were so sad that she could not bear it without tears. Her mother is gazing at her son, and in his face she can read the story the minstrel is telling. Though scarcely more than a boy, he is drawn by the tale, and has risen from his chair with his hand on his dagger. There is a glow of manly courage in his

eyes, and no doubt he thinks, with boyish faith, that he can subdue any foe, be he knight or dragon.

Some of the servants listen intently to the minstrel, but others are whispering and laughing among themselves. One rosy-cheeked boy is mischievously drawing the sword of a burly squire, who is sleeping heavily, intending, no doubt, to hide it. Five little pages sit on a great oak chest in the chimney corner. One little fellow with yellow curls has laid his head on his companion's shoulder, and is fast asleep. The rest seem interested in the song, and from their eager faces, it is evident that they long for the time when they shall have won their spurs, and can do valiant deeds to furnish minstrels a theme for song.

May this household always be as peaceful as it is now, and may the warder never rouse them with the dread summons, "To arms! the foemen storm the wall."

THE VIGIL AT ARMS.

JENNIE E. CLARK, '97.



WITHIN the little chapel no light is seen except the gleaming candles, and the low, steady flame of the sanctuary lamp.

Dimly we can see the hangings of the altar. In the flickering light we discern the form of a knight. Wrapped in a flowing robe, with long hair streaming over his shoulders, his hands uplifted in holy supplication, he is consecrating his emblems of brotherhood, and at the same time offering himself to his God. Holy thoughts and high ideals pass through his mind,

as he dwells on the life before him, and a calm, serene expression rests upon the young face.

Reverently he prays, till the early morning sunshine, streaming in through the stained-glass windows, proclaims that his vigil is ended. Then, rising, he goes forth to receive his Accolade, and to become a knight indeed—ready for deeds of valor.

A RELIABLE METHOD.—The only way to determine the oratorical ability of a class of girls is to have them discuss designs for a class pun.

below. Jumping from my bed I glanced hurriedly out of the window, and saw a sight which, though terrifying at any time, was rendered doubly so by the inky darkness which precedes the dawn. It was a fire that I saw, and I could distinguish not only the red glow cast on the sky and surrounding houses, but the blaze itself. Yes, and a right merry blaze did it seem to be, as it crept and danced and leaped over that building; but 'twas a mystery to me what building it was.

In five minutes more I was hurrying down stairs, putting on my coat as I ran. Going? Of course I was! I would have to get up in two hours anyway, and when there was a fire to see what difference would two hours make? I did not wish my father to hear me, for he would probably suggest that the sleep would do me more good than the fire; so I closed the front door rather softly, I admit, and running down the steps, made a "bee line" for the fire.

It would be a difficult task to describe the varied scene presented to my gaze, when I reached the High School, for it was the High School that was burning, and whether to be glad or sorry I did not know. I was sorry because I had become attached to the old building, and glad because I knew we might now get a new one. So I watched, with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret, the progress of the flames. The fire had started in the laboratory (improper wiring of course) and sudden explosions, bursts of flames, and the sounds of falling glassware gave evidence of the work of devastation going on there. Many streams were playing on the building, but the fire had a good start and seemed to defy the fire laddies.

I was standing near Principal Hovey at one time when he was bemoaning to one of the firemen the fate of valuable private

papers, and school documents. The fireman instantly replied that he would get them if told where they were. "Impossible," replied Doctor Hovey. "I could not explain their location to you, who have never been in there, but if I could find one of the boys to go with you they might be saved."

Turning around a moment later he espied me, an interested listener. Nodding to me he asked if I would be afraid to go up there. Under any other circumstances I should have said that I was; but knowing the urgency of the case I replied that I would go. Still I did not like the idea of going up there, and the burly fireman seeing my hesitation, sarcastically asked if I was trembling. This determined me, and I rather tartly replied that if he dared to go up there I would also risk it. Dr. Hovey immediately gave me some instructions for procuring the documents.

Behold us then a moment later mounting a swaying ladder, the fireman going first, wrapped in his heavy coat, and I following, wrapped mostly in a cloud of smoke that was stifling me, though the fireman didn't seem to mind it. He drew his axe and with a couple of strokes smashed a passage way through the window sash and we entered. Volumes of smoke were pouring into the chapel, though the flames had not yet reached there, and I, now playing leader, led the way to the office. The door we soon forced, and I lost no time in gathering together as many of the papers as I could find, and then we turned toward the window. Indeed, it was time: for the flames had advanced with fearful rapidity and there was danger of the floor giving way. The heat was intense. I was lowered down the ladder in a dazed condition, but still grasping in my hand those precious papers.

In the fresh air of the street below I quickly recovered consciousness, and after delivering my parcel, turned my attention once more to the flames. The men had done everything in their power to check the fire, and streams of water were being thrown into all the windows, but the flames had eaten their way between the ceiling and floor, and in a short time the floor of the boys' department, after slowly settling, fell with a crash. The lower floor unable to bear the strain thus put upon it, also fell. Soon after the roof and the greater part of the walls tumbled in, and the ruin was complete. Little was left of the old school but its name, and that still smoking mass of rubbish. Nothing except a few books taken from the desks had been saved.

It was seven o'clock when I turned my

back upon the scene and trudged homeward. As I passed the front of the building the words "High School" were still discernable. What a mockery it seemed. High School it was no more, nor ever would be again. Little had I thought when I left it the day before, that I had spent my last hour there as a pupil. It proved so however, for before the building had been rebuilt I was offered a good position, which I immediately accepted.

Well, boys, that was how I came to leave before I graduated. Of course it was hard to give it all up, but it was for the best. As for the school, the fire was a blessing in disguise, for the new building soon rose from the ruins, more handsome and greatly enlarged; a building of which Newark could be proud.

A TWO-SIDED JOKE.

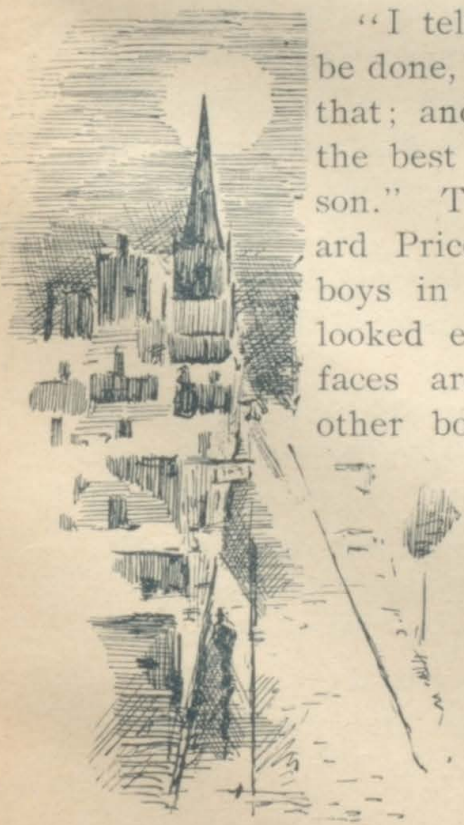
EDGAR TINTLE, '97.

CHAPTER I.

"I tell you boys, it can be done, and very easily at that; and it will be one of the best jokes of the season." The speaker, Leonard Price, the leader of boys in all their pranks, looked expectantly at the faces around him. The other boys, of whom I was one, were silent for a moment, then catching the spirit of the affair, gave evident signs of approval. I shouted three cheers for Len. and the

In this body were five of us, Len. Price, Frank Jorden, Will Blaisdell, Fred. Grimm and myself. Five others, who belonged to our crowd, were not present.

We were all pupils in the Newkirk Military Academy, and we liked to have a good time now and then. The best prank we could play, and also the most difficult to carry out, was to escape from the grounds after dark, without having obtained permission from Col. Stephens, our commander. This Len. Price intended to do, and, having this day off, that is the day after Christmas, he was spending it inventing some plan to escape from the building, and then, after passing the sentinels, on the edge of the academy grounds, to go to a house, which was about two miles outside the grounds, and was kept by Mrs. O'Rourke, a widow, who was



rest responded with a will, making the welkin ring.

known far and wide for her delicious cooking.

The boys had often stayed at this house on holidays, but never without permission. It was to this house that Len. wanted to take us boys on the 1st of January, New Year's night, then five days off. All the boys present assented, and promised to be of the party, and to bear their share of the expense. "Now," said Fred. Grimm, "let Len. give us the details of the scheme."

"All right," replied Len., "now all listen closely, so that you'll all know what you are expected to do. At noon on the 31st I'll get permission to go outside the grounds, and will go directly to Mrs. O'Rourke's and order a big spread prepared for us that night at eleven, to be served when we reach there. Of course I shall withhold all names, and if it should be found out, she would not be able to say positively who was there." "Now," he continued, "you see how important it is to get there at the right time."

"But," suggested Will, "suppose the inspector should come along after we have gone? And besides, how are we to get past the sentinel?"

"For the first," replied Len., "you are each to make a dummy of your old clothes and put it in your bed, arrange it to look as if you were there, and you must leave your uniforms on the right hooks, and dress up in citizen's clothes. You see," said Len., "if the inspector should come along after you are gone, he will glance into the room, see the uniforms hanging on the usual hooks and then pass on, not suspecting that you would go out without wearing them."

"And as to passing the sentries, that depends upon circumstances. If it snows, as it has been prophesied, we will each take a sheet from our bed, use as many as

necessary to make a rope out of them long enough to reach the ground. With the others we will make snowbanks out of ourselves by wrapping them around us, and when we reach the sentry line we can creep by without being noticed."

"But," interjected Frank Jorden, "will not the rope of sheets be noticed after we are gone?"

"We will stuff it behind the drain pipe as much as possible before we go," replied Len.

"And if we are caught in trying to pass the sentry, what then shall be done," I asked.

"We don't expect to be caught, because that would spoil it all," came the ever ready reply, "and when we get home again we can climb up the pipe with the aid of the rope; but if by any mischance the sentry should give the alarm, then we can slip into the woodshed, and when the sentry goes in to report to Col. Stephens, can climb up the rope. Now boys, we have to stop, for here comes the sergeant to march us back to the academy." "Wait!" he exclaimed, "all of you meet in my room to-night after inspection. Now disband, so that when he comes here he will not see us talking together and suspect mischief."

Then we stopped talking, or rather Len. did, as he had answered all the questions, and separated.

That night at nine o'clock we all met in Len.'s room to hear what further developments had been made. As there was need of secrecy, everything was done quietly. "Now that we are all here," Len. said, "or rather all but Frank and Will, who are detailed for sentry duty to-night, I will proceed. You know that the spread has to be paid for in advance, so I must have the money before I order the supper. I suppose that you all can give me your share before

to-morrow night. Each boy will have to contribute his share of the expense, which will be about three dollars. The committee of arrangements, or in other words, myself, is going on the 31st to Mrs. O'Rourke's to order the supper, and pay cash down, so that we may find a hot spread awaiting us when we get there. Now, as it is about time to get to bed," he continued, "we will separate, but as a parting word, don't fail to be here on New Year's night."

CHAPTER II.

It was now the 31st of December. The five days intervening had passed without any special occurrence. The committee of arrangements had succeeded in getting a pass for that noon and had ordered the spread, so that now there was no backing out, even had anybody so desired. The day passed uneventfully, so that at nine o'clock we were all in Len.'s room. Thus the first part of the plan was a success. We now made a strong rope out of six of the sheets, and with the aid of this rope easily reached the ground. Then Len. took the rope and stuffed it behind the drain pipe, and taking the other sheets we started off, slowly and silently until we came near to the beat of the sentry, which was on the edge of the grounds. It was a bitter cold night and we would have returned but for the thought of the hot lunch awaiting us.

As we came in sight of the sentry-box we saw that Benidict Atgeld was on duty. As he was an upper classman, and was classed as a "good" boy by us, we wondered how he came to have the position. He was one of those boys to whom the teachers gave special privileges, and that alone made it look suspicious. It seemed to be for our especial benefit that he was behind the sentry-box, protected from the wind,

Covered with the white sheets which made us indistinguishable from the snow banks over which we crawled, we crept on the opposite side of the sentry-box, only a few yards distant. We lay perfectly still; once, he looked around the corner of the sentry-box directly at us, but he evidently thought that it was the sentry on the next beat that had made the noise, but our anxiety did not last long, and as soon as we were a considerable distance away we jumped up and ran ahead to get warmed up.

We were congratulating ourselves how nicely we had fooled everybody, and were planning the good time we would have when we had reached Mrs. O'Rourke's. Each one of us felt that he had done a big thing to fool the Colonel and faculty, and we were all laughing and feeling as jolly as could be, as we ascended the steps of the inn. Len. knocked on the door and then turned toward us and said, "Prepare for a surprise, fellows, because I got more than I expected for the money," and with these words in our ears, we heard the latch lifted and the door opened.

And there on the threshold of the door, as cool and calm as if he were addressing a class in school, stood Col. Stephens. We all stood as if transfixed until the Colonel said with a smile, "Come in, gentlemen, don't stand out there in the cold." We could do nothing but obey.

"You see," said he addressing us boys, "you came without permission so that in return I came here without an invitation."

A more miserable set of boys than we were would have been hard to find, but ten times worse than all, there now came filing in the entire faculty. They sat down, after asking our permission with mock gravity. The Colonel then told us to be seated, and when we did so, they all began to eat with relish what we had

expected to eat ourselves; of course we had no relish for anything. When the repast was finished we got up to leave, but we were not allowed to go so soon, for Colonel Stephens recalled us, and said in a clear cutting tone of voice:

"Leonard Price, I understand that you were at the head of this affair. If you were, your father would like to see you in that room to the left, where he is now waiting."

Len. got up slowly from where he had reseated himself, and went into the room.

What passed between Len. and his father is unknown, but after his father had

had a talk with Colonel Stephens, the Colonel turned to us and said: "Boys, you have already had part punishment for your offense, but all of you report for guard duty for one week beginning to-morrow."

This was light punishment considering the offense, but this was not the only punishment, for we were destined to hear of that night's escapade for months to come from the other cadets. This was the end of my joke playing while I stayed at the Academy, where I found to my sorrow that teachers relish a joke as well as the students.

ALETHEA'S DREAM.

DAISY SHERK '98.



ALETHEA was a little Grecian maiden, a fair type of the beauty of her race. Her features were regular, her nose was well moulded, while her mouth, though firmly chiseled, was sweet and true. Lighting up her face and forming its chief beauty were eyes of a deep, dark blue, like violets dipped in dew. As you gazed into their azure depths you seemed to probe down, down into her soul and see it in all its purity and truth. Crowning the sweet childish face was hair, brown in the shade, but in the light it seemed to catch and hold one of the sunbeams in its silken meshes.

One day Alethea started out for a walk. As she tripped along, holding one end of her chiton up to keep it from contact with the dirty streets of Argolis, she could see preparations being made for the feast in honor of Hera. Quickening her steps,

she walked along until she came to a less frequented street, at the end of which was a dense wood. She followed a path bordered on each side by green grass, from the soft depths of which violets were shyly lifting their purple faces.

Alethea wandered aimlessly along until she espied a pretty nook; parting the bramble that screened it, she stepped inside. She sat down on a mossy rock and leaning against the trunk of an oak, whispered softly to herself, "I shall weave a wreath of roses and lay it at the feet of Mother Hera; perhaps she will take pity on me and recall the soul of my dear mamma as it is fast going over the river to Pluto. I know she is kind and will accept my gift, poor though it is,"

With her heart greatly lightened, Alethea still sat listening to the whispering voices of the hama-dryads of the oaks. She could hear the satyrs laugh with rude glee as they sported with each other, while the gambolling fauns leaned far over the

brooklet's edge to woo the water nymphs from their cool, green recesses. At last, soothed by the soft sounds around her, the little girl fell fast asleep. One of Phœbus's searching rays, entering through the branches, rested on her upturned face, and then, as if ashamed of its boldness, withdrew as quickly as it came.

But what strange dreams came to Alethea! She seemed to be on Mt. Olympus with the entrance gate far behind, and there, sitting beautiful and imperious, on her throne of ivory and gold, was Mother Hera. Drawn nearer by an invisible power, Alethea looked up and gazed straight into those magnificent brown eyes. They seemed to dazzle her, yet she stood enthralled and gradually felt her heart go out in love to this, the protectress of her sex. A voice, sweet as the music of a harp, was wafted to her ears, "My child, I accept thy gift, it is not the gift, but the spirit in which it is given that I consider. If thy mother be not too near the other shore I will do my best to thwart dark Pluto." Alethea felt a swift joy at these words and speaking for the first time cried, "Oh, Mother Hera, I knew you were kind and good; I shall try to be a true woman and shall love you more and more when I remember you as you now sit smiling down on me." After this everything seemed to grow indistinct and to fade farther and farther away. She seemed to be falling through azure depths pierced by rosy lights, and at last to have alighted upon a bank of softest greenery. With a faint sigh of pleasure she opened her eyes and murmured, "Yes, I shall keep my faith in Hera."

"Roses, red and white, like drops of blood mingled with snow," the child murmured, as at early dawn she flitted among the blossoms. "The red ones shall

represent my mother's life, the white ones Hera's, mingled together, always united, for since Hera has promised to save her life, it belongs to her."

The narrow streets were filling up with the holy vehicles kept in a straight line by the grooves made for their wheels. Banners were flying, trumpets were blowing, while the maidens in their festive array marched along with their offerings and flowers,—all was excitement. Long ere this Alethea had stolen into the temple and had laid her roses at the feet of Hera. She looked up, and did she imagine it, or did a soft glimmering smile flit like a moonbeam across the ivory face of the statue?

* * * * *

A darkened room with mean furnishings! From the brazier the soft glow of the coals diffuses its light, and near it on a low couch covered with sheepskin lies the pale, worn mother. Crouching by the light, a pretty child sits with clasped hands and recites in her tuneful voice the majestic measures of Homer. Outside, through the noisy streets, the festal throng are returning to the sacrifice, bearing aloft the statue of the Queen of Heaven. The sound of their revelling comes nearer and nearer, and just as the statue is borne past the door the hopeless light in the mother's eyes changes to one of peace. "Yes, darling," she whispers, as the child steals softly to her, "Hera has kept her promise."

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A VITAL QUESTION.—SMALL BOY—
"Papa, what is dyspepsia?"

PAPA (slow and thoughtfully)—"Well, my son, a person is said to have dyspepsia when his food will not digest."

SMALL BOY (tremulously)—"Well, mamma said I'd have dyspepsia, because I ate some green apples, but I won't die jest yet, will I, papa?"

STAMP COLLECTING.

HERBERT S. GAY, '98.



WHILE every school boy knows that before the country was free and independent, stamps were issued for the purpose of taxation and revenue, yet all are not aware that not until the year 1840, did any nation issue stamps for the purpose of conveying letters, papers or merchandise from one point to another. Prior to that date it had been largely a matter of private enterprise. The most speedy way was to send by the hand of some friend, or by some conveyance, be it either stage or vessel bound for the desired place. Great Britain was the first nation to issue stamps for this purpose, and was quickly followed by other civilized nations, until at the present day not only every civilized, but many semi-civilized nations, have availed themselves of the advantages which this system affords.

Now, among the people of many countries of the globe, the collection of these postage stamps is carried on, and has proved itself interesting, educating and profitable. For this purpose books, containing the face-value, color, size and a space for every stamp in existence, have been made. Pictures of the stamps are placed in many instances. As soon as the originals are obtained, they are pasted in the spaces allowed for them.

It is interesting to see the spaces gradually filled, to contrive various modes of obtaining the stamps, by purchase, exchange and through friends in foreign countries.

It is an educator, by giving the collector a knowledge of the various nations; the various currencies in use in each; the progress in art in various lands; the rulers of the nations, whose faces often appear on the stamps. The stamp-albums also contain the government, population, area, capital, and standard coin and other information of each country, which makes a very pleasant form of geography and history combined.

Many persons have made the collecting of stamps a source of considerable business and profit. There are collections here in our own country which are valued at \$50,000 and more.

Some of the stamps which are being issued at the present time will no doubt be rare and valuable a few years hence.

The collector, while having the amusement and instruction, is laying by something that is constantly growing in value, and may, some day, repay him for the outlay and trouble he has had.

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A LEGEND EXPLAINED.

THOMAS WYLIE, '97.



HIS the Rhine? I remember it, not like this, but covered with steamers and boats. How desolate the country looks over on that bank."

"Yes," answered my companion, "this is the Rhine. But you must remember that we have taken a long backward leap, as I said we would. This is, so far as I can judge, about the ninth century; and if I mistake not, I see the track of the patriot host, or rebel hosts if it so pleases you, of the Germans in that scorched meadow-land.

I was convinced of what he said, but what astonished me most was, that I was dressed in a handsome costume of peach-colored velvet slashed with silk, when I remember, distinctly, that I put on my evening suit at my club. My companion, late a professor of magic in the city of New York, who was arrayed in a somewhat more modest suit, said that he would be my valet.

When we had finished admiring our new clothes, we turned to wend our way to the village nearby, when we came suddenly upon an old gentleman and a very handsome lady. She was talking very rapidly and seemed so much engrossed that she did not see us.

"Yes, father," she was saying, "there is not a single man among all the suitors. They are all mere titles. As to the combat, you may have it, but if any one of them comes out alive I'll fight him myself."

Just at this instant she looked up, and seeing a stranger, she blushed, and looked, not at all like a fighter.

The gentleman laid his hand on his sword and partly drew it.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Albert LeVane," I answered.

"Where do you come from and what is your rank?" was the next query.

"I am a railroad prince and live in New York on the American continent," was my answer.

The lady seemed favorably impressed, and it was enough for her father to know that I was of high rank.

"You are welcome to my poor-house," he said, and blowing a low note on his bugle, he summoned two pages, who led two fine saddle horses. The knight ordered them to give me and my companion those on which they rode, and we were soon on our way to the castle.

It had become quite dark by the time we reached it, for it was sunset when we reached the ninth century.

The court-yard was a scene of bustle when we came into it. All parts of the huge building were lighted, and even the old dungeon was aglow with torches. For half a dozen knights, with their retainers, were gathered here to sue for the hand of the fair Countess of Zendvolk, who had come of age. Yonder were two knights beside the stair exchanging angry glances, here two pages polishing their masters' arms, and over there two grooms playing dice. Even the maid was not allowed to go unmated, for, here, behind this buttress, I saw a man-at-arms upon his knees before her.

The knight bowed to each of the knights, but his daughter applied herself specially to the entertainment of the latest comer, myself. For this I received many glances of envy and hatred, which

told that I was not well received among the knights, at least.

Shortly after our arrival supper was announced and we seated ourselves on benches around the board, which groaned under a plentiful supply of food.

The table at which we sat was on a sort of dais or platform, on which was a huge fireplace. Lower down on the main floor was another table, at which sat all the retainers.

When supper was finished the knight arose and said:

"Nobles, knights and gentlemen: You all know how loth I am to part with my daughter, but as she must take some valiant knight to be her partner in life, I have thought to make a little knightly test of prowess in a combat on the silvan lists, back of the castle. There are six contestants, including this nobleman, who is a railroad prince from New York, on the continent of America."

This statement caused a perceptible stir and all eyes were turned on me. I felt called upon to explain and arose. I got as far as

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue,"

when I remembered that date was yet to come. Then, seeing that it would be impossible to explain, I simply said how glad I was to be received into the number of suitors and proposed the health of the Countess Zendvolk.

When the health had been pledged I took my seat and the knight of Wolkenhaus continued:

"Then, gentlemen, I pray you, prepare for the third day hence."

Before the third day arrived my companion had procured me a suit of armor, which was satisfactory. The morning set for the combat arrived, slightly cloudy and thence quite cool. The hills around

were crowded with expectant peasants.

The lady stood beside her father, not dressed in silks nor satin, but in a full suit of armor. I may say that I was surprised.

I withdrew to the end of the lists with two others, and then we made the circuit of the lists for inspection according to the custom. We were placed three abreast opposite the other trio, then, at the sound of the trumpet, we dashed at each other, full career. One poor knight was carried off senseless, and three others had all the fight knocked out of them. So that only two of us were left and by good fortune I came out victorious.

But still I had the lady to fight, and that was no easy matter. For who could strike a lady?

Nevertheless, I sent for a blunted lance and entered the battle. The countess came on full career and struck my casque full in the centre, breaking the lace and sending the helmet flying across the lists. But my lance did good work also, for it lifted my fair opponent and seated her gently on the grass while her horse trotted on.

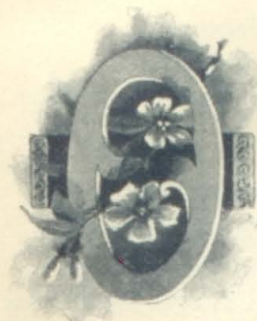
She was not hurt, so I became possessor of a fair partner. But how to get her forward into the nineteenth century was the question. But after a long consultation we found it possible. So we had a wedding in the chapel of the castle and then took a barge, which was waiting, and sailed down the Rhine.

The Laurrelly sang that night, and so the legends say, the barge was wrecked and the boatmen lost in the rapids far below. But they never knew, that I brought myself and mine, safe over into the nineteenth century.

PROFESSOR—"Were you talking then?"

PUPIL—"No, Sir! I was wisperin'."

MONTAGU NOTES.



NE pleasant April morning, as a few weary girls ascended the stairs leading to Miss Leyden's room they heard some very strange sounds issuing therefrom. Curious to learn the reason, they hastily opened the door, and nearly fell backward down the stairs in their astonishment at seeing a fierce warrior, mounted on a prancing, black charger, come dashing towards them. When they recovered their senses after that awful shock, they perceived some of the teachers laughing gayly on the platform. Reassured by this, the affrighted damsels ventured to glance again at the warlike knight, and saw that it was only harmless Helen Smith, mounted on a wire and cambric horse of her own manufacture. All day long these curious maidens sought an explanation of the mystery, and, falling upon some of the initiated, were finally told that it was for the play to be given in the Chapel on Saturday evening, April 28.

A play! That word, in this case, spoke volumes—volumes of trouble, volumes of weariness, volumes of pleasure, and volumes of glory. Miss Periam and Miss Helen Smith had dramatized Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," and now the girls and their teachers were working hard in order to get ready to play it.

The fatal day at length arrived. From eight o'clock in the morning, poor Miss Greene, with a few faithful helpers, worked at the scenery, manufacturing paper doors, transforming blackboards into windows, and soap-boxes into moss-grown rocks. In the afternoon, the first dress rehearsal was held, and at eight o'clock in the evening the curtain rose on

a crowd of weary, weary girls. To the full house before them, however, they seemed anything but tired; for the play was a startling success, far exceeding any amateur theatricals ever given in the High School before. To borrow the elegant language of the newspaper critics, the audience were in convulsions of laughter from the time the curtain rose until it fell again. One of the greatest sources of their amusement was the costumes. We can only say that we pity any one who was so unfortunate as not to be there, for we feel totally unable to describe them.

One of the most stirring scenes was that in which the aforementioned terrible warrior, mounted on his angry, black steed, engaged in a fierce combat with another knight, similarly equipped. But even this was excelled by the heartrending tragedy of the lion scene. Here valiant Count Hogginarmo, Miss Doris Geppert, leapt down into the arena among the ramping, roaring beasts; and in a few seconds, nothing remained of him but a few bloody shreds of his clothing in the raging lions' mouths, (he having disappeared within the aforementioned, rocky soap-box.) Another moving scene was that in which the august head of mighty Valoroso was foully laid low beneath a warming pan.

Every girl acted her part admirably, but we have space to mention only a few of the more important. Miss Mabel Jackson, resplendent in a red, green and yellow suit, silver slippers, and highly painted cheeks, made an entrancing Bulbo. Miss Periam figured as Giglio. Miss Smith raged majestically as Padella, and Miss McGowan was Valoroso to perfection. Miss Farmer made a sweet, vivacious Angelica; and her fainting! O ye gods! It was beyond mortal expectation. Miss Osborn, the heroine, also did her part well, and the lions, Miss Flood and Miss Edna McNary, dressed in carriage robes and green-fringed mats, roared in a way that would have enraptured even Nick Bottom, that connoisseur on lion roaring.

OUR SOCIETIES.



THE Alumni Association, organized many years since, is not a very active body. It has had no meetings since the abolition of the giving of prizes.

An effort to call a meeting was made a few weeks ago but it miscarried, and a new organization was formed and called "The Association of the Alumne of the Newark Public High School," and it proposes to do some good work for the new High School that is to be.

In September, 1894, an Alumni Association, numbering sixty members, was organized for the purpose of maintaining a spirit of loyalty among the women graduates, and of promoting the interests of the school in other ways. Under the auspices of the Association a dramatic rendering of *Les Miserables* was given early in February by Miss Ida Benfey.

The "Alumni of the Newark Public High School" was organized in 1890, and it is a very vigorous body. It has regular quarterly meetings, and an annual banquet, and at all these meetings it has a large attendance of the graduates of the Commercial Department.

The Montagu and the Hesperian Societies are alive but not as aggressive as formerly, on account of our crowded condition, but when we have a new hall for them to meet in, a hall of their own, we shall look for great things from them.

HE—"Miss Blanc Verse is the most successful poetess in America. All her verses have been printed."

SHE—"Has she friends in the publishing business?"

HE—"No, uses a typewriter."

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THE centre of gravity (a definition):
 "The centre of gravity is where it is warm
 and has more attraction from the earth."

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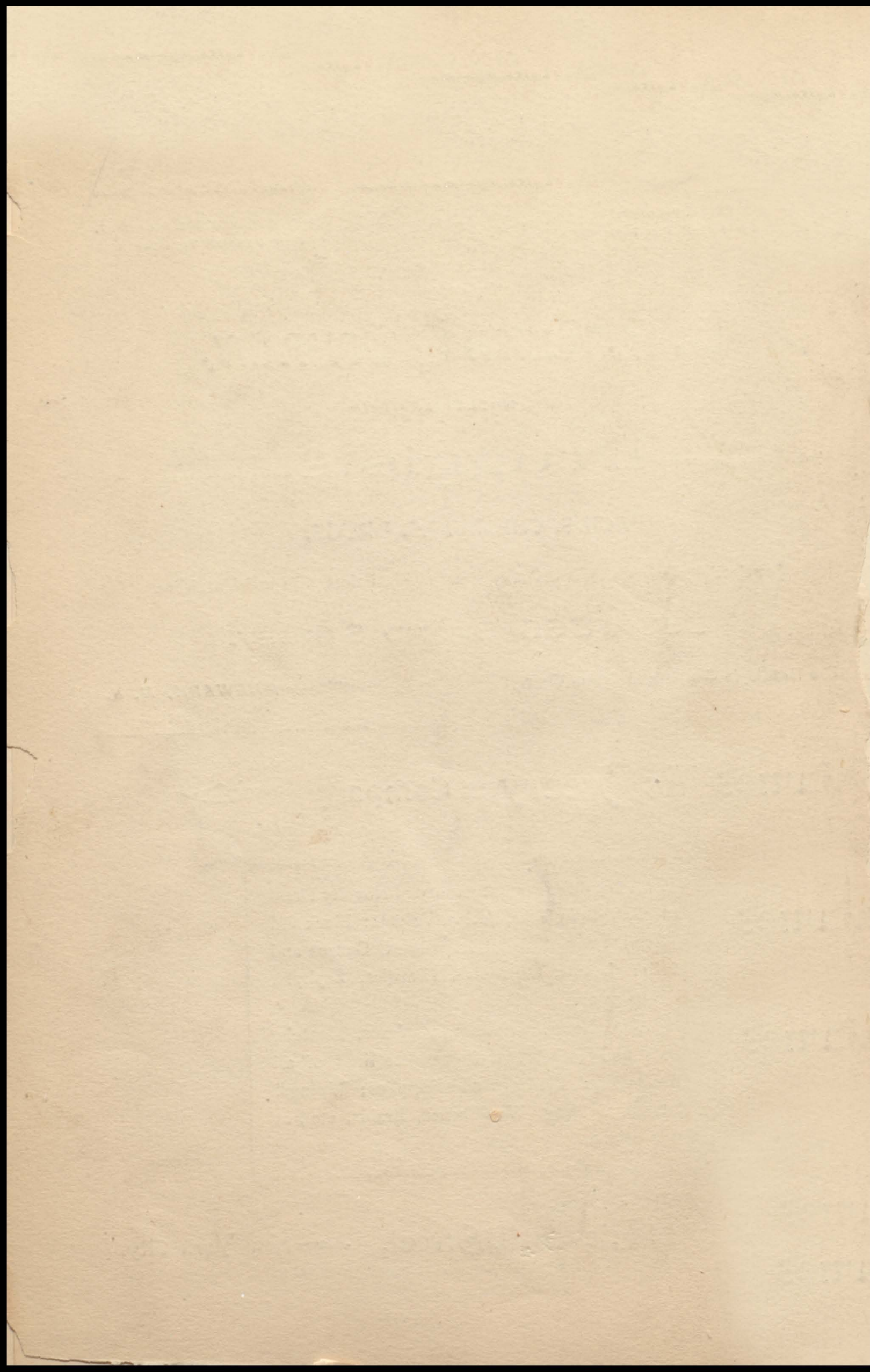
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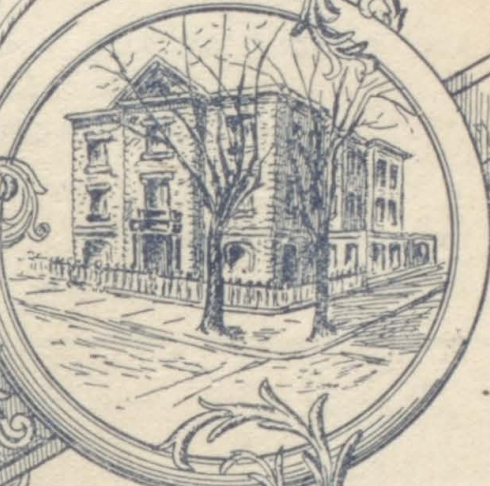
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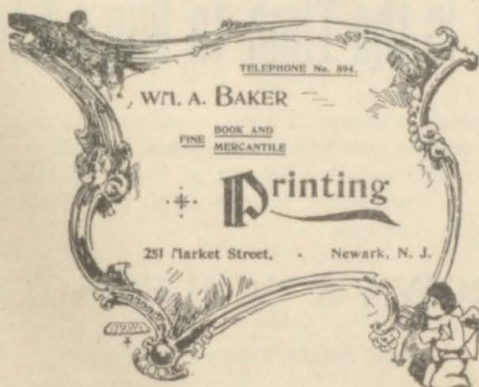
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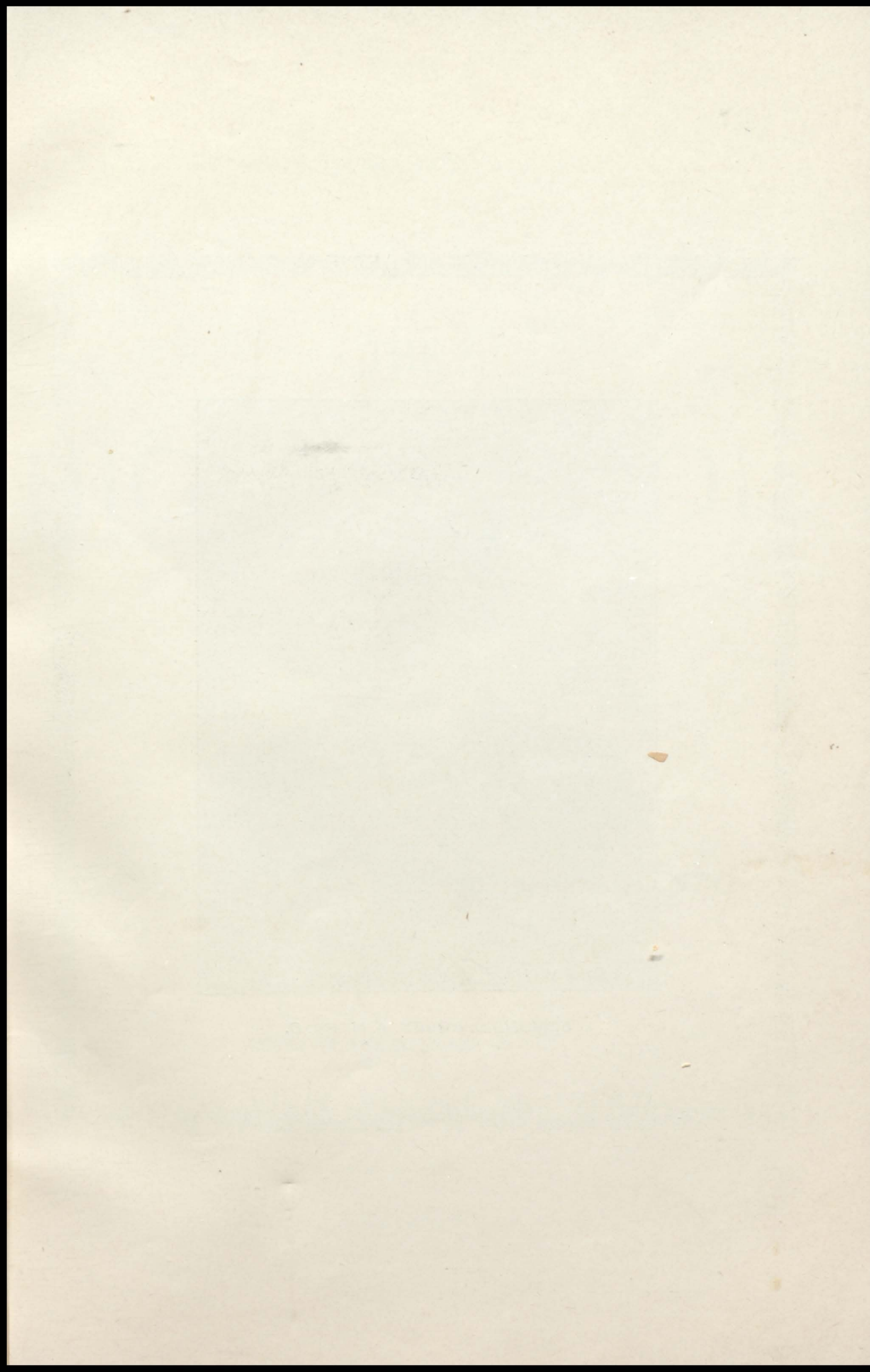
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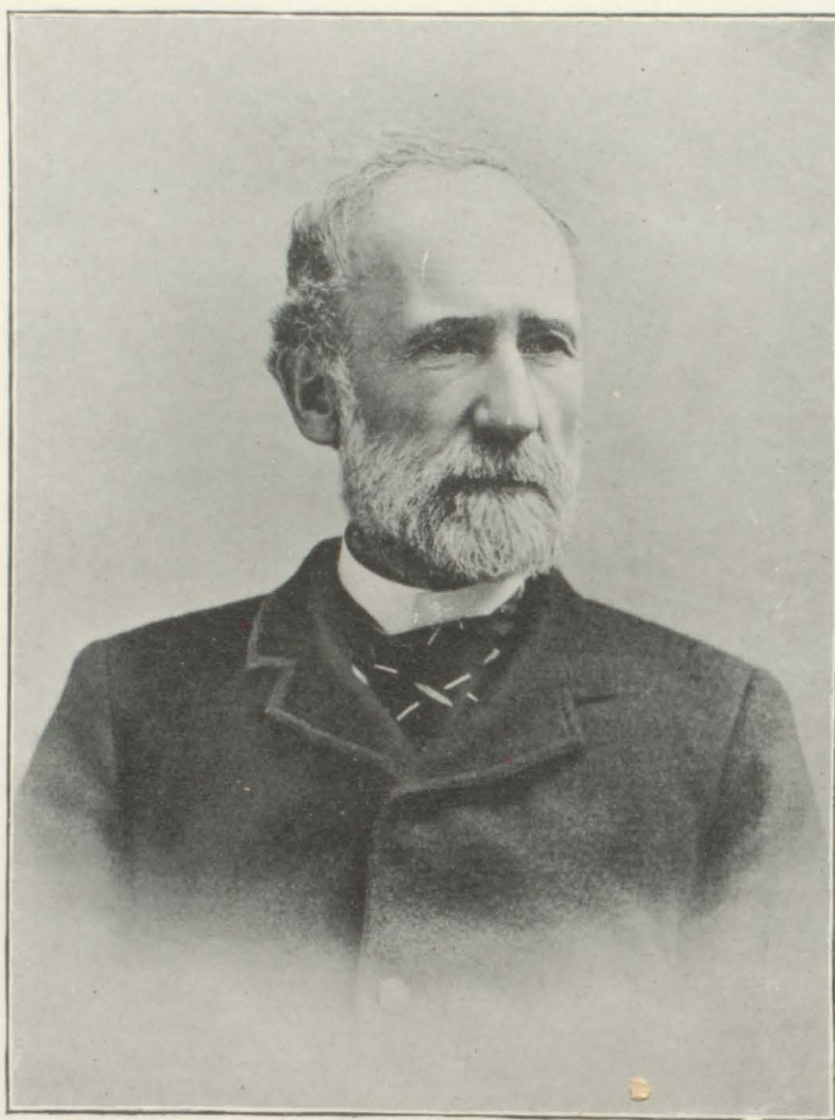
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—Seneca.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1896.

THE VIOLET.

TRANSLATED BY BLODWEN SAUVAGE, '97.

I.



VIOLET in a meadow grew,
A humble flower of purple hue,
All bedecked with morning dew.
That way a maiden chanced to
pass,
And, tripping o'er the verdant
grass,
She sang a song.

II.

Ah! thought the violet, would I were
The best of nature's flowers so fair,
Then should I be a thing more rare.
Ah then the maid would me have pressed,
And gently on her snowy breast
Should I be laid.

III.

The maiden passed. Ah me! ah me!
She did not seem the flower to see,
To die must it contented be.
For on the flower her foot she pressed,
And never clasped upon her breast
Will it be seen.

—Translated from "*Das Veilchen*" von Goethe.

THE CITY FATHERS.

J. B. WEED, JR., '96.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE LATE MR. LEIGH HUNT.)



IN a certain country there
was once a city, on the
banks of the river that is
called Passaic. And be-
hold, when the city was
yet young, the people said,
"Let us build a High School, wherein our
children may gather knowledge."

And the people brought wood, and
bricks, and mortar, and builded a build-
ing on the street which is called Wash-
ington, after a great man of that country.
And when this building was finished the
people said, "Verily it is good." And, of
a truth, it was so.

And behold, the city waxed great and

mighty, and the inhabitants, and the children of the inhabitants, many, notwithstanding wars, tributes, and certain dangerous monsters of that country, called Trolley Cars.

And lo! the youth of this city filled the building to overflowing. Yea, the bricks were even pressed outward from the walls. And the people began to murmur among themselves, saying, "This High School is, of a truth, not great enough. Let us, therefore, build a greater."

But the chief men of the city were slow. "Peace!" they said, "there is time enough." Yet the cries of the people waxed louder. But the chief men said, "Peace."

Yet a year passed, yea, many years. Then the chief men of the city dreamed a dream, and saw a vision. And it appeared to all even at the same time, yet were they apart from each other, in their own homes.

And lo! there appeared to each the figure of a youth, and in one hand he carried a roll of great length, with the word "Petition" at the top, and in the other hand carried he a geometry book, a

political economy book (for verily this was a science much thought of in those days), and a lunch box.

And the chief men of the city said, "What writest thou?" And the youth answered, "The names of those who love their city." "And is mine one?" asked each of the wise chiefs. "Not much," answered the youth. Then said the chief men, with one accord, "I pray thee, place my name upon thy list." And the youth did even so.

And behold, when the chief men of that city were gathered together again, there appeared the youth in their midst, even to the lunch box, in the flesh. And in one hand carried he a roll with the words "Petition for a new High School" at the top. And when the city fathers gazed upon the roll, they saw, even at the bottom, their own names.

Then, remembering their dreams, they said: "The city shall have a new High School." And it was even so. The old building was torn down, and the place where it had stood knew it no more.

The new building cost much money, yea, even 300,000 shekels, and was very mighty.

SPENSER AND RALEIGH AT KILCOLMAN.

IDA M. ELY, '96.



THE road which left Doneraile looked dusty and lonesome on a certain Summer day in the year 1590, but a well-dressed, stately man, who was riding along at a moderate pace, seemed to enjoy the quiet and tranquil scene. He did not hurry his horse, but rather let the animal take its

time, while he amused himself by gazing at the landscape around him, or by speaking a kindly word, or dropping a few pence to the Irish peasant, who went trudging along with his bundle on his back.

The rider was none other than Sir Walter Raleigh, on his way to see his friend, Edmund Spenser. As he rode slowly along, he could not help regarding the

poet as banished from the world, for, although the retreat was exceedingly quiet and delightful, Raleigh saw that Spenser was completely isolated from the excitement and adventure in which he himself so reveled.

The gate was now reached, and Raleigh dismounted and advanced on foot through the farm-yard and along the lake to the small ascent on which the castle was situated. The extensive green mound looked very inviting after the long walk from Doneraile, and here Raleigh sat down to rest for a few moments. As he was feasting his eyes upon the hills which lay in the distance, and upon the lake which runs under the castle walls, he felt a light hand laid upon his shoulder, and suddenly rising, he met the warm embrace of the friend whom he had not seen for ten years.

"Ah, Walter, to see is to believe. Hast thou really escaped the court for a time and come to gaze on fairy-land with me?" Spenser said, as he pointed to the scene before them, which to him was full of beauty and romance.

"Yes," replied Raleigh, "I chanced to think of a friend who fought by my side in the old Irish rebellion, and who lightened many a weary march by his talks on history and poetry. Believe me, here I have repaired to see that friend, and to argue further."

"And thou art right welcome to my Irish home, where thou canst argue as of old," said Spenser, as he placed himself near Raleigh in a reclining position. "And how is the fair Elizabeth, our most beloved Queen? 'Tis sweet to hear news from London.

'My most kindly nurse.'

"Dear Spenser, the Queen is still our majestic virgin monarch, but the Earl of Essex has completely won her affections.

I seek consolation in a poet's remote home," he said, as he idly plucked a leaf from a dahlia bush, and continued: "He sought to quarrel with me, but I preferred to leave the sumptuous court life for a time, and to rail with thee, Edmund. Her majesty will doubtless restore Sir Walter back to his proper place in her heart ere long."

"True it is, the fair Elizabeth will soon lament the absence of her ever-favored Walter, and when thou tirest of mine humble home and returnest to England again, all other courtiers must down, for then thou alone will stand first in her Majesty's grace. But since it pleaseth thee not to talk of the court, inform me as to some of thy travels and doings."

"Wilt thou thus soon know how I have been conducting myself since last we met? Well," he continued, after a brief pause, "I have had one deep affliction. My gallant and ambitious brother Humphrey is no more, but lies buried in a watery grave between Newfoundland and England," and tears blinded his eloquent eyes as Spenser spoke loving words of consolation.

After Raleigh had subdued the grief that had so suddenly overcome him, he began to relate to Spenser some of his adventures in America. "Thou hast doubtless heard of my attempts to establish colonies in America, and of their results; yet mine eyes shall one day see an English nation there. The first attempt failed through avarice and cruelty on the part of Grenville. The strivings of Lane, after Grenville's return, were but fruitless, for the people preferred to live on the wild fruits of the land and to seek gold rather than to plant crops, and to live peaceably among the Indians. The unfortunate result of the second colony will ever be to me a sad remem-

brance. Think of the fate of those poor and helpless creatures—doubtless murdered by the Indians!”

“But if American affairs have proved so fruitless, England has at least one great victory in which she may rejoice,” Spenser said.

“The Spanish Armada? A victory indeed! I was happily among those who saw the ill-fated Spanish galleons turn Northward in flight, and thus bring to England victory and peace. Great were the rejoicings of Elizabeth and of the court, where weeks were spent in festivals, cavalcades, tournaments, balls and masquerades. There Raleigh took lively part in all the merriment, and stood first in her estimation.” Thus the two continued to chat until the sun began to cast its red rays on the distant Mulla, when they arose, and arm in arm passed in through the walls to the castle beyond.

“Spenser,” said Raleigh one day soon afterward, when they were sitting beneath a green alder tree by the banks of the Mulla, “I have amused you a full hour with my courtly jests, and now long to have you read some of your verses over to me. How long wilt keep me in suspense as to how thou hast been spending thy time?”

“Dear friend, my poems will not amuse an adventurous spirit like yours. To mine eyes these are enchanted grounds where live the nymphs and fairies, and so, but a short time ago, I began a poem called the “Faerie Queen,” which is filled with the enchanted scenes

among which I spend my days. Since ’tis your request I will read you of what I have seen,” and timidly he brought out the written pages, and with trembling voice began the poem which was to make his name immortal. As he read on, Raleigh was completely enchanted with the beauty of the poem, its pictures, scenes, and fairy descriptions, and as Spenser ended with the lines:

“And on her now a garment she did wear
All lily-white, with outten spot or pride,
That seem’d like silk and silver woven near,
But neither silk nor silver therein did appear.”

Raleigh greeted him with a flood of congratulations, and besought him with imploring words to come to England. “Thou knowst not, dear Spenser,” said he, “how the people will receive thy works. Fair Elizabeth will welcome you kindly for the compliments which you have bestowed upon her in this poem, and will praise your works.” Thus we leave the friends to pass away the hours in conversation and pleasure.

Later, the one enters once more into the turmoil of court-life with all its amusements, the other tries its brilliance for a time, but soon tires of its restless activities and flatteries, and again seeks peace and quiet in his fairy-land of dreams and wonder. But neither soon forgot those happy days at Kilcolman, which Spenser has so vividly described in the stanza:

“He piped; I sung; and when he sung, I piped
By change of turns, each making other merry;
Neither envying other, or envied;
So piped we, until we both were weary.”

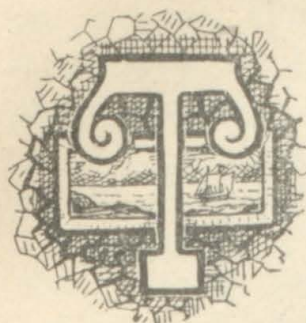
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS — “Give an example of a circle with a sector from real life?”

EPICUREAN STUDENT—“What’s left of a pie after I have had a piece.”—*Ex.*

“What a fine head your boy has!”
“Yes,” said the father, “he’s a chip of the old block, aren’t you Johnny?” “I guess so, my teacher said I was a young blockhead.”

A TALE OF TWO RINGS.

A. LESLIE PRICE, '96.



THE year of 1894, at the Mt. Holly Fair, that great mecca of fakirs and farmers, was marked by the advent of bicycle racing. Standing close to the track, (a mile-one by the way) on one of the hottest of hot days, I was compelled to hear, though not unwillingly, the merry chatter of a young girl that stood with her two companions, a lady and gentleman, almost by my side. The gentleman addressed her as Miss Murray; the lady, as Edna. They were, like myself, waiting for the races; and she in her bright sparkling way brought up topic after topic, and disposed of them in such a brilliant and naive manner that more than once my eyes wandered that way to gaze on that laughing face.

At last the preparatory bell rang and the riders trooped out upon the track. There were eight of them, and while I was comparing the numbers they bore, with those on my programme, I heard that same voice exclaim: "Oh, look! Look at number three! Isn't he a beauty—and what muscles!" A moment later I obtained a view of number three, and her description did not in the least belie him. A little under medium height, but of athletic build, with blue eyes and light hair, he was, indeed, an Adonis. Consulting my programme I found his name to be recorded as A. Bayard Fitz-Gordon. But he was not the favorite, as the cheers and handclapping which attended the entree of number seven into the ring had amply testified. On looking up his name I found that he had been the winner of a

number of prizes and medals for bicycle performances, which fact accounted for the enthusiastic reception accorded him.

After a long and dreary wait the preparations for starting are begun. The men arrange themselves at the upper end of the course, and with a considerable degree of regularity bear down upon the starter. As they whiz over the line there is not the length of a wheel between the foremost and last, and every one breathes a sigh of relief as the starter's stentorian voice shouts out, "Go!" And away they do go as if their five-mile race were to decide the fate of an empire, instead of the ownership of an exquisitely wrought diamond ring. But I cannot help envying the future possessor of the prize, as I think of the short time it will take him to earn it. And I try, to the best of my ability, to pick out the winner from among that bunch of eight. I cannot help hoping that Fitz-Gordon will come in first; partly from a remembrance of his fine physique, and partly to be in sympathy with a certain fair onlooker not far away.

But even as I soliloquize the riders are flying past again. I have scarce time to note the men before they are gone. Number five has the lead; number seven is next, and is riding a steady race. The rest, in a bunch, are slightly behind, and near the end is three. As I jot down the time I hear Miss Murray's companion sarcastically remark, "Your favorite leads the last man at any rate." We watch them till they disappear, and then ensues a moment of suspense, till they come round again. Still five and seven lead, and the rest, though not as close together as before, are still in a bunch. At the three-

quarter mark the leading man of the group snaps his pedal-crank, and as it drops, another rider, unable to avoid it, runs over its sharp points, puncturing his tire.

At this juncture I shift my position a half dozen yards down the track to the finishing point. Pushing my way to the front line of spectators, I know by the cries and hurrahs that the riders must again be approaching. As they speed past I see that seven is ahead, five is next, and a few yards behind is three, at last released from the bunch by the accident that just occurred. To the others the race is already lost. Glancing back, I see the two men lift their damaged wheels from the track. But of a sudden, a great cheer rises from the crowd beyond, and turning, I am in time to see number three push past number five and gradually close the gap between himself and the leader. But number seven, aroused by the cheering, casts a hasty glance backward, and seeing his antagonist so near, bends once more to his wheel and succeeds for a time in maintaining the distance between them. It is for a time only, however, for as they begin the fourth mile the head of the pursuer drops lower and his wheels seem to flash fire as he draws up even with the leader.

Thus they pass from my sight, and I turn for a moment to see how Miss Murray is taking the success of her champion. Her face is aglow with excitement; she is talking rapidly and gesticulating with her disengaged hand; for in the other she holds a glass of ice water, just tendered her by her companion. As she raises it to her lips there comes again the cry of the crowd, and glancing up both riders appear in the homestretch. Number three is at last ahead, but is dying

fast; his strength is gone, and though he mechanically pedals along, his head droops lower and lower and his wheel wavers. Number seven is gone too; but as he gathers himself for a weak spurt, on his face appears the grim determination to be first over the line. As they near the finish the excitement is intense. Cries of "Brace up!" "Brace up!" "Be a man!" are heard on every side, but are scarcely noticed by the exhausted riders. A half dozen yards from the finish and they are even again. Suddenly, as if its rider had lost control, three's wheel gives an alarming wobble which is immediately followed by a slight cry of impatience or alarm from a voice which I recognize, and turning, I am in time to see Miss Murray launch her glass of water straight at her fainting champion's head. Fair and true it strikes him in the face; and if you can imagine the sudden shock of an electric battery, you can imagine the shock to him. It woke him with a start—bringing back his senses with a rush—and though somewhat dazed, the push he gave that wheel sent him clear across the line a length ahead of his opponent, only to fall helpless into the arms of his friends, while cheer on cheer rent the air, for such a race had n'er before been seen in Mt. Holly.

A half hour later, the winner quite revived, had hunted up a common friend and secured an introduction to the girl who had so cleverly helped him to win; and I, standing near, a silent witness to all that had occurred, cherished in my memory for months a picture of two persons chatting merrily together; the one, a type of Southern beauty, tall and willowy, with sparkling black eyes half concealed by their splendid lashes, her complexion perfect; while her hair, her crowning glory,

flowed back in rippling wavelets from her low forehead. In striking contrast stands her companion, broad-shouldered and powerful, Anglo Saxon to the core, as is shown by his regular features, blue eyes and flaxen hair. And thus champion and championed united I left them there; and the crowding humanity swallowed them up as if they had not been.

* * * * *

The Summer of 1895 brought an invitation from a distant relative to spend a few weeks at the seashore. The season was at its height, she assured me, the company was most desirable, and many of my friends and acquaintances were already there. This invitation, so kind, unexpected and opportune, I immediately accepted and a week's time found me comfortably installed and as quickly caught up and shaped into one of those mortals whose chief duty was to keep the ball of pleasure rolling. Bathing, tennis, and driving, by day; music, dancing, and cards, by night—all served to make each moment one long to be remembered.

At last the event of the season was proclaimed. The grand hop at the Hotel Brunswick, always considered the most fashionable as well as the most enjoyable of seashore parties, was announced. Ah, well I remember that evening. I can still see the crowded ballroom, and hear the strains of the quick two-step, the dreamy waltz and the fascinating quadrille.

But one waltz, and one partner, I will never forget. The selection was Straus's "Blue Danube;" my partner, the belle of the evening, an exquisite dancer, who, as we circled the ballroom, hardly seemed to touch the floor. Her face was strangely familiar, yet I could remember no former acquaintanceship. I thought and thought, but to no effect; and as the last notes died away, I led her toward her seat. But before we reached it, a gentleman intercepted us whom she introduced. And as it dawned on me where I had seen them both before, she happened to raise her left hand, and there, on the third finger, glistened and sparkled the diamond ring won by him a year ago.

THE EARLY ROMANS, AS SHOWN IN MACAULAY'S "LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME."

HELEN THOMAS, CLASS OF '98.



HE saying that "books are the windows through which the soul looks out" is a very apt one; for when we take up a book, we lose ourselves and our surroundings, and often we look upon strange, unfamiliar scenes, and watch the actions of people that lived centuries before us. Such a look into past times we have through the "Lays of

Ancient Rome," for in them Macaulay paints with vivid colors a picture of the life and the manners of ancient Rome.

So clearly drawn are Macaulay's word pictures that, as we read, we seem to be living and moving in the city built on the clustering hills by the Tiber. We go with the throng of Roman citizens, in the early morning to the Forum.

"Shining with stalls, in alleys gay;" we see fair young Virginia with her inno-

cent face, as she goes to school; and we hear her as "She warbles gayly to herself lines of the good old song."

At another time, we stand with the children, women, and old men on the wall, watching for the first glimmer of a sun-caught shield or sword, and straining our ears for the first sound of returning feet. Our hearts beat with anxiety—will the news be good or ill?

From the city we go out into the battlefield. Now we see the men drawn up in orderly companies, each under a leader. Now, as the hosts rush forward, we hear a sound like the escape of a mighty torrent. Man to man they fight, while the command rings in their ears.

"Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay."

Watch the three upon the bridge, as they stand calm and silent. Watch them

fight bravely and fiercely. Watch Horatius as he plunges headlong into the tide, and as his crest appears, and he gradually reaches the shore.

While we see the early Roman thus, warlike, we find him loving, fond of his home, proud of his children, and with a strict sense of purity in women. For when Virginia is about to be carried into slavery, her father, after telling her his great love for her, slays his daughter, in order to save her from

"Taunts and blows the portion of the slave."

As we step away from these early Romans, and become no longer one of them, we look back upon them, and see that they had the force, the will, and the warlike natures to make Rome what she was at one time,—"The Mistress of the World."

A "LAY OF ANCIENT ROME."

THE STORY OF BRUTUS IS TOLD BY A ROMAN MATRON TO HER SONS.

GERTRUDE SNODGRASS, '97.



OW come to me, my little
sons,
And stand close by my
knee;
And as I spin, I'll tell a
lay
Of ancient Rome to
thee.

Brave Lucius Junius Brutus
Was to the Tarquin kin,
Yea, cousin to the Tarquin
Who did the deed of sin.
That every royal Tarquin
Was a tyrant all will tell,
But Lucius Junius Brutus
Loved the Roman people well.
And when the wicked Sextus
Had done the deed of shame,

Brave Brutus was the foremost man
Who forth against him came.
He drove him from the city,
His haughty father, too,
With a shout, "Out with the tyrant!
This day he'll ever rue.
Out with the wicked Sextus!
May he ever cursed be,
And from the furies never
In life or death be free."

And when the haughty Tarquins
Had fled in sore dismay,
He made the great Republic
That lives unto this day.
'Twas hard to rule a city
Of bold and lawless men,
And treason reared its ugly head
Like an adder in the fen.

For many loved the Tarquin
 And wished him back in town,
 And many trusted men turned foes,
 And in conspiracy arose
 To restore to him the crown.
 A faithful slave o'erheard them
 As they plotted dark and low ;
 To Brutus then he bore the news—
 The news to him was woe,
 For the two brave sons of Brutus
 Had plotted with the rest,
 And the plotters must as traitors die—
 Such was the law's behest.

What would you do, my children,
 If the dog that you love best
 Should kill your neighbor's favorite dove
 As she sat upon her nest?
 Would you still let it wander,
 Seeking more doves to slay?
 Or would you kill the evil beast?
 Which would you do, sons, say?

Thou'dst kill it, sayst thou, Decius?
 And thy bright black eyes flash fire,
 And thy little fist is doubled,—
 Thou art worthy of thy sire!
 But thou, my little Quintus,
 Why dost thou silent stay?
 Thou art far too tenderhearted
 To live in Rome to-day.

Now Brutus loved his children
 More than you love your pet ;
 But they had turned to traitors,
 That he could not forget.

Upon the day appointed
 To him the plotters came,
 And one by one he sentenced them ;
 Their fate was all the same.
 And last his own fair children
 Stood up before his sight ;
 Their mien was fearless still and bold,
 As though their deed were right.

One moment in his toga
 The Consul hid his head ;
 Then drew himself up proudly,
 And said, " My sons are dead.
 These that you see before you
 Are traitors,—let them die.
 My sons were Romans, and who says
 These are my sons, doth lie."

And so with look unmoved,
 Though his heart was bleeding sore,
 He saw his sons both fallen,
 And lying in their gore.
 He even watched the lictors
 As they dealt the fatal blows,
 And even looked upon his sons
 In death's agonizing throes.

What dost thou say, my Quintus?
 It was a cruel deed?
 Nay, thou art not a Roman ;
 The sons received their meed.
 And he who loves his country
 Better than wife or son,
 And for its sake will give them both,
 The patriot's name hath won.

COMMENTS ON GEORGE ELIOT'S "SILAS MARNER."

BY SHERLOCK HOLMES.

LETTER IX.



VER since the *Gazette* began to publish these letters, I have received many inquiries concerning my reason for trying to become a literary critic. "Your friend Watson," they say, "sets you down for the most illiterate man, outside your profession, he ever saw." By way of explanation to these inquisitive people, I would say that I have been persuaded by Dr. Watson to take up writing

as a recreation. "You can't stand working your brain on one line," he keeps telling me, "without a counter-balance." My honest belief, however, is that Watson is trying to put an end to my fidling, or perhaps he thinks I will give up the cocaine.

To return to *Silas Marner*. I will treat this week of the chapters relating to the search for a man, bedecked with crescent earrings and carrying two bags of Mar-

ner's guineas ; complexion—foreign ; eyes—evil-looking.

The author, after working up a lively antagonism at the Rainbow between the anti-supernaturalists and the believers in ghosts and other obscure personages, sets the former faction on an eager hunt for a material explanation of the disappearance of Marner's gold, "as if there was no power as could took his money without removing bricks." The landlord, zealously performing his official duties as deputy sheriff, is depicted as finding a clue that bade fair to untangle the whole affair—a rusty tinder-box, so rusty indeed that even Gregson could hardly have supposed it had been lost only the night before. A pity too, to disturb the peaceable family of ground-worms whose home had long been dug beneath its sheltering side.

With zeal worthy of my friend Lestrade, the clue is followed to a dark-skinned peddler with—but I am merely relating the tale. The truth is, I feel hardly able to write about these blundering clue-chasers, equals to whom I have never had the experience of meeting; no, not in Scotland Yard. Perhaps the best I can do is to trace out, on the same track, the probable course of a close observer versed in the science of analytical reasoning.

Starting, then, with the road, he might, or might not, have seen the tinder-box. Whether or no, it could never have beguiled him to such a wild goose chase as it led the poor Ravelonians. The absence of hoof or wheel tracks in the road, corroborated by the old hitching post, the rotting surface of which showed not a mark of rubbing halter or impatient teeth, these would prove that the offender came afoot.

The beaten path could tell no tales, for the little rivulet of rain water that had

run through it all night, must have washed away every trace of a footprint. Not so the grass beside it. Wet and soggy as it was, it must have borne some heavy heelmarks, if, perchance, the culprit had stepped outside the path. The spurs, too, might have left their small impressions in the wake of the shoe.

Inside the house, so careless an individual as was Dunsey could hardly have failed to leave some cards of identity—muddy tracks from the door—more definite once in Marner's nicely sifted sand, showing the broad foot of a stocky man; fine shoes, one spur carelessly knocked off; steps less than two feet six, probably made by a short, heavy man, in no great haste. Again, the D. C. carved in Marner's door-post with Godfrey's knife told of a careless, idle fellow, probably with those initials; and the piece kicked out from Marner's old water-jug on the hearth gave further evidence of a loafer.

Snaky tracings of a whip-lash on the dusty mantel would identify the lazy stout man as a hunter, and a few stray fibers of red silk from the snapper, together with an unmistakable odor of brandy, would set him down for a richer man than most of the people in Raveloe; for the common drink was rum and water, and only the well-to-do used whips with snappers.

Finally, in Dunstan Cass's finger-marks on Marner's polished knife, and again on the window-pane, where he had gazed out, wondering where Marner had gone, would be found an unforgeable signature, provided the owner could be found.

Applying analytical deduction to all this evidence, our "theorist," as official Detective Jones would call him, might assure himself of the following facts :

That the thief was not taller than five feet six.

That his weight was at least thirteen stones.

That clothing and riding outfit were fine, but carelessly kept.

That very likely he had just returned from a hunt, where he had lost a horse.

That he had not forgotten his flask.

That he was a man of very careless and untidy habits.

A man answering to all these descrip-

tions was readily to be found by simply following a chain of evidence in the overturned stones, kicked up turf, trampled clover, to the edge of the stone-pit, where a little landslide, brought to a finish, a simple problem of scientific observation. Whether the culprit would have been found to wear the much discussed crescent earrings is more than I can say.

E. JUDSON BLAKE, '97.

THE CHAPLAIN'S FIRST SUNDAY WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

C. V. B. DICKERSON, CLASS OF '97.



WHEN first I was appointed to come before Sir Roger, for inspection as it were, I was most fearful as to the reception I should receive at his hands, having heard

from my friend that recommended me as chaplain to him, that this squire's selection of a parson would not be ordinary. Sir Roger was pleased to accept me, however, (for which God bless him!), and put me much at ease during our very first conversation, saying simply:

"In the matter of sermons, friend chaplain, I leave you to your own choice entirely, having sent to your room all the best English sermons pronounced by priest, parson or chaplain. I do but ask you to make your first selection a good one."

I did as Sir Roger requested of me, and entered upon my duties the first Sunday with many sinkings of heart, for that I so feared to displease him, which I must have done indeed, but for his kindness of heart. For when, that I was in

the middle of the *Collect for Grace*, Sir Roger said "Amen" three times, and so loud and emphatically did he give utterance to this word, that I deemed I had made some fearsome mistake, and without stopping to finish, I forthwith arose. The congregation seemed in nowise expecting me to stop, in that they remained kneeling until I began to read the psalms. As I had now become somewhat disturbed, I must needs begin the wrong psalm, whereat both clerk and congregation failed at the responses; and I, being so stupid as not to perceive my mistake, read the same verse again, when Sir Roger cried:

"Thou hast the wrong psalm, parson!"

From my confusion at this correction, I was diverted by hearing Sir Roger exclaim brusquely:

"Do you take the church for your bed-chamber, Timothy Thomas, that you fall asleep during the psalms?"

"O-ah, indeed!" thereupon answered Timothy, whom I have since found to be a great favorite of Sir Roger's. "I thought your lordship was just going to take your Sunday nap, and I was but tak-

ing mine with you. I beg your lordship's pardon for having fallen asleep first, but these cushions you sent—"

Hereupon, in great astonishment at the audacity of this fellow, I glanced at the clerk, to find him looking sternly at me and pointing to the lesson for the day.

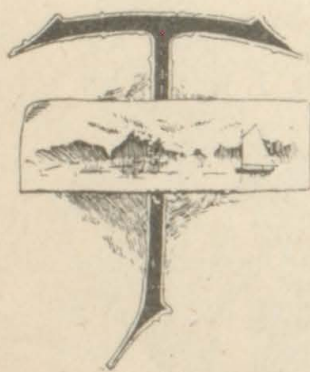
But by this time I was rendered wholly confused; for, though not unadvanced in years, I was most inexperienced. Therefore I hurried through the sermon I had meant to produce with such care, and otherwise multiplied my sad blunders. After kneeling for the final prayer, instead of at once saying it, I waited for Sir

Roger to kneel, for he stood pointing at each of the congregation in turn and moving his lips. Perceiving my silence, he bade me proceed, though he himself remained standing. As I read the prayer, which was a long one, I decided that Sir Roger *must* have taken upon himself to pronounce the benediction, therefore I omitted the same at the end of the service and made my way straight to the vestry.

Since that memorable Sunday I have made no such mistakes, having found out the ways of Sir Roger and my parishioners, and studied how best to please these good people.

SONG OF THE SPIRITS OVER THE WATERS.

TRANSLATED BY MARTHA ETHEL MAYO, '96.



HE soul of man like falling mist and rain,
From heaven descending, unto heaven ascends,
And thus, through time, its changing course pursues.
Out from the mountains high and hoary cliffs
The torrent gushes forth in purest stream;
Then in the flooding down-pour of the rain,
With loving care the parched fields refreshes.
With joy received, it streameth softly on
In veiled motion, 'till the depths below
Their cavern mouths wide ope to drink it in.
Against the rugged strength of rocks projecting
Impetuous it foams in angry rage,
And in a cataract the chasm scales.
Between low banks, through vale and mead it glides.
While in the calm sea's clear and placid depth
The stars of heaven behold their mirrored light.
By winds the waves up-tower, O Soul of Mist,
The foam of crested waves by winds is mingled.
Ah, Soul of Man, Thou art as mist and rain,
Ah, Fate of Man, Thou to the winds art like.

—Translated from Goethe, "*Gesang der Geister ueber den Wassern.*"

PRIMUS—"What prompted you to leave college?"

SECUNDUS—"The Faculty."—*Princeton Tiger.*

The pupil who rides a "pony" gets thrown at examination time—*Ex.*

Before slates were invented people multiplied on the earth.—*Ex.*

HE—"And I'll bet I steal a kiss from you."

SHE—"I'll bet you two kisses you can't."—*Ex.*

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1896.

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EDITORIAL.



THE ANNUAL for the fortieth time is introduced to its readers. Since 1856, when the first paper was published, great changes have taken place. From a small eight-page paper with no cover or ornamentation, it has grown to be a forty-eight page publication, with illustrations and cover handsomely ornamented. In 1879, the ANNUAL first appeared with a cover. Since then it has gone through alternate stages of decoration and no decoration, until at last it appears with a cover designed by one of our own pupils.

The literary department has not undergone such a change. It has developed, however, and adapted itself to the times. The merit of our present literary productions is greater than that of our predecessors of 1856; our paper has, moreover, through long years, finally reached a high state of perfection, as an amateur publication. That's what WE think!

THIS year being the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Hovey's principalship of the High School, it has been deemed particularly appropriate to insert his portrait as a frontispiece. The likeness is an excellent one, and valuable as a souvenir.

"A New High School will soon be a necessity."—ANNUAL '87.

"We see in dim outlines the grand building of the future."—ANNUAL '89.

"How long? Oh, how long must we wait for a New High School?"—ANNUAL '90.

"Where, oh, where, is the New High School Building? Echo answers, 'Where?'"—ANNUAL '91.

"Four years ago the President of the State Board of Education, amidst great applause, promised us a 'New High School' in the near future."—ANNUAL '92.

"Still we look forward to the time when we shall have our long promised 'New High School.'"—ANNUAL '93.

"This year the building is too small to hold all the scholars and Annex No. 2 has been established for the boys."—ANNUAL '94.

"Next year will see the selection of the site for the New High School."—ANNUAL '95.

The *site* for the New High School has at length been selected, and now we believe that we are on the road toward the realization of the hopes which have been cherished during ten years of patient, or rather impatient, waiting.

NEWS ITEMS.

LAST June, after the dread examinations were over, and before our school had separated for the summer, the Junior B girls charmed a large audience by a programme over which they had spent many long but pleasant hours. A large gathering assembled in the chapel, and listened with appreciation to the solos and recitations that formed the first part of the programme. Then came the great

event of the evening. The girls had arranged to give Howell's farce, "The Sleeping Car," and they justly flattered themselves that they had succeeded, for when the curtain arose, a real sleeper was disclosed, all modern conveniences, upper and lower berths too. There was a most charming Aunt Mary, and as to Mrs. Roberts, well, we can only say she was truly Mrs. Roberts. Of course, the baby was with her, but it must be confessed she was more often without her. The porter and the Californian made a great hit when, between the second and third acts, they descended to the audience, and smilingly and suggestively passed hats around. The invitation was responded to most liberally, and the girls felt amply repaid for their labor and weariness, by this very perceptible increase in their bank account.

A FEW weeks ago our girls assembled in their chapel and beheld the impressive and unusual ceremony of the unveiling of a bust of Milton. The Senior A girls, remembering with pleasure and gratitude the good they had derived from the study of the works of this immortal poet during the previous year, wished to strengthen the love and appreciation of all the advancing pupils for Milton, by this most potent reminder. Appropriate exercises accompanied the unveiling. Milton's sonnet on his blindness, and Tennyson's and Wordsworth's lines upon the poet, were given by members of the class presenting the gift. Miss Greene received the gift on behalf of the school, in a very effective and interesting address. Miss Greene portrayed the poet with such power and yet such tenderness, that her words dwelt long in the hearts of the pupils, and they went about their

tasks of the day with awakened enthusiasm.

THE girls of '96 before dropping their title of Juniors, and assuming that of Seniors, presented to the girls of '97, a large etching representing a quiet country scene. They now comfort themselves by the reflection that after they have left these dear old walls forever as students, they will not be utterly forgotten.

OUR English teachers have made the work very pleasant this year for the Senior girls. We have been reading Shakespeare, and we can assure you that our talent as actors is not to be despised. We have, as occasion offered, been fair Portias and sad Antonios, and have not even shrunk from the tragedy and madness of a Lear. We must acknowledge, however, that our most signal success was scored as lovers, and—well, yes—fools. Our Orlando wrote the most touching sonnets to the lady of his love, and although they were hung upon the door-frame in the absence of the hawthorn, what mattered it? As for our Touchstone, he was perfectly irresistible, with his repartee, courtliness and philosophy.

ALTHOUGH we are not up to date in regard to the conveniences and necessities of a modern High School building, we are certainly not behind the time in our studies and our corps of instructors. To our list of useful accomplishments we have this year added the study of the French language, so that now a student may be prepared within our school for any college in this country. The class this year is small, composed for the most part of Seniors, who are preparing for

colleges that require French for entrance, so that we receive the best of instruction from a qualified teacher.

UNDER the able instruction of Mrs. Griggs, our school has advanced rapidly in music. We now have written tests in elementary branches, and Mrs. Griggs has expressed herself as well pleased with our work as a school.

IT has always been a deep grievance to our teachers and pupils that the Newark High School has no gymnasium, nor any possible means by which the pupils may have good, regular exercise. All have deplored this want, and so at the beginning of this school year the Senior A girls formed a physical culture club of eleven members, under the leadership of one of their own number. Two days every week, an hour is devoted to a regular system of exercises, and at each lesson a marked improvement is noticeable in their abilities as athletes. The girls realize the good they have derived from this, and hope that the coming years will not see the good work abandoned.

AT the reorganization of our Montague Society, at the beginning of the school year, a new and interesting departure from the usual custom was made. A series of entertainments on music, art, travel and literature were arranged to take place during the year, each conducted by a well-known master of his art. In January, Mr. Hascall, one of our professors, gave us a very interesting and instructive talk upon "Hawaii." The manners and customs of the people and the physical features of the island were discussed in a realistic and entertaining manner, and at the close of the lecture we

all felt that we had been on an excursion to Hawaii, and that we had gained far more knowledge of that land than we had ever before had. The entertainment for the month of February was upon music, and was conducted by Miss Coit. The following extract from one of our daily papers is an excellent summary of Miss Coit's talk:

At the meeting of the Montague Society, of the Newark High School, yesterday afternoon, a delightful musicale was given by Miss Miriam Coit, assisted by Miss Bessie Sinclair. Miss Coit began by an explanation of the first number on the programme, Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," giving the meaning of the word symphony and stating the idea found in each movement of Haydn's Symphony, which was then played with exquisite touch and expression by Miss Coit and Miss Sinclair. A paper giving a sketch of Haydn's life was read by Miss Coit, and immediately following this a second paper, giving a sketch of Beethoven's career was read. The second movement of the Beethoven's "Sonata," Op. 14, No. 7, was then played by Miss Sinclair. A third paper, giving an account of Schubert's life, was read, followed by Miss Coit's beautiful interpretation of Schubert's "Menuetto," and also an "Impromptu." The last two numbers on the programme formed a fitting climax to the afternoon's performance. Chopin's "Polonaise," in E flat minor, played by Miss Sinclair, and the Peer Gynts "Suite," played by Miss Coit and Miss Sinclair, were each preceded by an account of the composer's life, as in the first part of the programme. To show their gratitude and appreciation the members of the Montague Society presented Miss Coit with a large bunch of daffodils placed in a dainty Delft jardiniere.

THIS year we are, as usual, overcrowded. We have two annexes, one at 103 Washington Street, with five classes, for the boys, and the other at 7 Washington Street, with six classes, for the girls. Only first years attend the annexes.

ON December 19, 1895, the boys' Junior Class held a debate before an audience of about 200 boys and girls. The question for discussion was, resolved, "That a system of Referendum established in this country, would be beneficial

to its interests." The leader of the affirmative was Fred D. Burnett, and of the negative, Charles H. Harrison. The judges, Prof. Matthews, Miss Crane and Dr. Hascoll, decided that the question had been proven, but as the negative had offset many of their opponents points, the verdict was given to the affirmative in the ratio of 6 to 4.

THE third annual recital by the Junior boys, was held during the latter part of May, 1895. The attendance was very large, and from the interest manifested in the efforts of the boys, we should say that the event was among the most successful of the year.

THIS year the Camera Club has re-organized. Last year there was no exhibition of lantern slides, but this year one of the objects of the club is to arrange an exhibition at the end of the year. The club expects to have excursions into the country during the Spring months, and thus to get many new views.

THIS year a High School Glee Club has been formed, and much is expected of it. For the first time we have a club which represents the school. It is to be hoped that the club will be a permanent organization of the High School.

THE girl graduates of '95, held their Class Day just after the Commencement exercises in June. The class histories were humorous; the class prophecies were humorous; and the presentations were "humorous." The essays were well written, the prophecies, we suppose, were quite correct; and many, in fact almost all, of the presentations were very appropriate. The platform was decorated in a

charming manner, and the entertainment reflected great credit on those who arranged it.

"WHY should this a schoolroom be?
For in it we study? Ho!
We've transformed it to a scene
Worthy of the daintiest queen.
Therefore, let us merry be,
Senior A and Senior B;
In our memory let us fix
The happy class of '96.
Out of all this joyful throng
One can surely not choose wrong.
And so at this glad, happy time
I choose thee for my Valentine."

It was such words as these, instead of the usual demonstrations of geometry or translations of German and Latin, that the High School echoed on St. Valentine's afternoon. The reason was, the Seniors were enjoying a St. Valentine's tea.

On the Monday preceding, the Senior A's had received a "mysterious summons," as Miss Green called it, to a tea to be given by the Senior B's. Little was said on either side about the tea, but somehow there seemed to be mystery connected with it. This was increased when, on Friday morning, the girls of both classes were seen carrying to school huge bundles, very different from the usual loads of books.

When the bell was rung for dismissal in the afternoon, both classes made a grand rush for their bundles, and were soon busy preparing for the feast and guarding their doors from intruders. The Senior B's soon transformed the platform from its every-day aspect. The blackboards were concealed by large screens; a piano cover took the bare look from that instrument, while at one side was a tea-table resplendent in silver and fine china, and daintily shaded candles.

With the kind aid of Miss McNary,

who was the leader of the affair, all was soon in readiness, and the Senior B's, radiant in paper dresses of various colors, and headed by two little Cupids, armed with bows and arrows, assembled on the platform and awaited the arrival of the Senior A's. Soon the door opened, and a magician, who afterwards proved to be Miss Coult, stepped slowly in. His appearance caused some surprise among the Senior B's, but this was increased when at his bidding, instead of the well-known Senior A's, Dante and Ceres, Æneas, Portia, Robin Hood, Touchstone, Belinda and Lord Petre, Dorothea the beloved of Hermann, Morocco gorgeous in oriental spendor, Cleopatra in all her bewitching queenliness, the devout Prioress, and a host of others, made their appearance.

After Cupid had led each of the guests to her fate, which was decided by drawing from a box the name of the girl who was to be her valentine, the Latin girls—for such the strange procession proved to be—contributed to the entertainment by giving scenes from Shakespeare. Refreshments were then served and dancing followed.

Each of the guests, including the teachers, carried away with her a souvenir in the form of a paper heart pierced by Cupid's arrow, and containing some poetic verses written by her valentine.

Every one had a delightful time, and all agreed that the High School had never seen a merrier gathering than that of St. Valentine's afternoon.

INSTEAD of the usual entertainment given to defray the expenses of the Christmas tree, a Montagu Tea was held this year, by the members of that society. Miss Leyden's room, transformed by deft Seniors and brightly lighted, was

hardly recognizable, while the sight of Montagu girls in muslin aprons and caps, brightened by a bow of colored ribbon, lent a charm to the scene and took away all thoughts of a school room. Socially and financially the affair was highly successful, and the tea will always be one of the bright spots in the memory of our High School days.

HITHERTO the design upon the front cover of the ANNUAL, has been selected from cuts carried in stock by the printer. This year, however, the draughting of a suitable design was submitted to the students, for competition. Ten very excellent designs were handed in, drawn by the following students: Miss Lillian Keyler, '96; Miss Elizabeth Garrabrant, '96; Miss Ethel Ames, '97; Miss Edith Lunger, '98; and Messrs. Harry Boice, '96; Herbert Rising, '97; James V. Daloia, '97; William Garrabrant, '98; William Bannister, '98; and Charles Blake, '99. Only one of the designs could be used, however, and the faculty, being unable to decide between the respective merits of that drawn by Miss Keyler, and that of Mr. Garrabrant, left the decision to the city director of drawing. She decided in favor of the former. It appears upon the cover. With this change, the ANNUAL becomes, if possible, even more a school paper than in previous years, every part of it now being the work of the students.

THE editors desire to express their thanks to Messrs. Hervey, Pistor and Leyenburger of the Class of '97, for assistance rendered in the publication of this paper.

BESIDE the privilege of eating lunches in the boiler-room, (through the windows

of which the other classes can only gaze with envious eyes), the Seniors have been granted another prerogative, fully as enjoyable, and considerably less dusty. We refer to the Senior reading room, for which the Seniors are indebted to Professor Gilman's suggestion and Dr. Hovey's permission. The small room which is directly over the main entrance, and out of the windows of which the flag pole projects, was obtained, and subscriptions sent to a dozen or more of the leading magazines and papers. Thus the class is furnished with up-to-date literature, at a very small cost to each member.

WE must still look to the future for the Field Day of the Newark High School. "Coming events cast their shadows before," but the High School Field Day does not seem to be of a character material enough to cast a shadow, for we are no nearer a Field Day than we were four years ago. We hope that the fact of one's clothing affecting one's mental condition, does not apply to institutions as well as to individuals. If, however, this be so, we shall expect the students of the New High School to do wonders. And not the least of their achievements will be the establishment of a Field Day.

THE first of a series of lectures, to be given under the auspices of the Agassiz Society, was delivered by Professor Smith, the State entomologist, on the evening of February 28th. The proceeds of these lectures will be devoted to the laboratory work, and as the price of admission is very reasonable, it is expected that the lecturers will be complimented by the attendance of good sized audiences. The lectures are to be delivered in the High School Building.

ON June 17, 1895, the boys of '95 held their class dinner in Davis's, when the following toasts were responded to: "The Faculty," "The Class of '95," "The Undergraduates," "Future Prospects," and "The Ladies." The boys ended by visiting the various members of the faculty and serenading them.

DURING January, "The Excelsiors," an organization of the Annex, gave an entertainment and play for the benefit of the library. The play was composed by one of the boys, and a neat sum was realized.

A COMMITTEE of old High School graduates have arranged to give Dr. Hovey, a reception on the evening of April 10th. This year is the twenty-fifth anniversary of his taking charge of the High School, and the old graduates have decided to observe it in this manner.

THE usual Christmas tree, resplendent with trimmings and toys, again greeted the group of eager children who would otherwise have had none. The tree without Santa Claus would lose half its charm, so one of the Senior girls ably filled the place of that dear old man. Toys and useful articles made each childish heart happy, and when one saw the pleased, delighted expression of their faces, he realized fully the old saying that there is more happiness in giving than in receiving.

EARLY in the Fall there was organized in the High School a Social Science Club, for the purpose of discussing social and economic questions, which pertain to the general welfare of society. It is thought by the teacher in charge of this line of

work, that too little attention is given in the schools, to the relations which exist among men. These relations are brought out in the consideration of such questions as this club was organized to discuss.

The club furnishes an opportunity for the boys in the Senior and Junior classes, to come together once a month, and to discuss questions having direct bearing upon their future relations to society.

The questions which have thus far been discussed, pertain to the industrial world, the relation of the wage-system to labor, etc. At the last meeting the money question was discussed before the club by one of our citizens, who is especially interested in our currency question, which is before our national legislature.

THE list of graduates who have distinguished themselves in various ways since leaving school is quite long:—

Jennie Donalds, '91, took all the honors of her class at Wesleyan.

Louis Holden, '91, took all the honors of his class at Yale.

Frank M. Potter, '92, has been experimenting successfully with the X rays at Lafayette, and was also the artist of a handsome publication of the Juniors in 1895.

Harrison Van Duyne, '92, made the only touchdown upon the Lafayette grounds since their opening in 1893.

F. A. Lehlbach, '92, took first prize on the long horse, second prizes for exercises on the horizontal and parallel bars at Yale.

F. R. Lehlbach, '93, is the President of the Athletic Association at Yale. Also took first prizes in horizontal and parallel bar exercises.

Anna Lehlbach, '95, sustained so good

an entrance examination in German at Vassar, that the authorities placed her in the Sophomore German class.

Eva Campbell, '95, made such an excellent record in her English entrance examination at Cornell, that she was entered in the Sophomore English class.

Claude E. Scattergood, '95, entered Rutgers on the free scholarship given the one passing the best examination.

In the Christmas term examinations in rhetoric at Rutgers College, Freshman Class, six of the seven boys with the highest standing, were from the High School.

We clip the following from our exchanges:

"The University of New York awards each year to the five of the Freshman Class attaining the highest average in Greek, Latin, Mathematics and English, free scholarships covering a period of four years. Thomas K. McClelland, Jr., son of a prominent citizen of this city, and a graduate of the High School in the Class of 1895, received the highest average at the examination held in New York on October 21, and thereby secured a cash prize of \$100, in addition to the scholarship. In the examination of last year at this same institution, William Sandy, also a graduate of the High School, divided the prize of \$100 with another student, they both having equal averages and higher than those of the other competitors."

"The heroic act of Miss Emma C. Sickles, a young American girl, has brought her a gold medal and a position on the roll of honor of *La Savateur Society*, of France. In 1866, Miss Sickles, who was a teacher at the Pine Ridge Agency, entered the Indian camp alone, and succeeded in persuading the angry chiefs to

consent to peace with General Miles's soldiers. In recognition of this work the United States Government appointed Miss Sickles Commissioner in charge of the Indian Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition."

Miss Sickles was of the Class of '71.

"The graduating exercises of the 101st commencement of Williams College were

held on June 26, in the College Church. Among the orations was one on "The Irishman and His Cause," by Frederick William Memmott, of this city. At the close of the speaking the award of prizes took place. F. W. Memmott took the second prize in French and the Graves prize for delivery."

Mr. Memmott was of the Class of '90.

MARRIAGES.

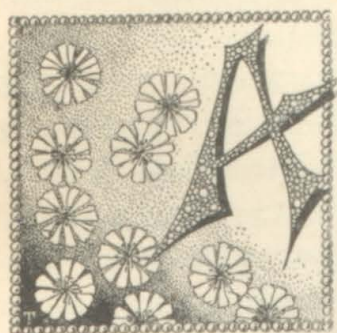
Julia Merry, '77, to Floyd S. Bixler.
 Florence Carter, '91, to Fred Egner.
 Mary A. Boylan, '92, to Augustus F. Eggers.
 Harriet Cooke, '91, to Frank Presby.
 Helen Cook, '91, to Roy Kitchell.
 Geo. C. Brown, '77, to Emma L. Tuttle.
 Edith C. Barnett, '87, to W. L. Fish.
 Geo. F. Warren, '84, to Annie M. Jones.
 Elizabeth Landmesser, '85, to E. E. Moran.
 Emma L. Hines, '86, to Loyal A. Osborne.
 Edith Warren, '86, to Chas. J. Jennings.
 Ella Ackerson, '88, to Mr. Verpillier.
 Aglae L. Labiaux, '88, to Thomas L. Rothery.
 Esther Weil, '88, to Max Kositchek.
 Ella L. Osborne, '84, to Herbert Palmer.
 Alberta Hadley, '89, to Frank Lyon.
 Ruth Battles, '89, to Rev. Charles A. Dickerson.

DEATHS.

John L. Brockie, '97.
 Oscar J. Nagel, '97.

SCHOOLS IN RUSSIA.

JULIUS GOTTLIEB, '98.



At the end of July, 1895, I came here over from Russia. Having made up my mind to attend here a school, I took an examination and entered the High School. When the news spreaded that I am a foreigner, and came from the "Darkest Russia," I have been hard pressed by hundreds of questions concerning the art of living in that country, concerning schools there, and yet many things. These questions made me feel sorrow, showing a very limited acquaintance of my present friends on this subject. One, for example, asked me if there are at all schools in Russia, the other said that he heard there are some schools, but they don't look like schools; only like improving institutions, where the fist and club play a very important role in instructing the youth. I would wish my friends to have a clearer idea on the subject of schools in Russia, and would be very glad if my writing would help them out in this subject.

The institutions for education in Russia can be divided into three different classes:

1. Lower Institutions,—as Common Schools, Primary Schools, which resemble the American Grammar Schools;

2. Middle Institutions;—as Gymnasiums, Real Schools, Business Schools, etc and

3. Higher Institutions, as Universities, Academies of Art, etc. The Lower Institutions, or Common Schools, are for children of the age of 7-8 up to the age of

15-16. These schools offer their pupils the elements, and abstain from all scientific branches. They have a more complete course than the Grammar Schools here, teaching also beginnings in Geometry, Algebra, Natural History, and are for such persons, who do not attend to study higher, but going through school, they are employed in some business, or in work. The learning year in such schools contains forty-six weeks, and every week contains six learning days, not five as here.

To the Middle Institutions belong the Gymnasiums and, so-called, Real Schools. The difference between two is, that in the former special attention is paid to the learning of classical languages, while in the latter special attention is paid to science and modern languages. The purpose of both Gymnasiums and Real Schools is to prepare young men for the universities, academies, and other Higher Educational Institutions.

In these schools the student has to spend the best time, we can say, of his life. Being yet a child of the age of 8-9, he enters school and leaves it not before he reaches the age of 18. All the changes of the students early life are going on here; from a child he becomes a lad, from a lad a young man. Here the student is not only instructed in different branches of knowledge, but his character, his habits, are also trained. He is always under the control of his teachers. You can forever recognize in him, by his dress and his cap a student who belongs to some Gymnasium or Real School. The students find in the school a second home,

and in their instructors second parents. The teachers, who are in general very good instructors, have to go with their classes nearly through the whole course of the school, and they have not only to instruct the students, but also to learn their character, inclinations, etc. Sometimes it happens that a close friendship is made up between a student and his teacher. Their relations are not those of pupil to a teacher, but those of a true child to his loving father; but do not think the teacher will forget his role as an instructor: the closer their relations are, the stricter will the teacher treat his pupil for the failures of the last.

The programmes of such schools are of very great extent. Besides two classical and two modern languages the student has to acquire a solid knowledge in Mathematics, (Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry,) Natural History (Botany, Geology, Zoology), Physics, Chemistry, General History, Geography, Drawing and Music. Special attention is paid to the "native language," even in the highest classes. I detected here a very sad fact that (it may be for reasons which I do not understand,) the English language is not regarded as high as it should be. In the recitations of Latin, making a comparison between the forms of the Latin verb and that of an English, many boys can give better the forms of the Latin verb than of the English. The so-called, "Ministry of Education" in Russia pays very great attention to such kinds of schools. They know that the best power of the country is trained there, and they do not spare energy and money to make these institutions finer and better. The Gymnasium building is always one of the most beautiful buildings of the city or town. Every building of such a

kind has a large garden, which is under the control of one of the teachers, and where the students spend many hours in Summer time, in learning Practical Botany, and in playing.

I was disappointed, when, receiving from the Board of Education the papers, that I am accepted in the High School, I came the first time to it. I made in my mind a comparison between this building and that of the Real School, there in a small town in Russia with a population of about ten thousand, and I must confess that the High School could not even be compared to that, and it is yet the only one High School in such a big city as Newark, and yet for both sexes. Beside the garden as I described, they have in Winter time the Gymnastic Hall, which is open for the student four hours weekly, and where the student gets a physical training, being learned by one of the teachers how to make different bodily exercises, to play ball, to climb on bars, etc.

Let us now follow the Russian student to his home to see how he is spending his time outside the school. Here we find the American student to be happier.

The Russian student remains the whole time of his attending school under a strict control of his teachers. He is distinguished as I soon describe from all young men by his dress, having a uniform, and is always under the guard of every school teacher, who has the right at liberty, and in every time, to come to the students' houses to see what they are doing.

The Government—an unlimited monarchy—knows that she can find her most bitter opponents among the students of the Middle and Higher Educational Institutions, and she does all in her power to

suppress the free thinking and self-appointment of the students. The teachers are in a very difficult condition: they have to develop the spirit and thinking power of the student; in the meantime they have to keep them back from all other ideas. But sweet is the fruit of the "forbidden tree!"

The more the students are separated from all ideas, the greater is the charming of these ideas to them. With a burning fever enjoys the rich spirited student such forbidden ideas. He is intoxicated with them, and does not feel that a dark cloud is gathering over his head, which will discharge her thunders on him. Somebody has only to find or see with

the student a book or some printed matter without the permission of the "Censor," (an officer appointed to look over all printed matter), and the student is sure to end his life either in the Frigid Siberia or, if he got time to escape, in some place beyond the border of his native country. The mines of Siberia are full of such intelligent young men, who dared only to think about liberty which ye Americans possess in such unlimited manner. One word, the Russian people is able to make great progress in civilization, but the governments checks it on every step, and obscurity will yet dwell in many places of this large, extended country for the many times.

NOTE: The author of this article has been in this country only nine months, and had never studied English before. He entered the First Year class in September, and is now in the Second Year class. The article was written while still a First Year, and is in its original form.

TWO SCENES FROM A DRAMATIZATION OF "THE KNIGHT'S TALE" OF CHAUCER.

FLORENCE M. ROSE, '96.



ALAMON and Arcite, cousins and sworn friends, were taken prisoners at Thebes by Theseus, duke of Athens. They were imprisoned in a strong tower at Athens. From

the window of their cell the two knights saw, almost at the same moment,

Emily, the sister-in-law of

Theseus. At first sight, both loved her, and this love turned their sworn friendship into fierce jealousy. At the request of Perotheus, Theseus released Arcite, on condition that he should never again

enter Athens. Notwithstanding his oath, Arcite returned to Athens in disguise, and obtained employment in the household of Emily. Soon after, Palamon escaped from prison. Act III begins on the morning after Palamon's escape.

ACT III.

Scene 1.—A wood, not far from Athens—daybreak. Enter Palamon, jaded, and covered with dust.

PAL.

Ah kindly fate, who hast aided me
Safe from my prison thus to flee,
Grant that the jailers sleep full long
Under their deadly potion strong,
That I may safely rest my head
In this sweet wood's refreshing shade;

So may I dream of Emily
At last under the sky, and free !
(Sinks down and falls asleep).
Enter Arcite, who kneels upon the grass.

ARCITE.

Here, under nature's canopy,
Where yet no mortal eye may see,
Kneeling upon her velvet floor
I'll tell my May-day orisons o'er,
Petitioning for happiness,
But thanking fate still, none the less ;
For I that once was called Arcite—
(Here Palamon awakes with a start, listening intently.)
Here, in disguise, have prospered quite,
Gaining the service of the duke,
Who, from my changed name and look,
Would never think, in such a hind,
His enemy Arcite to find.
And thus upon my lady fair
To feast mine eyes each day I dare.
But, oh ! enough of misery
Have I ; for mine she may not be ;
In the duke's house a serf I live,
My exiled self he'd n'er forgive.
(Falls into deep musing).
(Palamon bursts forth).

PAL.

Arcite, thou cruel traitor, wake !
For I will now my vengeance take.
Thou shalt not love my lady so,
For whom I have such pain and woe.
Thou hast betrayed the duke, her brother,
And changed thy name, too, for another.
Now one of us must surely die
We cannot both love Emily.

ARCITE. (RISING.)

Now swear I by that Zeus above
An 'twere not thou art sick for love,
And hast no sword here at thy hand
I'd slay thee here, just as we stand.
I tell thee, madman, love is free
And I'll love whom I choose for thee !
But on mine oath, as I'm a knight,
Upon the morrow, sure and bright,
I will bring armor for us both ;
And thou shalt choose—I'm nothing loth—
The best, and leave the worst for me.
Thus shall we fight for Emily ! (Exit.)

PAL.

Ah Cupid, well 'tis said of thee
There shall with love no rival be ;
But only thou must reign alone
In hearts that thou hast made thine own.

Scene 2.—The same wood.—Next day.

PAL.

It seemeth but an hour's space
Since yester-e'en, in this same place,
I met my mortal enemy
And soon that foe again I'll see.
(Listens and changes color).
Yes, even now, I hear thy tread
And e'er 'tis night one shall lie dead.
Enter Arcite.—(With no salutation, they grimly help each other to arm).

ARCITE. (ASIDE).

What, cousin, pale art thou as death !
And sure am I that thy last breath
Or mine full soon shall breathed be
But whose, may God alone decree !
(They raise spears and rush together. Meanwhile sounds of hunting-horn and baying hounds draw near). Enter—Duke Theseus, Queen Hipolita, and Emily, followed by train—all are dressed for the hunt. The Duke, spying Palamon and Arcite, pricks his horse and rides between them with drawn sword.

THES.

Ho, halt ! no more, on pain of death,
For who next smites, draws his last breath,
But say what manner men ye are
Who, hidden from all men thus far,
Without a judge or e'en witness
Engage in such combat as this.

PAL. (HASTILY).

My Lord, of words there is no need.
We both, long since, should have been dead.
Two hapless wretches, we in sooth
Can claim from thee but little ruth
And, as our rightful judge thou art,
Do with us after thine own heart.
And slay me first, but slay him, too,
For he's Arcite, thy mortal foe,
Whom thou hast banished from this state ;
But he returned to thy gate.
And he has changed, too, his name
That he thy sister's love might claim.
But I am he who first did love
Fair Emily, by God above.
And I confess, since doomed to die,
Lo ! Palamon, thy foe, am I,
Who broke thy prison yester-night
And lov'st yon "Emily the bright."

THES. (WROTH).

In sooth, sir knight, a pretty tale !
Well may a man such lot bewail !
I needs must trust thine own lips, whence
So freely comes thy death sentence.
(Emily and the Queen fall upon their knees).

HIPOLITA.

Now, sweet my lord, thy mercy show
Upon these noble knights brought low.
Have pity on their wounds so sore
That pain us to the heart's deep core !

THES. (SOFTENED).

Well, true it is, women might move
A stone to pity or to love. (Aside).
And if a Lord show no mercy
Of God's good grace what hope has he ?
How mighty is blind Cupid's bow
To fill strong men with sudden woe ! (Aloud).
Right royally ye fought, as men
Of noble blood, and even when,
Till now, your lady knew it not,
Right royally ye loved, I wot.
And so I swear by Love, his dart,
That in my youth sore pierced my heart
If that ye swear allegiance,
As duke, we'll pardon the offence.

PAL.

For this great generosity
I swear thy loyal friend to be.

ARCITE.

In days of peace and eek in war
I'll be thy friend forever more.

THES.

But well ye know, my subjects true,
Fair Emily may not wed two ;
And therefore, so we may decide
Which one shall go and which abide,
In fifty weeks—no less, no more—
Bring each of warriors not o'er
An hundred, armed for the strife.
Who wins, has Emily for wife.

PAL. (SPRINGING TO HIS HORSE).

To Thebes now quickly will I go ;
My heart is loosed from half its woe.

ARCITE.

And Thebesward will I hie me straight ;
For hope has lightened sorrow's weight.

[EXEUNT ALL.]

ORATION ON SALMON P. CHASE.

FRED W. DE CAMP, '96.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln assumed the duties and responsibilities of President of the United States, the country was on the eve of a great rebellion, a great struggle between

the slave States of the South, and the free States of the North.

At the very beginning of his administration he showed that excellent judgment and common sense, so characteristic of him, in selecting such men as Seward, Chase and Welles for positions in his cabinet. He needed men of courage, strong men of ability, to deal with this great question of slavery, which was threatening the very life of the nation. And in that galaxy of able and brilliant

men he had called around him as his counsellors and advisers, no man was more able, more courageous, and more helpful in solving the great problem of slavery, than was Salmon P. Chase.

Mr. Chase had for years been a stanch Abolitionist. He was a man conscientious in his duties even to the verge of fanaticism, so that when he favored the abolition of slavery, it was not from ambition or hope of political gain, but because he believed it to be *right*.

He denounced the "Fugitive Slave Law," as unjust, as unconstitutional and as inhuman. But, as it was a law, he always favored keeping its provisions.

He attended nearly every "Liberty Convention," held in Ohio or in adjacent States, and was the acknowledged leader



of many of them. But while he upheld radical measures, he never urged a disobedience of the existing laws.

His whole public life had this same vein of anti-slavery running through it, and his opinions earned for him the applause of the Abolitionists, and the hatred of the Slave-holders. While he was Governor of Ohio, a slave and his family escaped from Kentucky to Ohio, and were returned to that State by the Ohio officials.

Mr. Chase was immediately denounced by Abolition societies for not proceeding to extreme measures, and not procuring at any cost the freedom of the slaves. But this one incident shows the deep conscientiousness of the man. Here was a man firm in his belief that slavery was wrong from beginning to end; a man who had been elected to the office of Chief Magistrate of the State, on anti-slavery principles; here was this same man returning fugitive slaves to their so-called owners, because his conscience told him that he, as Chief Executive, should not go contrary to the laws of the State, or to the laws of the Nation, even for the benefit of suffering humanity. In all his acts as Governor, as Senator, and as Chief Justice, this same conscientiousness is to be found. The constitution gave the Governor the right to remove from office only in case of disability. The State Treasurer, a good friend of Chase's, appropriated the funds for his own use. The Governor requested his resignation, claiming, that by using public funds for private purposes, he had rendered himself, liable to prosecution for defalcation, and had therefore incurred a disability. The Governor's right to remove was contested, but finally the Treasurer resigned. Mr. Chase said however, that "To have to

demand a friend's resignation as defaulter, was almost as bad as being defaulter oneself."

When Mr. Chase became Secretary of the Treasury in 1861, the finances of the country were in a very bad state. Now Mr. Chase, when he accepted the position knew very little about finance, but he set himself to study the questions arising in his new position, and soon perfected himself in the work. Mr. Chase had conceived of a plan by which the United States could obtain ready money by issuing "green-backs," and bonds bearing interest. He thought, however, that the plan was unconstitutional, and for a long time his conscientious scruples, blocked the path toward the realization of the hopes of the President, who had put quite a little faith in this plan, proposed by his Secretary. But finally the plan was adopted. It had then to go through the fire of public opinion; it was ridiculed, abused, attacked by the newspapers. Its opponents said it could not stand; that the State Bank System was the only safe money principle. Southern sympathizers said that now that the United States had begun to borrow money it would go to ruin. But the country did not, and it was Mr. Chase's plan which kept it alive; and as a practical illustration of its success in later years, when the income of the country has not been so large as was needed, several new issues of bonds have been made, and no sooner are they placed upon the market than they are taken up by the people at a high premium.

We have shown that Mr. Chase was a true, conscientious man. But he was even more than this; he was a public benefactor. And while he did not receive public ovations, and has not had statues erected to his memory, it should be

remembered that what Mr. Chase said of Thomas Jefferson's monument will apply to his own also. "If a stranger from some foreign land, should ask me for the monument of Jefferson, I could not take him to Virginia, and bid him look upon a granite obelisk, no matter how admirable its proportions or inscriptions. I would ask him to go with me beyond the Alleghanies into the midst of the broad northwest, and would say to him "Behold sir; on every side his monument. These

thronged cities, these flourishing villages, these cultivated fields, these shools, these asylums for the unfortunate and helpless, these million happy homes of prosperous freemen, these great States—great in their present resources, but greater far in the mighty energies by which the resources of the future are to be developed: these, *these* are the monuments of Jefferson. His memorial is over all our land;

Our veriest rill, our mightiest river,
Roll mingling with his fame forever."

LADY ELAINE'S FAVOR.

JESSAMINE A. WILLIAMS, CLASS '98.



LITTLE silver mirror, with a beautifully chased edge. Could that ever give a picture of long ago? But look! A fine mist is creeping softly over its shining surface;

and now, as it fades slowly away, we watch with fascinated interest the picture we see there.

A large hall with a high carved ceiling and tapestry hung walls, representing King Arthur and his noble knights. The smooth polished floor is covered with rugs, some of strange material woven in the East, and others of skin. At one end is an immense fire-place, where great oak logs burn and blaze, lighting the whole interior with its ruddy glow. Here and there candles flame and flicker in the quaint silver candlesticks. But what holds our attention most are the people.

On a platform at one side, in an elaborately carved chair, sits a lady with a stern countenance. Her rich dress is

black and severely plain. In one hand she holds a distaff, and in the other the yellow flax. Around her is a group of maidens, some spinning, and some with embroidery frames before them. A courtier, in a gay fur-trimmed dress, is leaning over one of the maidens, and is whispering many a compliment in her ear.

Near are pages, in liveries of green and gold, watching two of their number who are engaged in a closely contested game of chess.

At one side of the fire sits a priest with a book in his hand; and in front of the fire lie some noble stag-hounds.

Here is a group of older men, who are discussing matters of a graver nature; and mingled with them are many handsome knights and beautiful ladies.

Standing by the window and half concealed by the hangings, are two figures we watch longer than any of the others. One is a fair young girl dressed in a blue velvet robe, and wearing a silver girdle set with precious stones. Her hair, a beautiful shade of golden-brown, is partly

covered with a fine white veil. Her eyes are steadfast brown; and there is a flush on her cheek, as she fastens a gold chain on the arm of the young man who kneels before her. He is watching her hand, and in his blue eyes is a look of pleased,

proud happiness; for to-morrow he goes forth to battle in the lists for his honor and the love of Lady Elaine.

The picture has faded away and only the silver service is left. Did we really see it? Or was it only a dream?

LIKE LOVES LIKE.

TRANSLATED BY ELFREDA F. DEVENDORF, '96.

A SHY blue-bell of modest mien,
Springing forth in the meadow green,
Early was decked in the quiet vale,
With numberless flowerets simple and frail.

A bee drew near its sweets to seek,
And daintily kissed the blue-bell's cheek :—
The humming bee, the nodding flow'r—
Formed each for other by Infinite Pow'r.

—Translated from Goethe, "*Gleich und Gleich.*"

PENELOPE'S DREAM.

ELIZABETH MAC DOUGALL, '99.

IN a small room at the back of the house, sits a little Greek maiden weaving. Her low, white forehead is drawn together in the middle, for she is weary of weaving, and longs for the sweet solitude of the woods. At last she flings her work away, steals quietly through the open court, across the garden and into the woods. She settles comfortably down at the foot of a great oak tree, and gazes rapturously up at the beautiful green canopy, through which the sunbeams struggle to reach her and light up her long black locks.

Hark! What is that she hears? The bark of the oak begins to crumble, a rude door in the tree-trunk opens and out steps a tall, fair young woman, with nut brown hair that falls to her feet. She is clad in a moss green gown with a bodice of oak bark. At last Penelope realizes her fond-

est desire—she now beholds a hamadryad. This beautiful maiden comes smilingly forward, takes Penelope's hands and kisses her. Then she twines a wreath of sweet violets into the child's lovely hair, and leads her from tree to tree, calling out her sister dryads to see her little friend and admire her beauty. When they have made several pleasant calls, the hamadryad takes Penelope back to the oak tree, and while the girl is thinking what a delightful time they have had, she opens the rustic door of her abode and slips quietly inside.

Penelope realizes with a start that she is cold and that the stars are beginning to twinkle. Holding her hiamation close around her, she hurries to her home, where she arrives just in time to save a commotion. The whole household is assembled to welcome the dear little girl, who is its brightest treasure.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

PAUL W. MULLER, '97.



UNCLE JOE! Do you know anything about whales?" The speaker was a boy, about sixteen years old, who was spending the Summer months at the pretty little sea-side resort of Hilton. The person addressed was a grizzled old man, who had spent most of his life on the sea and had acquired the reputation of being a good story teller.

"Well," said Uncle Joe, "I know more than any other man knows or cares to know."

"You see it was during my last cruise on the whaler 'St. Johns,' that I had as narrow an escape as a man could wish for. We had sailed from Portsmouth and had been on the whaling grounds for five days before we sighted a whale.

"But on the fifth day the lookout sighted one, about two miles distant, and ten of us sailors tumbled into a boat, with the mate in command, and pulled after him.

"When we arrived near enough to get a good view of him, I saw that he was covered with large barnacles.

"He was a hoary monster, and looked as if he might be centuries old, besides, he was stuck full of harpoons that told of many vain attempts to capture him.

"From the way the whale acted, I knew that we were going to have trouble, but I kept quiet about it. We harpooned him many times, but the mate gave too late the order to get away, and the whale brought his tail around under the boat with a sounding whack that knocked boat

and men up into the air; and as I started to come down I saw the whale, his mouth wide open, directly beneath me. It was like looking down into a deep dark pit. I landed right in the whale's mouth and slid down his throat before he had time to close his jaws.

"The place where I landed was dimly lighted by the phosphorescent glow of fishy material which was within. After my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I began to examine my prison. It was about the size of the forecastle on a small schooner. I sat on the floor and reflected that I now belonged to the Department of the Interior. Would I ever get out?

"As I was looking about I noticed an inscription on the wall or, at least, what looked liked one. I struck a match which by good luck, I had with me. What do you suppose I read there? The characters I spelled out were these: 'J-O-N-A-H—B. C. 862.' I could scarcely believe my eyes; but, evidently, I was in the same 'great fish' that Jonah occupied many years before. The discovery startled me so that I took a chew of tobacco to regain my balance. As I chewed and spat all over the floor of my cell, I noticed a quivering or squirming, a convulsive movement of the whole department, and it occurred to me that perhaps tobacco disagreed with the whale. You may depend on it, that I then chewed for my very life. I was right in my notion, for the more I chewed and dropped bits of tobacco about, the more pronounced became the motion until finally there was a grand collapse of the whole institution, and I was ejected from it.

"What a change, from darkness to daylight and fresh air! Nobody but Jonah and I ever had such an escape; for my ship-mates, seeing me, put out in a boat and picked me up. The old whale went down into the depths and came up at intervals, making his way in flight from the boat, so that we never got him.

"You may not believe this story," concluded the old salt, "but" holding up a piece of tobacco, "this is a piece of the very plug of tobacco that saved my life."

OUR EXCHANGES.

We shall expect good things from the Burnet Street School, judging from their paper, *Burnet Street School News*.

The *University Item*, from the University of New York, comes to our table regularly every week with an interesting table of contents.

The *Princetonian* keeps us posted daily of the happenings at Princeton. We could wish that the *Princetonian* and the *Item* were more literary and less athletic, but we see the tendency of things, and we propose to take the athletic honors now. (See our club pictures.)

We have received the first number of the *Free Kindergarten Magazine*, published in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and very ably edited by Mrs. Fisher nee Gertrude Adams, of '76. The magazine is called *Kindergarten*, but it is such kind of kindergartening as mature minds like to read. We congratulate Mrs. Fisher and hope her magazine will prove as financial a success as it is a literary one.

Among our other regular exchanges from distant places we may mention:

The Skirmisher, Bordentown; *The Mirror*, *The High School Junto*, *The Advance in Education*, *The High School Argus*, *The Fence*, *The Critic*, *The High School Herald*,

The High School Radiator, and *The Ventilator* from the Newark Academy.

The editors of a periodical at the University of California were suspended recently for publishing a caricature of a member of the faculty.—*Rutgers Tar gum*.

We have boys and girls now in twenty-six different colleges.

E. L. Hegeman, of '92, is in Union College.
Ralph Simonds, '94, is in Princeton.

OF THE CLASS OF 1895.

Horace Corey is in Princeton.
Paul Girtanner is in Rutgers.
William L. Haines is in Rutgers.
William Helmstaeder is in Rutgers.
Richard Krementz is in Yale.
August Loehenberg is in University of Penn.
Thomas K. McClelland, Jr., is in Columbia.
Philip Mendel is in University of N. Y.
Harry Masker is in Rutgers.
Claude E. Scattergood is in Rutgers.
Fred. G. Van Guerin is in Rutgers.
William Talbot is in N. Y. Dental College.
Miss Louise L. Beach is in Wellesley.
Miss Eva M. Campbell is in Cornell.
Miss Grace Frazee is in Wellesley.
Miss Anna Fussell is in Columbian.
Miss Josephine Gibian is in Cornell.
Miss Anna Lehlbach is in Vassar.
Miss Grace DeWolf is in Bucknell.

THE instructor in Geology taught his class that a mineral is a constituent of the earth's crust possessing *definite* chemical composition and constant physical properties. This definition when called for in the mid-year examination was rendered by a light-headed Junior as follows: "A mineral is a rock that has death in it, constant physical properties, and chemical composition."

MARY had a box of gum,
Faultless Pepsin Chips,
And every where that Mary went,
She raised them to her lips.
They followed her to school one day
Which was against the rule.
The teacher seized that chewing gum
And chewed it after school.

THE TOURNAMENT.

DAISY SHERK, '98.



LET us draw aside the curtain of time, my friend, and glance back through the misty ages to the romantic days of chivalry.

The sun casts his warm, yellow glow over all, while tall oaks throw strange, waving shadows over the grassy field.

The pavilions, turning with beauty and wealth, are adorned with the colors of the knights. Near the royal gallery, gaily decked in rain-bow hues, is the throne of the Queen of Love and Beauty. Jewels flash, bright eyes beam, all is gay and beautiful.

In the pit a cloud of dust arises, a silence falls over the assembled multitude, a silence so still, so breathless, as if the grim tyrant, Death himself, had descended among them. Scarce a plume waves; many fair faces blanch, others glow with excitement, a few quiver with pity, while others smile encouragement. As the dust settles, the armor clad forms of the contestants are exposed to view. Their burnished swords and helmets glitter in the bright rays of the sun. The black charger of the victor quivers in every limb, his nostrils dilate, his wild eyes flash, he seems ready to trample under his iron hoofs, the fallen foe. What a vivid contrast! The victor, with that strange light of mingled pity, pride and hate in his eyes, towering proudly above his antagonist. The victim, his haughty pride humbled, his honor lost, lies with despair in his heart, despair in his eyes, but ready to die rather than to yield. His charger, the gallant gray, lies

beside its master, slowly but surely dying. All for the smile of a lady fair!

The curtain of time slowly, softly descends, and as the scene fades from our view a mingled feeling of awe, pity, and thankfulness fills our hearts. We are glad that we live in the nineteenth century, when 'woman' is loved and honored, but not made the cause of bloodshed.

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

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DISTINCTION OF CLASSES.

A SENIOR, a Junior, a Soph and a Fresh,
Were debating one day on the merits of flesh.
The Senior, of eating said *beef* was the half,
While the Junior claimed nothing's so tender as
calf.

The Soph thought that *mutton* completed the bill,
And the Fresh said of *pork* he could ne'er get
his fill.

A Professor in passing that way heard them talk,
And he reasoned it out as he kept on his walk,
The *bull*-headed Senior tries hard to look wise,
And the Junior has *calf*-love affecting his eyes,
A Soph is too *sheep*-ish to let his thoughts soar,
While the poor little Fresh is always a *bore*.

—Exchange.

ATHLETICS.



ALTHOUGH the High School was not represented on the base ball field last year, nevertheless, the base ball spirit had not died out.

Three classes were represented upon the field; this resulted in inter-class games in which '96 won all their games, but '97 and

The scores were as follows :

'96 vs. '97—9 to 2.

'96 vs. '98—22 to 8.

'96 vs. '97—25 to 7.

'96 vs. S. E. F. C.—9 to 0.

'96 vs. H. A. C.—7 to 4 and 23 to 8.

These inter-class games will certainly assist the school in securing excellent



SENIOR FOOT BALL TEAM.

'98 did not contend with each other. The team of '96 played in all six contests, two with '97, one with '98, one with the South End Field Club, and two with the Hilton Athletic Club.

material for a team this year and we hope next year also.

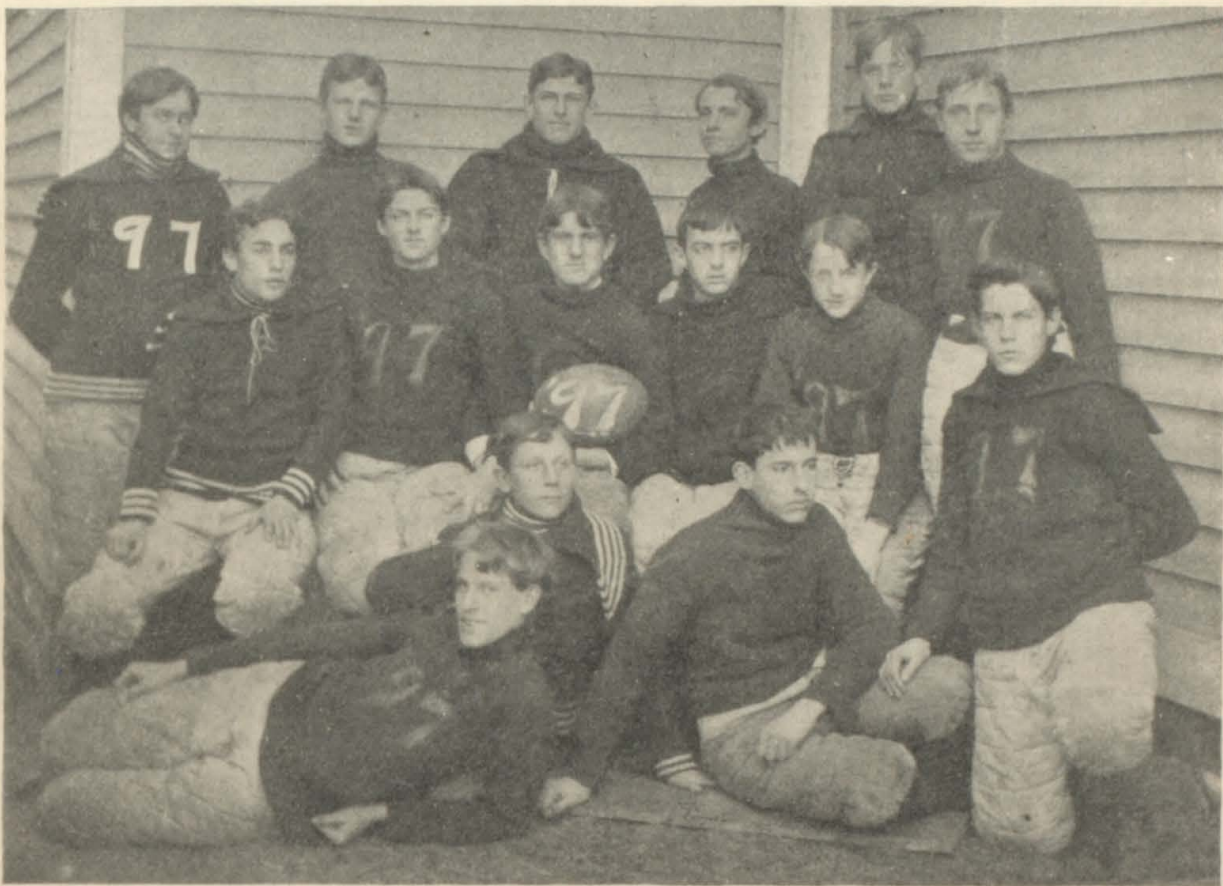
In foot ball the school was not represented, but as in base ball there were inter-class contests. Each class had a

team. The best games were those played between '96 and '97. There was more snap and less talking in the contests between these two classes than there was in the other class games.

Three games were played between the classes of '96 and '97, with the following scores: 14 to 0, 6 to 0, 14 to 0, all in favor of '96.

ber of new men that came to the front was remarkable, and if they were not so light the school should have an excellent team on the field this Fall.

Among the men deserving mention were Van Duyne, tackle '96, who bucked the opponents line for 10 to 15 yards every time; the work of the backs, Moore, Fitzgerald and Littell was of the best.



JUNIOR FOOT BALL TEAM.

In the second game '97 played their best, but in the other two games they seemed to be slow and asleep. This listlessness caused a tie game with '98, but in their second contest with '98, they succeeded in defeating them by the score of 6 to 0.

The game between '97 and '99 proved very exciting, but '97 won by the score of 14 to 6. These inter-class games are an excellent thing, they arouse class spirit, and through that school spirit. The num-

For '97, Captain Riker, Bruyere and Leyenberger did the best work. For '98, Cochrane and Price; for '99, Blanchard who proved himself as slippery as an eel. Williams also did good work for '99. '98 was brave in talk, but avoided playing '96, '99 did not meet '96 through lateness of season.

WHATEVER trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."—*Ex.*

| NAME. | W'ght. | H'ght. | Size Hat. | Size Shoe. | Size Collar. | Age. | Color Hair. | Politics. | Religion. | Chosen Profession | Favorite Sport. | Favorite Study. | Favorite Author. | College in View. | Course. | Familiarity. |
|-----------------------|--------|--------|-----------|------------|--------------|------|-------------|-----------|------------|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------|---------------|
| Joseph Altman | 115 | 5.4 | 7 | 5 | 14½ | 17 | Black | Rep. | Hebrew | Law | Walking | Economics | Shakespeare | N. Y. U | Scientific | Dodo |
| Harry G. Boice | 132 | 5.6 | 7 | 5½ | 14 | 17 | Blonde | Dem. | Baptist | Architect | Foot Ball | Drawing | Shakespeare | | English | Spooks |
| Fred. G. Brands | 129 | 5.7 | 6¾ | 5½ | 14 | 16 | Brown | Dem. | Methodist | Business | Hunting | Math. | Doyle | | English | Bubbles |
| W. Carrington | 139 | 5.9 | 7½ | 4 | 14½ | 17 | Black | Rep. | Episcopal | Gt. of Leis | Whistling | All | Kanf | | Scientific | Wearry |
| Wm. Conway | 156 | 5.11½ | 7 | 8¾ | 15½ | 17 | Auburn | Rep. | Catholic | Business | Base Ball | Math. | Twain | | English | Little Willie |
| Harry L. Cooper | 130 | 5.8 | 6½ | 6 | 14 | 18 | Brown | Rep. | Reformed | Business | Running | None | Twain | | Scientific | Fat |
| Eugene Cramer | 148 | 5.8 | 7 | 6¾ | 15½ | 18 | Black | Rep. | Liberal | Medicine | Wheeling | Chemistry | Grey | Col. P. & S | Scientific | French |
| George A. Davis | 135 | 5.7 | 7½ | 6¾ | 15½ | 18 | Lgt. Br'wn | Ind. | Meth. Prot | E. E. | Baseball | Literature | Bulwer | | English | Pickles |
| Fred. W. DeCamp | 148 | 5.11½ | 7 | 8 | 15½ | 17 | Brown | G. O. P. | Univer'st | Chemistry | Skating | Chemistry | Twain | | English | Heathen |
| Eugene E. Donnelly | 130 | 5.9 | 7 | 7¾ | 14 | 16 | Black | Rep. | Catholic | Business | Skating | Math. | Henty | | Scientific | Shad |
| Elmer E. Eberhardt | 115 | 5.7 | 6½ | 6 | 14 | 14 | Lgt. Br'wn | Rep. | Presbyt'n | M. E. | Swimming | Math. | Webster | | Scientific | Baby |
| Henry J. Eberhardt | 130 | 5.9 | 6½ | 7 | 14½ | 17 | Brown | Rep. | Presbyt'n | Chemistry | Relic Htg. | Chemistry | Doyle | | English | Phonograph |
| Richard A. Eble | 174 | 5.9 | 7¼ | 8 | 16½ | 17 | Black | Rep. | Univer'st | Law | Football | English | W. Camp | Yale | Classical | Dick |
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Beatrice Baxter,
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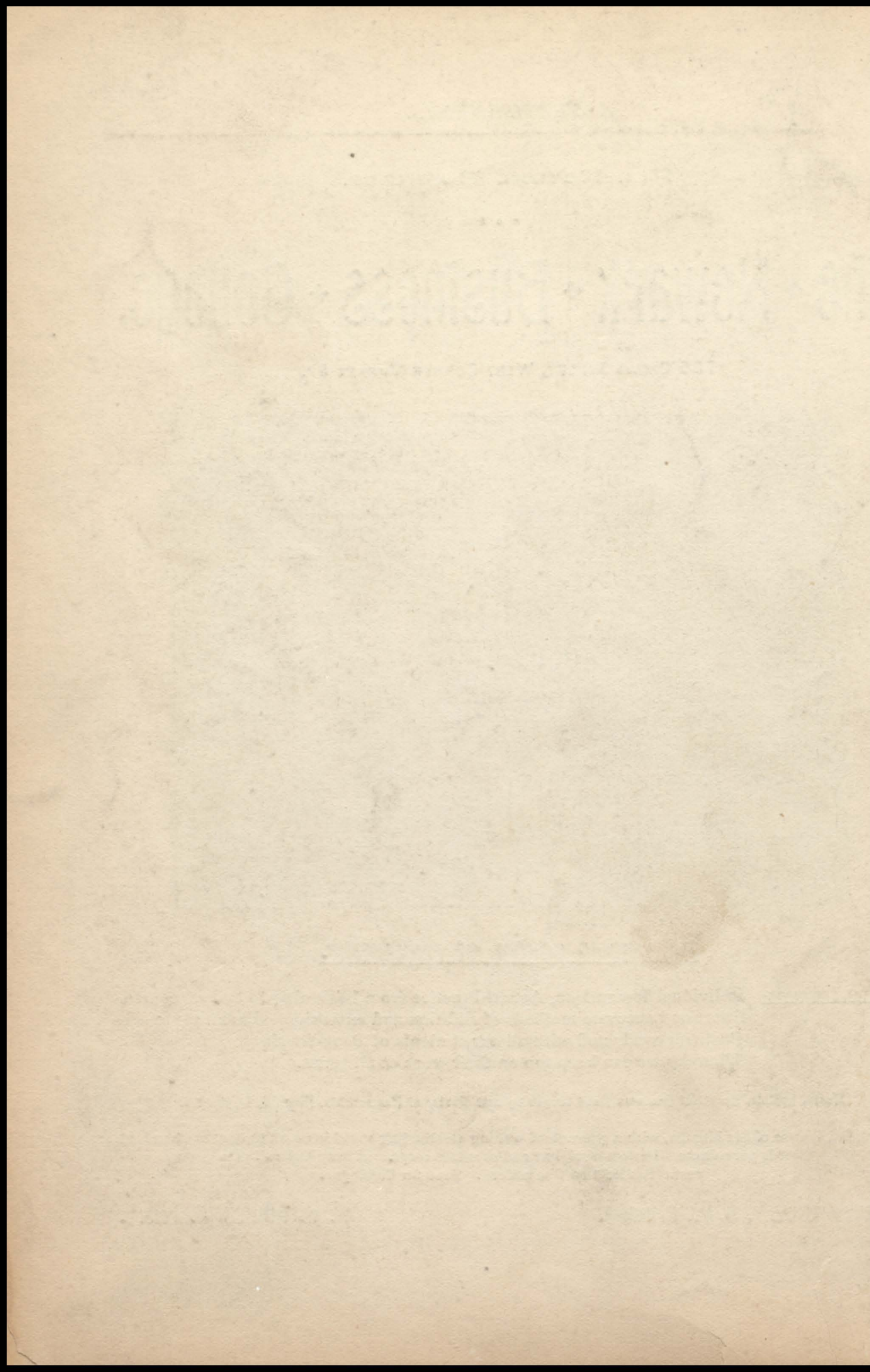
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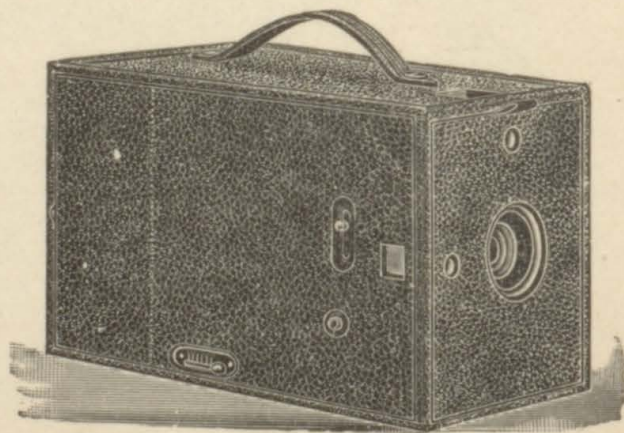
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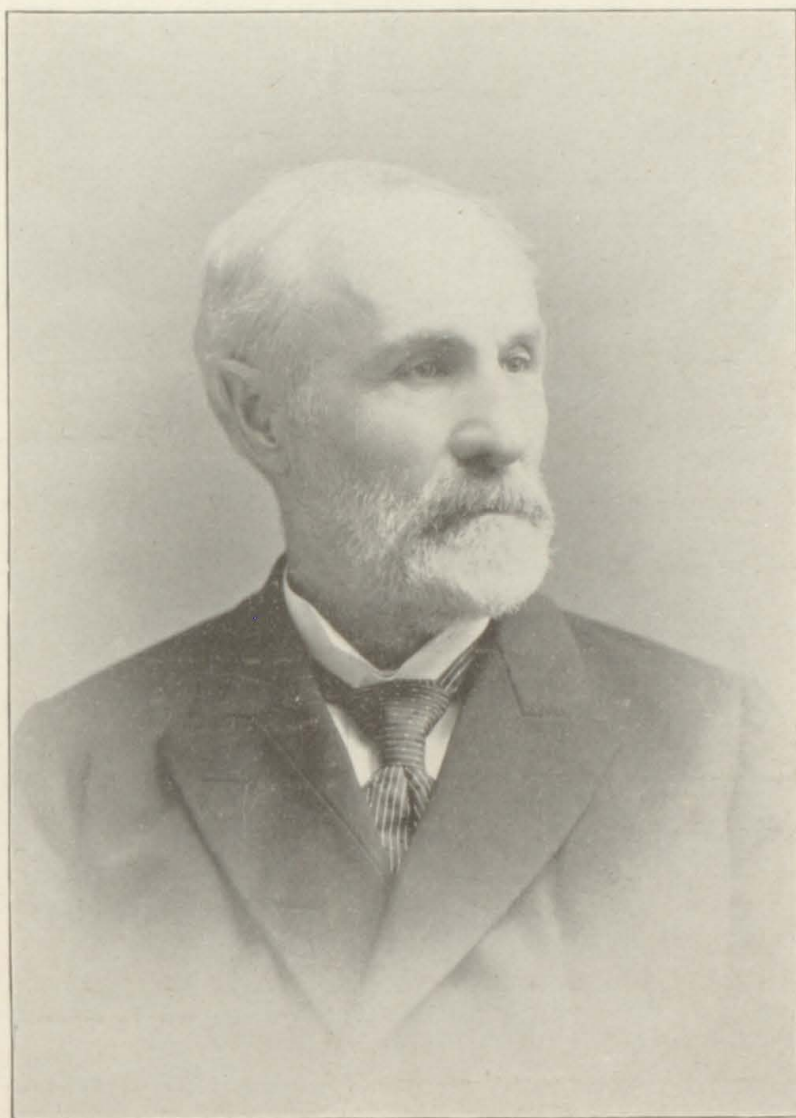
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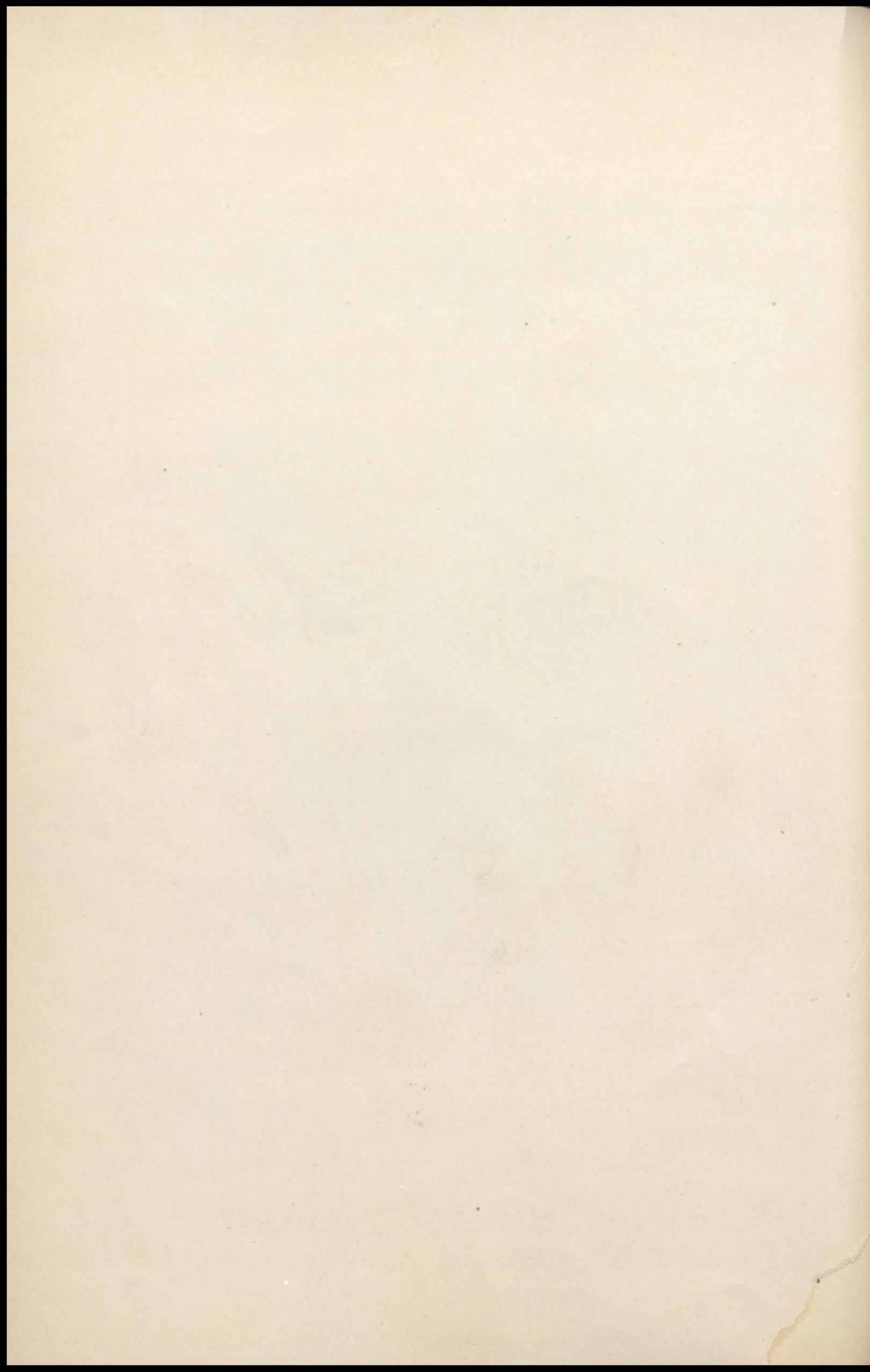
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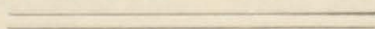


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1897

THE

HIGH SCHOOL

“MAKE HASTE TO LIVE, AND CONSIDER
EACH DAY A LIFE.”

—Seneca.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1897.

SPENSERIAN STANZA.

ETHEL AMES, '97.



WHEN slang in youthful speech is ever rare,
When all new women talk in pantomime,
When football fiends in season cut their hair,
When Virgil busts we buy for but a dime,
When kindergarten children talk in rhyme,
When August months in Newark all are cool,
When snowy Christmas comes in summer time,
When workmen build without a single tool,
Then shall we see, in glad surprise, our
NEW HIGH SCHOOL!

MILTON'S PORTRAYAL OF NATURE IN HIS ODES "L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO."

F. SUTTON CRONK, '97.



HE uses of the natural and of the mysteries of the supernatural have been manifest in the writings of all periods in the world's history.

William Shakespeare in his tragedy of Julius Cæsar employs the supernatural elements to heighten the tragic effect of the civil strife upon the earth; but then he also uses the silvery rays of the moon to infuse in the hearts of lovers that feeling of loneliness, so much desired, while rambling along

sylvan paths. The deduction then is simply this—that, in making use of the natural or the supernatural, *like* must be associated with *like*; that which is gay, joyous and glad must have its complement in nature, in that which is tranquil, bright and beautiful, while that which is sorrowful or sad must have its counterpart in that which is dark and foreboding.

Many of the early writers failed completely in attempting to portray nature picturesquely, but among the few that succeeded was John Milton, and his odes: "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso" are the most perfect

examples of artistic portrayal of nature that the English literature presents. These two gems of English present contrasted views of the scholar's life. It is what rhetoricians call antiperistasis or the development of an idea by its opposite. Or we may regard them as alternating modes displacing each other as in life. They are of value especially in as much as they are Milton's own moods and might be employed as an autobiography depicting his days as a scholar. The "L'Allegro" is the joyous mood of the daytime. The "Il Penseroso" is the pensive mood of the night and darkness. The two poems, when taken together, are one continuous season of delight.

Milton does not set himself to tell us what rural objects are like, but *indicates* them by their bearing on the life lived among them by his studious youth.

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies
Till the dappled dawn arise."

Could Milton have written any description more vivid and characteristic of the first "peep o' day"?

"While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,"

and dispels all shadows of the night, and the sun starts on his course, the L'Allegro is born. The household stirs, the hunter begins his early morning chase, the milk-maid wends her way to the barn and the shepherd to his flock, the mower whets his scythe, while

"The plowman, near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land."

Meanwhile the sun has reached his height and begins his fall, and now "with secure delight the upland hamlets will invite" the happy, jolly farmers to a dancing bee. Here

CAWKER—"The goat is an impressive looking animal."

CUMSO—"I don't think so."

is the domain of L'Allegro, the merry man of the fields;

"Many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,"

suggest to us the shadows of the setting sun upon the leaves of the trees and then—the sun is gone—L'Allegro dies—Il Penseroso is born.

Oft, on a plot of rising ground, he hears "the far off curfew sound." He hastens home, musing, melancholy, walks

"Unseen on the smooth shaven green
To behold the wand'ring moon."

But alas, too soon, the moon begins his flight and Il Penseroso homeward walks and cries,

"Let my lamp at the midnight hour
Be seen from the top of some high tower."

And then till the early hours of the morn he studies while L'Allegro sleeps. At last *he* sleeps and is not affected by such joyful beings as the lark and the cock; he is the pensive one, the lover of contemplation. At length, late in the day, he stirs, but shuns the sun, for

"There in close covert by some brook
And the waters murmuring
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy feathered sleep."

Why this? To pass the hours when the sun is king, he is a servant of the moon. But a day comes when L'Allegro cries,

"Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

Il Penseroso's answer is as follows:

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk some studious cloister pale."

and at last:

"These pleasures, melancholy, give
And I will with thee choose to live."

CAWKER—"Have you ever reflected what a striking forehead he has?"

MY TREE.

GERTRUDE SNODGRASS, '97.

BUT yesterday, O barren tree,
 How beautiful wast thou!
 E'er last night's wind had wrenched from thee
 Thy glorious garb; but now,
 Stripped of thy glory, all thy branches bare,
 I scarce can see in thee my tree so rare.

Thou yesterday a robe of gold
 Didst wear; Nay, rather say
 A golden robe—not bright and cold
 As with metallic ray,
 But golden with the color of a cloud
 That doth the rising sun attempt to shroud.

And thou didst seem, my tree, a light
 To shed on all about,
 A pale resemblance to the glory bright
 That from the Ark shone out
 Forever from between the cherubim,
 Illuming all the tabernacle dim.

Or more it did to me appear,
 (If I the figure high
 May use) like to the radiance clear,
 But dimmer far, which I
 Have oft imagined in presumptive mood,
 Glows in the faces round the throne of God.

One lone last yellow leaf I see
 On thy bare boughs, a pledge
 Of glory past.—E'en that, my tree,
 Is gone. When Spring doth fledge
 Again thy naked boughs, as day by day
 Thy beauty grows, I shall be far away.

Yet thou forever shall be mine!
 As each year comes to me
 The changing seasons in their line
 Their miracle on thee
 Shall work, until I see a vision soon
 As thee I saw that golden afternoon.

STREET SCENES.

IN passing through X—— Street, my attention is often attracted by a queer little bakery-shop. In the windows, art and economy have been most gracefully combined. In one, four lemons straggle across the foreground, giving an appetizing sense of acidity to the apple turn-overs, jelly-cakes and pies. In one corner, are a few fly-specked "Cracker Jack" boxes and in another a glass jar of macaroons and a loaf of rye-bread. The central piece is a dish of brilliantly colored iced-cakes; pink, yellow, brown and white. In the other window, red, white and blue horns are strung around the sides, and in the centre are worsted monkeys, side-combs, candies, dolls, small wooden churns, ribbons and shoe-laces. A few irregular stone steps lead down into this little shop, and one morning I attempted to go down, for I knew it was just the place to buy ribbon for St. Patrick's Day.

MAUD MOORE, '98.

A VERY stout woman with her arms full of bundles, entered the car at the market, and sat down in about six inches of space. In her efforts to get her five-cent piece out of her pocketbook, with her fat fingers, several of her packages fell to the floor. But she took special care not to drop the bundle which she held under her arm and which seemed to have a strangely animated appearance. Someone picked up her bundles, but in grasping them she dropped the one that she had been holding so carefully under her arm. As it fell, the string broke and a large rooster, shaking himself free from the paper, ran, flapping his wings and screaming, up and down the car. After a vigorous chase one of the interested passengers restored him to his owner who, after a vain attempt to tie him up again, stuck him under her arm where he nodded his head and blinked his eyes, wondering where he was going.

MABEL L. ZIMMERMAN, '98.

THE canal bridge belongs to everybody.

The peanut, pop-corn and fire-cracker venders are pretty sure of not being dislodged, for they attract crowds to the west side of Broad Street without blocking up the front windows of the stores. It is the resort of street pianos, which grind out their wheezy tunes in rivalry with the one-legged piper who leans against the lamp post. One

corner is taken up by a florist's stand which, all the winter through, blossoms like a dewy bower of Eden with stale violets and carnations. And lastly it is a sort of Lakewood for a poverty-stricken set of invalids, where they can hang on the railing and sun themselves, while they gaze into the muddy water of the canal.

IDA E. MUNN, '98.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN DANVILLE HOLLOW.

ARTHUR PERCY HAGAR, '98.



DOWN on the Stevens' Property in Danville there stood an old negro cabin on the edge of a stagnant pond. This house was held in ill repute by the people living in that vicinity, because in years gone by an old negro had drowned himself in the pond. His spirit, it was said, rose to the surface of the pond, entered the house, and leisurely glided through its dismal rooms every evening at half past ten.

This rumor spread so, that not only the superstitious darkies, but even members of the best families were afraid to pass the place after sundown. Several families had tried living in the house, but upon the first night's experience in its haunted rooms they were so terrified that they moved away and staid at a good distance from it ever afterwards.

On my arrival at Stevens's last summer, I was met by my old friend, Jack Stevens, who told me this report. Upon talking the matter over, we became so interested in it that we decided to visit the place next day. We found the cabin in a most dilapidated condition; the front door was battered down, the chimney had fallen in, and the whole place had an air of decay. The pond itself made the place appear very ghostly, surrounded as it was by tall willows all over-run with ivy; and even the deep bass

croakings of the frogs, as they broke the silence of the place, added to the effect. It was an ideal retreat for a ghost.

We decided to investigate the matter still more, and spend a night in the cabin. This we were seriously warned against, for as one old colored woman said, "There was Sperets in the house," and when we laughed at her she replied that "them as know nothing fear nothing, but we'd see."

Notwithstanding all this, we were in for a lark, and go we would. So, on the night following we supplied ourselves with a lantern and plenty to eat, and proceeded to the house. It was all the more dismal for the darkness of the night. Jack looked at his watch; it was but quarter past eight. Two hours and a quarter more to wait, the suspense was awful! Silence reigned supreme, interrupted only by the hoarse croakings of the frogs which tended to make the effect more grewsome.

Thus the evening passed, and at half past ten sharp, lo and behold! in came a tall white object with a stove-pipe hat on. At the sight of him, our hair literally stood upright, when suddenly—Crash!—Jack had flung the lantern at the figure. It disappeared; the lantern exploded; the cabin was burned to the ground in the fire that followed, and the spectre in the Haunted House in Danville Hollow has never been heard of since.

SLEEP SONNET.

ANNIE A. HANSON, '97.



OW wilful are those thoughts, at dead of night,
 That o'er the restless couch throng hov'ring by,
 That will not be dispelled, though hard we try
 To court some hours of sleep ere morning light!
 'Tis then, the ghosts of deeds not done aright
 Forth from our breasts drag many a grieving sigh;
 And we with them communing, thus do lie
 Till sleep, in pity, glides down from her height.
 Oh! then the soothing touch of her soft hand
 Falls graciously upon our thought thronged brow.
 We sink deep in her soft embracing arms,
 The while with balmy airs from dreamland fanned.
 No phantoms gather close about us now,
 For lo! they shun Sleep's chiding, upraised palms.

AN ADVENTURE OF SIR LUDWIG.

IDA BALL, '99.



IT was mid-afternoon at Fenwick
 and the sun's scorching rays
 beat down upon the town and
 forest which lay to the south.

Through the principal street a knight in rich
 apparel and brilliant armor was riding. But
 his name? Does not everyone know? Ah!
 Here comes an old man smiling and bowing
 low to the stranger.

"Good-day, Sir Ludwig. What has
 brought you here at this season?"

"Oh," says the knight, "I have important
 business calling me to Cudham, and must
 surely be there by night-fall or I may lose
 four hundred pounds for my tardiness; so I
 must needs hurry on. Goodbye, Father."

"Goodbye, Sir Ludwig; goodbye."

The old man stood gazing in admiration
 after Sir Ludwig, who rode on at a rapid
 pace, and he smiled again and nodded as he
 watched him disappear round a turn in the
 road.

Let us follow Sir Ludwig as he enters the
 forest. He is so absorbed in his thoughts

that he does not notice how rapidly the sun
 is sinking. He is thinking of the debt he
 owes to one James, Lord of Bickford, and
 which he must pay in three days. By bad
 luck he has lost much gold of late and he
 finds it necessary to go to Cudham to ask
 for at least ten days more time. But he
 knows the judge to be a stern and hard man,
 and he is filled with fear at the prospects.

But a few drops of rain startle him from
 his reverie. Faster and faster they fall,
 until the knight, who a few hours before
 looked so brilliant in his gorgeous black
 and crimson velvet and waving plumes, is
 now drenched and crestfallen.

Just then there was a rustling of the
 branches beside him, and out rode a knight,
 once as splendid as Sir Ludwig and now
 equally forlorn.

"Halt!" called the new comer.

"I wot thou art right rude to say 'Halt'
 to one of so high a standing as I, and thou
 wilt in sooth pay for thy rudeness with a
 few stout sword pricks," said Sir Ludwig.

"Now, indeed," said the stranger, "thou art a knight after mine own heart, and I will right deftly ward thy sword pricks and give thee some to carry on thy journey. Thou seemest in such haste to draw to a close. Tell me, what calls thee in such haste to yon city?"

"Why, thou pratest like a fool! For first, thou hadst the impudence to call 'Halt,' then, the impudence and ill manners to inquire my business. But hark thee: I go to Cudham to get a reprieve from a debt of four hundred pounds. Now knowest thou, so begone from my path, knave."

"Hold thee yet longer and see if thou art a worthy knight and wishest truly to pay thy debt. I will wager the whole four hundred pounds I can throttle thee right deftly."

"Now, in sooth, I'll take thy wager, and start right quickly;" and off draw both the chargers to suitable distances. Then both knights rush together and thrust and parry and turn, but each looks surprised to see the other still in his saddle. "I wot thou dost not stay there long," said the stranger, and again they come together. Sir Ludwig's charger goes down on his haunches and the stranger's lance breaks in shivers on Sir Ludwig's shield. But the force of his attack throws him from his horse. From the ground he calls a halt and,—*"Now truly enough! enough! I am indeed whipped, and will even pay the four hundred pounds and call it quits. But I do not carry so much with me, and if thou wilt come this day and sup with me at my castle, which is*

not far distant, I will pay thee thy money."

Sir Ludwig willingly consented and they rode on to the castle. The great dining hall was paneled with oak, dark with age. On the walls hung curious arms and pennons, blood-stained and torn, each telling of some fierce contest. In the centre of the room stood a table, upon which the meal had already be enspread. Here were venison and rabbits, boar's meat and pastries, jugs of foaming ale and loaves of snow-white bread, dishes of yellow cheese, honey, and bottles of sparkling wine, and at the host's right hand, a steaming pudding.

"Come, I know thou art hungry after thy long journey with nothing to eat, so make up for what thou hast missed and pray do not go away empty," said the lord of the castle, and so saying the two sat down and began to eat and to talk merrily.

"Now, my friend," said the stranger knight, when they had had their fill, "thou thinkest it is time to be off, I know; so I will not detain thee, but will pay thee now."

He called to a servant who brought him a strong box from which he took his leathern pouch, and then poured the glittering gold upon the table. Counting out four hundred pounds he pushed the pile to Sir Ludwig.

"I truly thank thee, kind sir," said Sir Ludwig as he put the money into his bag, "and shall always remember thy kindness." He arose, and after bidding the knight adieu, he departed.

Thus Sir Ludwig was happy, both in being victorious and in being able to pay his debt.

THE LOTUS-FLOWER.

ENDORA HAMEL, '97.

A lotus-flower of glowing pride
Deep in the sun's rich wealth was dyed;
Gently her head drooped on her breast,
Longing she waited the night of rest.

The moon, her lover, came by night,
And kissed her cheek with a ray of light;

Friendly then she unveiled her face,
Beaming with joy and innocent grace.

Blooming again, she glowed and smiled,
Gazing t'ward heaven, by love beguiled;
Trembling she wept, filling the air,
Because of her love, with fragrance rare.

—Translated from Heine's "*Die Lotos Blume*,"

MORT D' EXAMEN.

A. D. MARX, '97.

THE saddest duty to be performed and the one that is oftenest neglected is that of paying tribute to the memory of a tried and true friend. In the bustle and whirl of this busy world

we are apt to forget those with whom we do not come into daily contact, and eventually they pass out of our existence altogether. This should not be so; we should have an apartment in our hearts for those who have passed away, but who should not be forgotten. We could call it "The Gone but Not Forgotten Corner," and should know the occupants so well that whenever mention is made of one of them we would not have that uncomfortable feeling caused by a guilty conscience.

The High School student is a kind-hearted animal, but at times he is a trifle forgetful of the duty he owes to others; he perhaps does not forget intentionally, but nevertheless he forgets. One of the most flagrant examples of his forgetfulness of duty is his seeing his old companion and friend, Examination, pass away without even a floral tribute.

Examination was certainly a true friend, companion, and guide of the High School Girl and Boy. From our earliest childhood he endeared himself to us by his constant devotion. Twice every year he visited us, and whole months were spent preparing for his coming. He threw the school into commotion on his arrival, but never failed to present us all with some slight mark of his affection.

He was dear to the heart of all of us; for in preparing for his coming we gladly, even joyfully, laid away our skates, though skating was always fine then; or, in the Spring-time,

forgot baseball and wheeling for his sake. And our love must have been reciprocated; for some of us, those whom he loved best, he asked not to pass, so that he might enjoy our company for another year.

The ice never seemed good until we were at home preparing for his visit, nor in the Spring did the birds and flowers seem wholly natural until we knew the exact date of his arrival.

He must even have liked the instructors; for several of them have been known to miss a good play for the purpose of helping him get ready his presents. He was to us like a father, whom we loved and revered, and for whose coming we waited with pleasure.

And now he has passed away, without so much as a sermon at his burial. He departed this life when the beautiful snow lay on the ground, and the beautiful slush on the sidewalks.

His cold-blooded murder should be avenged; but who is to avenge it? We, who were intimate friends of his, would do nothing that would detract from the esteem in which he is held; and those who knew him not have never felt the grateful love towards him that impelled us to do a year's studying in one night; and they, therefore, will do nothing.

So, unavenged he must remain, but not unremembered. Of him we will always think as the friend and lover of the student, and loved by the student as only the student can love.

This devoted companion and liberal token giver, loved in life and mourned in death, must have some memorial, and the most appropriate one we can give him is to put him in "The Gone but Not Forgotten Corner" of our hearts. *Requiescat in pace.*

A MIRACLE PLAY.

JANE L. WATSON, '97.



It is a clear, bright morning in the winter of the year thirteen hundred; the principal streets of London are filled with a crowd of noisy working people in gay holiday dress. From the windows of the houses on each side, fair ladies and gallant knights, looking down upon the common folk below, throw a few coins at a passing beggar, or a bantering jest at a boorish countryman.

A few days ago King Edward the First was crowned; the time since that event has been filled with tournaments and feasting for the noble and rich, but now the poorer people are to have their turn at the fun, and several miracle plays, written for the occasion, are to be performed for them in the streets of London.

In an upper window of one of the finest houses, sits the Lady Anne, who is making her first visit to London. Her cousin Alice is near her, on the window-seat.

The girls are both waiting impatiently for the appearance of the pageants, and Anne leans far out of the window, to her cousin's great uneasiness.

"Prythe, Anne, take care, thou wilt surely fall to thy injury."

"Nay, be not anxious, coz.; I shall not tumble, and if I did the body of yon fat friar would make an easy cushion."

"Marry, that it would, but if he and his lean companion should change places I wot there would be little left of thee"

"Listen, Alice, it must be coming," interrupted her cousin, "look, look, can you not see the banners? I can scarce hear the music for the noise of the people."

And, truly, the noise is deafening as a body of soldiers ride by and clear the streets, but all grows quieter, for the herald appears and, stopping before the window of the cousins, announces the subject of the first

pageant: it is the "Temptation of Saint Dunstan."

Now amid the shouts of the people and loud music, the first pageant is rolled to the open space in the middle of the street. This pageant consists of two platforms, one above the other, and so covered with gay banners and streamers that the lower one cannot be seen.

"What is that which looks like a cage on the top platform, Alice?"

"My good cousin, dost thou not know the story of our Saint Dunstan; how in penance for his sins he built for himself a cell in which he could neither lie down nor stand upright? That little cage is his cell and there he set up his forge—for he was a blacksmith, you know—and made armor. Ah! there he is now; how brightly his fire burns! I wish that we could hear what he is saying."

The shout of delight at the appearance of Saint Dunstan grows louder and wilder as the curtains of the lower platform are drawn aside, disclosing a weird and fiery scene. At one side grins a monstrous dragon's head, with its open mouth so large that several boys, dressed as devils, are able to dance through it side by side. Within the mouth is a bright fire, in the smoke of which the devils perform all sorts of impish tricks.

"'Tis the very finest hell I ever did see!" says Alice.

"Listen, and perhaps we can hear what the Saint says."

Saint Dunstan, in a white robe, which looks rather out of place in the blacksmith's shop, stands at his forge, reciting in a monotonous, sing-song tone:

"A wicked, worldly man was I,
When at the court of King Edwy,
I lived in luxury and ease,—
Cared only for myself to please,

But now I've turned the other way,
 So here I work all night and day,
 All nature's pleasures to forget.
 My feet in heavenly paths I set,
 And spending time in ceaseless toil,
 Endeavor Satan's arts to foil.
 Ah! here the wicked fiend comes now,
 He'll never make me break my vow."

Satan now springs from out the Hell-mouth, and jumping to the second platform, dances over and around Saint Dunstan's cell, peeping in first at one place then at another, grinning and cutting all sorts of capers, to the delight of the spectators. At last, thrusting his long red nose through the bars, he begins to sing:

"O Dunstan, if thou'lt come with me,
 A thousand wonders thou shalt see,
 And greatest riches shalt possess.
 I have more wealth than thou canst guess;
 The glories of the world are mine;
 Say but the word, they shall be thine.
 On richest dainties thou'lt be fed,
 Have softest cushions for thy bed;
 Sweet strains of music in thine ear
 Shall banish care and eke all fear.
 Servants and slaves at my command,
 Wait but the motion of thy hand,
 To build a castle proud and strong
 For which a king might wish and long.
 And last of all, I offer thee
 A wife of such a rare beauty
 That, like her, none has ere been seen;
 Thou canst not this resist, I ween."

Here the Saint, angrily interrupting, says:

"Nay, get away, thou naughty fiend,
 Such things no longer are esteemed."

Then says Satan, in a whining voice:

"Dost wish forever here to stay,
 In endless toil to pass away?
 Nay, Dunstan, leave thy narrow cell,
 And come with me in ease to dwell."

Here, to the great delight of all, Saint Dunstan grasps his tempter's long nose with the red hot tongs, and sings, while poor Satan, trying in vain to escape, jumps frantically around:

"And wilt thou not depart from me,
 In peace and quiet let me be?
 Yea, marry! jump in wrath and pain!
 I wot thou'lt not come here again.
 Escape thou shalt not from me now,
 Until thou hast proclaimed this vow—
 Me not to tempt to go astray,
 And from this place to flee straightway."

Satan, glad to get away at any cost, promises all the Saint asks. Then Dunstan, with a swing of his tongs, sends Satan, heels over head, back into hell. Satan runs through the throng of people, asking for sympathy and money, and crying, "Out, harrow, weylewey!"

Then the pageant is rolled away, the little cousins watching it until it has passed out of sight, and another has come to take its place.

THE BENEFITS OF DEFEAT.

S. B. WHITMAN LEYENBERGER, '97.



A GREAT deal is said about the praises of victory and success—the victory of the soldier, the success of the author, the orator, the business man. The annals of the countries are full of incidents and events which tell of the victories and successes of these men; but, however, in attaining these successes and victories, very

little is said of the obstacles they have to overcome or of the defeats and failures incurred. The defeats in such cases are better than victories, for they lead to larger victories than would otherwise have been possible.

Such are the obstacles in a school boy's education. In overcoming them he is made more independent, of more mental capacity,

and more powerful in every way than he was before.

Defeat is a benefit when it destroys self-conceit. Unvarying success often leads to carelessness and too much self confidence, while a little defeat with a wide awake, conscientious man often corrects these errors. Successes also make a good many grow dull and lazy. They do not have insight enough to look into and provide for the future. A defeat at once makes one alert and helps one to avoid similar failures in the future, and a defeat also, as hinted before, leads one to estimate more carefully his own powers.

A timely defeat, although hard to bear, has often saved both men and nations from ruin.

The battle of Bull Run struck terror to the hearts of the people of the North, but this defeat, slight as it may have been, taught the North to estimate the power and resources of the South more correctly, as well as helped them to prepare for the greatest emergency.

Defeat can also be made a test of character. As the storm tests the ship so defeat tests character. Will it crush a man or will it inspire him? This depends upon the stuff the man is made of.

The first time the Earl of Beaconsfield, then a young man, rose to address the House of Commons, he made such a dismal failure that all the members laughed him down. The young man, with flashing eye, exclaimed, "You may laugh at me now, but the time will come when you shall hear me." This occurrence stimulated him to

re-double his efforts, so that his labors were rewarded by his being elected Prime Minister of England. Many who had been present or heard of his failure years before now remembered his words.

Nearly all great inventors won their final success by reaping the benefits of their defeats and failures. If they had not persevered and tried over again, or if they had been discouraged and given up at the first defeat or drawback, could we talk to-day hundreds of miles apart? Could we save the time and money saved to-day, or could we enjoy the conveniences we now do, from some inventions?

These are but a few of the walks of life in which we may derive more good from our defeats than from our victories; for, in fact, there are defeats, as well as victories gained through defeat, in all walks of life. There is a hope left, upon sustaining a defeat, that we will succeed the next time, if we persevere.

Apparent defeat or failure must inspire, not discourage us. To give up our efforts, to refuse to try again, to refuse to persevere because of defeat, however large and hard to bear, are all weaknesses.

What if we have failed to be in our character all we have striven to be — shall we despair? No, for in the trying we have been made strong. What if we have met with occasional failures and defeats in carrying out the plan of our life? If these are right and good, we will use our defeats as stepping stones across the river of life to ultimate success.

A SCENE AT BROOK FARM.

FLORENCE E. DAVY, 1900. (ANNEX).

S it was the purpose of the people at Brook Farm to make the world better and happier, "All work and no play" would not do for their maxim. So these idealists, who had sacri-

ficed their comfortable homes and the literary work which was dear to them, labored all day in the fields or in the kitchen as the case might require; but in the evening they gave themselves up to the

enjoyment of whatever amusement their ingenious members could devise. Thus it happens that we find the members of this large family gathered together one evening in the great kitchen of the "Bee Hive" to enjoy some Shakespearian tableaux given by the young people.

The door leading from the kitchen to the sitting-room is open, but in the broad doorway hangs a large patchwork quilt. The group of people sitting before this door is in a state of considerable excitement, especially the little folks, who are seated in the front row, the girls upon stools and the boys on the floor. Behind them sit the young men and maidens with their elders. Among the latter we see Mr. Ripley, the founder of Brook Farm, his wife and sister and several of their Boston friends. The gentle Mr. Emerson is also there together with Charles Dana and Margaret Fuller. Nathaniel Hawthorne is not in this group; he has been pressed into service by the juveniles and is arranging the first tableau.

There is a little hush of expectancy as the figure of the last-named gentleman, our famous romance writer, emerges from behind the quilt. He mounts upon a bench at the side of the doorway; someone behind the scenes rings a bell, and the curtain is dragged up, revealing a pleasing scene, and one much more realistic than could be expected from the limited resources of the actors. An ample plaid shawl stretched

across a clothes horse forms the background. This shawl, with its fine white stripes enclosing great brown squares, does not look so unlike the stone wall of a house as might be supposed. Two saw-horses overlaid with boards form the stage. As the scene is Juliet's balcony, some white veils are fastened to the shawl to represent a window, and the fire fender makes a very acceptable balustrade.

Leaning her elbow cautiously upon this insecure railing, sits a beautiful young Italian girl, one of the students at Brook Farm. Her rich southern beauty is set off by all the finery which the ladies of the community can lend her, and her long, black hair ripples down her back. George William Curtis, at that time a merry lad of sixteen, is standing on the lowest cross-piece of a small rope ladder. His slim, boyish figure is draped in a blue velvet cape belonging to Miss Fuller, and he wears a large straw hat ornamented with nodding plumes which kind Mrs. Ripley has unearthed from her bandboxes. He is amorously holding the young lady's right hand in one of his own while with the other he clings to the door-post for support. There is a moment of breathless appreciation,—then suddenly the ladder gives away, precipitating the youthful Romeo to the floor; and the curtain drops amid universal laughter and applause.

WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

MONT MOREHOUSE, 1900.

T the end of the Revolutionary war, America received her independence. The army which had fought so bravely and patriotically, was in a state of suffering, and the men had no homes to be welcomed to, when they returned. Some people desired to make

George Washington a king, but he refused. He told them not to look to him, but to put their trust in the justice of Congress. Washington, before he left for his home at Mt. Vernon, gave his soldiers a solemn farewell.

Later a convention was formed in which

there were delegates from different states, and Washington was a delegate from Virginia. He was elected president of the convention. On the 29th of May, 1786, Edward Randolph, of Virginia, laid before the convention a plan which consisted of a national legislature and a court of justice. This was finally adopted, and in 1787 a new amendment of the constitution was also adopted, which contained new articles. The third article provided that a president be chosen by the people every four years.

In selecting a new President the people looked to one man as being capable of setting the Government in operation, and that was George Washington. Under the new Constitution Washington was chosen President of the United States. With great regret he left his home at Mt. Vernon to endure the commotions of political life. His journey to New York was a triumphal procession. Throngs of people met him at every village, bearing baskets of flowers, and at every place he passed, showed by applause their desire to do him honor. On April 30th, 1789, Washington was inaugurated President, and on the balcony of old Federal Hall he took his oath of office. Then the Chancellor, turning to the people, exclaimed "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." The shout that rose from the crowd below was like the roar of an ocean. Washington then entered into the house of the Senate and delivered his Inaugural address.

When Washington had assumed the duties of his office in Philadelphia, the first important duty to be performed was to select a cabinet. He selected very intelligent men for office, who carried on the government very successfully according to the will of

the people, who all felt that Washington was the right man to help them in their political difficulties.

After Washington had taken his office, there were difficulties with England and Spain regarding boundary lines, and military stations to be established in the West, which influenced the Indians to make insurrections, but the militia fought with desperate valor, and the insurrections were soon put down. The Indians were so severely used, that they did not afterward make any trouble.

During Washington's administration, he visited the Eastern and Southern States, and here received the same warm welcome that always hailed him.

Congress had decided to remove the seat of government from Philadelphia to some spot on the Potomac, and it was left to Washington to make the selection. He found a place on the banks of the Potomac, and the Capitol is situated there at the present time.

George Washington, after four years of steady labor, wished to return to private life at his home, but the patriots and all the leading men urged him so earnestly to become a candidate for the next election that he decided that he would, and when the next election was held, he was again chosen President and John Adams again Vice-President.

Washington organized the Government under the new constitution, and the United States had entered on a career of peace and prosperity. When Washington's administration closed, he retired to his home at Mt. Vernon. Everywhere on the route he was welcomed with enthusiasm and reverence.

THE Prime Minister rushed to the trembling Despot. "Your Majesty!" he gasped, "the people have risen against you, and even now the army bicycle corps is approaching to attack the palace!" The tyrant, as he verified the statement by gazing out of the

window, turned pale:—"Merciful Heavens! this is no petty uprising," he cried. "It is a revolt. See!—" And he groaned in his abject misery—"See! Even the wheels are in revolution!"—*Exchange*.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1897.

EDITORS.

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CARL HANSON, '98, FLORENCE J. HOPPER, '98.
RAY T. SNODGRASS, '98, J. ISABELLA WARRENDER, '98.

EDITORIAL.

HE '97 High School Annual, the forty-first in number, is now before you. For its many deficiencies which you will see, we can offer no excuse except that of inexperience, and can only say "We have done our best." It is no easy task for a small number of High School students to prepare, without assistance, a paper of fifty pages, and to make it a literary and financial success; and knowing that you will appreciate the difficulty, we feel emboldened to set it before you.

The Annual is a collection of poems, essays, and other literary work done by the pupils in the High School, representative of their work in composition, and not revised or rewritten by teachers; such being the case, we hope that you will let "mercy season justice" in passing judgment upon it, and by your kindly interest inspire the following classes to improve it from year to year, until it reaches that perfection toward which we are striving.

SINCE the last Annual was issued, there has occurred quite a change in the government of school affairs. Dr. Barringer, finding his work as City Superintendent of Schools becoming rather too irksome, has resigned from that position, and now devotes his time to the care of the Normal and Night Schools, where his duties are somewhat lighter. Dr. Barringer has served the city faithfully for a long period of years, and has certainly earned the right to a rest.

In his place Mr. C. B. Gilbert, of St. Paul, has been called, and has lately taken up his work as Superintendent. He has already instituted some changes in school work, among which is the doing away with examinations, and has other schemes in view for the advancement of education in all the branches under his care. He has the hearty support of the whole city, and we all wish him success in his work.

WORK on the New High School goes on at the same rapid rate. Since the site was selected last year, the time has been spent in the somewhat difficult task of convincing the inhabitants of the plot that the New High School is no longer a dream, but a reality, that the ground selected for it they dwell upon, and that their presence is no longer desired. In addition to this lengthy task, plans for the building have been submitted to the Committee, and the five best have been selected. The Editors of the Annual take great pleasure in informing the public that the New High School is one year nearer completion than it was a year ago.

THE records of graduates of the High School show that the scholars are prepared mentally as well as the scholars of any other school; but until lately the physical side of our training has been neglected. Within the last year, however, school teams for football and baseball have been in successful operation, and the Athletic Association now proposes to hold a Field Day in the spring. There will be enough events on the list to give every boy in the school a chance to enter; the entrance fee will be very small, and every effort will be made to make the day a success. Let every boy enter at least one or two events, and thereby give himself the benefit and pleasure derived from the exercise, and at the same time help the Athletic Association in its efforts to raise the standard of High School Athletics.

THE school desires to tender a vote of thanks to the son and to the daughter of Dr. Abraham Coles, who, in memory of their father, have generously given us several fine photographs and a valuable copper-bronze globe. This globe has no counterpart in the country, and as it shows the physical characteristics of the land-bodies and the ocean-beds, will be a constant source of interest and education to the school.

THE design on the cover of the Annual is one of a large number submitted by the scholars, and the selection was made by a vote of the members of the faculty. The following students competed: Pauline Crevling, '97; Eudora Hamel, '97; Catherine Kelly, '97; Frieda Kraemer, '97; Cora Lindenburg, '97; Jennie Watson, '97; Walter S. Dixon, '98; Louisa Eggers, '98; William Banister, '99; G. Howard Bickley, '99;

Charles Blake, '99; Henry Buehler, '99; Grace Howell, '99; Lucia Robothom, '99; Otto Sieder, '99; Anthony Krumeich, 1900; Joseph Leiner, 1900; Alice G. Potter, 1900; Gertrude Stein, 1900; and Rose Geddes, '97, whose design was selected and graces our cover.

OUR Frontis Picture is a very good likeness of Doctor William N. Barringer, who for twenty years was superintendent of our schools and under whose supervision our school system has attained the present excellent condition.

THE Editors desire to express their thanks to Messrs. Hannotch, Lehlbach, Leyenberger, Linnett and Miller of the Senior Class, for the assistance rendered in the production of this paper. Also to Miss Natalie Antz, who has always been ready to lend a helping hand.

NEWS ITEMS.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

THE absence of Miss McNary, when school opened in September, caused sincere regret among the teachers and among those girls who had received the benefit of her instruction as well as those who had looked forward to becoming her pupils. While we are proud to have one of our number on the Vassar College Faculty, we are glad that she does not forget her old friends, as her occasional visits among us testify.

In September, the doors of our school were opened to welcome three new teachers: Miss Mary Watson, Miss Harriet Winfield, and Miss Elizabeth Dougall.

THIS year a new order of things has been adopted in the girls' department for the celebration of our national holidays. Members of the Senior class are elected by the class to give the oration of the day. These orations are called Class Honors. So far the

plan has worked very well; more interest is taken in the exercises, and the orators have done the school credit. Miss Dickerson, Senior B, was awarded the honor for Thanksgiving Day; Miss Snodgrass, Senior A, for Lincoln's Birthday; Miss Jane Watson for Washington's Birthday. Miss Watson was unable to deliver hers, and Miss Steinhardt, Senior B, kindly consented, on short notice, to prepare the oration. We think that this rouses patriotism in the girls, and gives them confidence in addressing large audiences.

LAST spring, the girls in the German class of '97 gave a Kaffe-Klatsch in genuine German fashion. The girls, in their peasant costumes, served coffee and "imported" German cakes. Bologna figured conspicuously. The crowning event was the dissection of a huge pretzel said to hail from Germany. The pieces were given to the

audience as souvenirs. The proceeds were expended in the purchase of a fine relief of the heads of Lear and Cordelia. This relief is the work of Mrs. Katherine Prescott of Boston.

THE girls' department has received several valuable gifts from the Latin girls of '97 during the past year. Last year they presented a bust of Schiller to the German division. This year they gave to the Latin division a bust of Virgil.

THREE dozen fine, unmounted photographs of paintings by the old masters have been presented to the High School by the Alumnae Association of the High School.

THE Friday before Christmas was a source of great surprise to the Senior A. Class. The surprise began with the reception of a formal invitation from their classmates of the B. division to bestow the pleasure of their company upon said classmates in Miss Crane's room directly after school. Even before the last period was ended, that room was surrounded by an air of mystery. No one was allowed to approach the glass door until the signal was given. When entrance was granted a novel sight for a classroom met the eye. There, strung out across the room, on a line, were over thirty stockings, all filled with candies and containing gifts, one appropriate for each girl. Each stocking owned a name, and each girl claimed her own amidst much laughter. One huge stocking bulging with mystery remained untouched until the last. It was found to contain a surprise from Miss Crane to the B. Class, in the shape of a pretty pin-tray for each of her girls.

Two interesting debates have been held in the Montagu meetings this year. The first was on the advisability of wearing large sleeves, the second on the Cuban question.

Although these questions may not seem of equal importance in the eyes of the world, one was debated with quite as much enthusiasm as the other.

IMPORTANT additions have been made to the Montagu Library. Several books on art have been purchased, and the foundation for a musical library has been laid.

LATE in the fall arose the annual question, "How shall we raise money for the Christmas tree?" Repetitions in some things are tiresome, and as, the year before, a Montagu Tea had been given, teas were out of the question. Someone was inspired to suggest a candy-sale and the idea was eagerly adopted. Such delicious candy as found its way to Miss Green's room to be put up in dainty white boxes by the girls! For days past, posters, gorgeous, grotesque and witty, had been surrounded by groups of admirers. The sale was held at noon, and it was proved beyond a doubt that the old High School had a sweet tooth. The boxes on sale at the main building disappeared as if by magic, and a few of the many would-be purchasers consoled themselves with boxes bought at the Annexes. One regret was heard, and that to the effect that candy-sales did not come oftener.

THE day before Christmas the Montagu Society entertained thirty children. The time for the entertainment was set for two o'clock, but the children began to arrive early in the afternoon and continued to come long after the gifts had been distributed. The tree was prettily trimmed and some reality was added to the scene by the appearance of a jolly old Santa Claus (Miss Susie Geddes in long white whiskers and spectacles) and his saucy wife (Miss Jane Watson) who caused much merriment by turning out the gas with the point of her high, fur trimmed hat. Each child was

given a box of candy, a bag of nuts, a handkerchief, and a pair of mittens. The little girls each received a prettily dressed doll and a paper doll, and two picture-books. The little boys were made happy with drums, drawing-slates and good warm caps. There were children of all ages, sexes and nationalities, some with apparently modest expectations, especially one little fellow, who came with a bushel basket and naively asked, "Am I to get anything from this tree?" He did get a great deal from the tree. Indeed, all the children went away with their arms full and their faces beaming.

ON Friday, January 15th, under the supervision of Miss Watson and Miss Coult, the Junior A girls gave a Queen Anne Tea and Pantomime of "The Rape of the Lock." A large number were present, and all spent a pleasant afternoon. The boys kindly paid their admission in pennies, thus adding much to the apparent gains; the Senior girls came in, adorned with carnations, and with their hair done up in Psyche knots. Many friends of the girls were among the audience.

When the curtain first rose it disclosed a dainty boudoir with Belinda reclining on her couch. Soon in came two maids in pink—"And now unveiled the toilet stands displayed."

In the second scene Lord Peter, resplendent in a purple and yellow coat (and a black skirt), vowed to renounce all his loves for Belinda.

The third, and last, scene was laid at Hampton Court, where two card tables were surrounded by lords and ladies, while knights and dames talked and looked on. When the page brought in refreshments, the cards were laid aside, and there was much social gossip. Finally, after many futile attempts, Lord Peter cut the lock. At this there was much consternation; Belinda fainted, but on recovery was greatly incensed against Lord Peter. Finally when she begged the noble lord for the hair, it was lost.

"The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain."

At this the curtain fell. Coffee and cake were passed to the guests, and an hour of pleasant chatter was enjoyed. Then the audience departed, and the weary girls trooped homeward.

The class wishes to thank those scholars of other classes who furnished the music and made the coffee, also those who attended the pantomime. The teachers, too, are thanked for their kind assistance.

With the proceeds of the tea a handsome photograph of the famous Burnham Beeches is to be purchased. It will be hung in Miss Leyden's room.

THE Senior Latin girls entrusted their penny fund of nine dollars, collected during their Junior year, to Miss Buettner. She was asked to invest this money in photographs of picturesque Germany. Miss Buettner showed wonderful judgment in selecting the pictures which number some sixty-five photographs of Switzerland, Dresden, Prague, Nürnberg, and the Rhenish castles. Many of the photographs are colored. These pictures will be a benefit and pleasure to the whole school. Our thanks are due to Miss Buettner for her kindness and patience in fulfilling the commission.

THE study of German in the upper classes is rendered doubly interesting by the privilege of using the German library. This consists of several hundred well-selected and instructing books, most of which have been purchased from the penny fund of the German classes. Last year, however, a number of German classics was added to the library by the Montagu Society, and this year another contribution from that society has added about twenty more new books to the library, among which are eight novels, with quaint illustrations from German life, and illustrated editions of Goethe's and Schiller's poems. From the penny fund of

the class of '98 about thirty books have been purchased and more are to be added before the year is out. The good this library accomplishes, shown in the increasing ability of the students to read and converse in German, is not exceeded by the pleasure the students derive from the extra reading.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

IN May, 1896, the Senior boys gave their Class Day exercises in Association Hall. A large number of friends assembled to hear a very interesting and well rendered program, which consisted of essays, orations, class histories and prophecies, and music by the class quartette and string band.

THE boys of the present Senior class made their first appearance before the public in June, when they gave their Junior Recital. The program differed from that of the Senior boys in being largely humorous, and from the spirit in which the audience received the exercises, it was evident that the change was popular. The speeches, essays, and even the songs, were all in a light vein, the boys believing that a laughable piece makes a better impression on an audience than a discussion of weighty affairs.

THIS year again the Agassiz Society has endeavored to maintain the good name it holds for bringing excellent talent to our city. Garret P. Serviss was engaged, who gave a lecture illustrated with excellent lantern slides, and who held the attention of the audience throughout the whole evening. Although the lecture was not a decided success, financially, there is great satisfaction for those who worked for it in knowing that they have helped to raise the standard of Newark's entertainments.

No GENERAL organization of the Agassiz

Society was formed this year but the following sections have organized:

The W. J. Hammer Section,
The J. B. Woodworth Section,
The Thomas Edison Section,
The Franklin Section, and
The Dana Section.

SOME of the graduates of the Scientific department of our school have expressed a desire to provide us with an electrical coil by which we shall be enabled to experiment with the X rays. This addition will be welcomed and appreciated not only by the scholars, but also by the public at large.

THE Edison and Franklin sections of the Agassiz Society were entertained at the Edison Workshops in Orange, one day last year. Mr. Thomas Edison presented to the section named after him, a portrait of himself, with his autograph affixed. The society feels very grateful for the kindness he has shown them.

THE High School Glee Club, under the leadership of Prof. Sonn, has reorganized for the year, and meets every week for an hour of instruction and enjoyment. The Club formerly sang mixed quartette music, but now sings as a male quartette, on account of the difficulty in balancing the parts, with soprano and alto singers so scarce. During the year the Club has sung very acceptably at the Teachers' Convention in Association Hall and at an entertainment in Burnett Street School, in addition to taking part in the holiday celebrations at the school and helping in the every day Chapel services.

NOT since the time when the school had such chess players as Hymes, has there been an association for the entertainment of those interested in that silent but deep game.

In the early part of this school-year some three or four students combined their energies and now there is flourishing a club consisting of some twenty odd members. Through the kindness of Dr. Hovey they have procured the use of the Senior Reading Room after school hours. In due time a tournament was in progress among fifteen of its members, D. Fred Burnett, '97, securing first place. The club arranged a match with the club of the Newark Academy and unfortunately suffered defeat. The teams were composed as follows:

NEWARK HIGH SCHOOL. NEWARK ACADEMY.

| | |
|-----------------|---------|
| Burnett, '97, | Dodd, |
| Crane, '97, | Furman, |
| Hafstroem, '98, | Gordon, |
| Pistor, '97. | Hobbie. |

Crane and Burnett showed up remarkably well. Notwithstanding our defeat, the score, 9 to 6 in the Academy's favor is, nevertheless, somewhat encouraging for so new an organization as the Newark High School Chess Club. A second or return match will probably be played, and then our boys may succeed better.

Chess is, undoubtedly, one of the best educational games, and it is hoped that the club may not die out with this school-year, but keep in such a flourishing condition as that in which it was started.

THE music in our school is, at present, under no immediate supervision. Mrs. Griggs has left our city and the only instruction in music we receive is that which Prof. Sonn can give us in the short time which remains of the fifteen minutes after the morning exercises.

THE Athletic Association has proved that it has come to stay. It has elected officers for the coming year, and has taken charge of all branches of High School sport, also electing captains and managers of the teams and placing athletics on a firm basis. It deserves the support of the whole school for

its successful management of the baseball and football teams, and the officers hope that the school will come out in a body and help them in their Field Day this Spring.

THE Seniors still enjoy the privilege of the room in the front part of our building known as the "Senior Reading Room." They have subscribed for most of the standard literary publications and when a Senior has time, he is able to go in and keep himself well informed about the times.

WE held our Washington's Birthday Celebration on Friday, February 19th. By special favor Dr. Thomas Dunn English and Mr. Philip A. Gifford, the poetic and musical composers of "Old Glory" were present. They both addressed the school appropriately, Dr. English enlarging somewhat upon the character and deeds of Washington. In this Washington atmosphere a debate was introduced upon the subject "Resolved: That Washington did more for his country than did Lincoln." The Affirmative was upheld by Crane and Bruyere of '97 and Kohn of '98; and the Negative by Hill and Linnett of '97 and Snodgrass of '98. Both sides were well organized and many excellent deeds of both men were brought out which are not so commonly known as are the freeing of the slaves and freeing of the Colonies. The judges decided in favor of the Affirmative, but the decision was very close, and both sides succeeded in inspiring into the minds of the audience both patriotism and loyalty to our heroes.

AS THE English classes in our department have grown so greatly in numbers during the past few years, it has been found necessary to increase the corps of instructors. Mr. Seymour Ransom joined us at the beginning of the year, and since then has taken charge of the English work in the lower classes, and teaches History to the Senior class.

BOYS' ANNEX ITEMS.

220 pupils have been enrolled here; few have left. In the Scientific and Classical courses 105 started; there are now 103 enrolled.

IN November there was not a single case of tardiness here.

OUR Class Mottoes:

A¹ and A²—"Attention is the stuff that memory is made of."

A³—"Labor omnia vincit."

C—"No gains without pains."

D—"Uebung macht den Meister."

E—"Success is the product of hard labor."

SOME Annex Institutions:

Our Library—which is used.

The Glee Club.

The Camera Club.

The Debating Society.

Our Football Team—It didn't lose a game.

Our Topical Song.

Our Ventilating System.

Our Picture Galleries.

The Memory Cure.

First Year Roman History up to date:

PUPIL—"Servius Tullius, as he was going home from the Senate house, fell down the steps. When he reached home his wife shot him."

TEACHER—"With what?"

PUPIL—"With a revolver." (Applause by the class).

PUPIL (in haste to right matters)—"No, I mean she shot him with a sword."

It is not generally known that the building now used for the Boys' Annex, at 103 Washington Street, once played an important part in the Fire Department.

The original building on this site was erected in 1855; it was enlarged to its present dimensions in 1862. For twenty years it was the headquarters of a volunteer

force. Later the building was used for the Hook and Ladder Company with the engine house next door, on the north side.

In 1874 horses were put in and two men, on pay, were stationed here. But they remained only a few months. Their last "run" was in April, 1874. They then moved to Orange Street, to what is now known as the Armory. There is an interesting history connected with the organization of the force in this old building. It was the outcome of a split in the old No. 1 Company, the dissatisfied members starting up No. 2, "Excelsior," in opposition to the parent Company.

Keen eyes can still detect the company motto "Excelsior" on the front of the "Annex." There is engraved in the marble mantel on the second floor a suggestive emblem consisting of a fireman's hat, trumpet, ladder, axe, whistle and a long staff with a *hook* on the end, this last with the *ladder* giving the name Hook and Ladder.

From 1874 to 1887 the building was used for various private business purposes. From 1887 to 1895 the Girls' Annex was here. During the last two years the first year boys, with the exception of those taking the English course, have received their introduction to High School life in this old building. Our motto, "Excelsior," is especially appropriate; we are looking forward and upward to the New High School on the "Acropolis"; and the boys, in actual practice, apply the sentiment daily in their climbs from room to room at the change of classes.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We receive regularly the following:

The Princetonian, from Princeton.

The University Item, from N. Y. U.

The Targum, from Rutgers.

The Melange, from Lafayette.

The High School Juno.

The High School Argus.

The Skirmisher, from B. M. I.

The Chronicle, from Manual Training High School.

The Educational News, from Newark, Del.



ATHLETICS.

HE year 1896 brought with it bright athletic prospects. There being sufficient good material for a baseball team in the school, the Athletic Association decided to support one, and elected Potter, '96, Captain, and Riker, '97, Manager, who together succeeded in organizing a first-class team, and in securing games with the best school teams in the vicinity.

The team that represented the High School was as follows:

Van Duyne, '96, L. F. & 1st B.

Potter (Capt.), '96, S. S.

Seikel, '96, 2nd B.

Conant, '97, 3rd B.

Cronk, '97, C. F.

Moore, '96, P.

Fitzgerald, '96, C. & 1st B.

Corrigan, '98, R. F.

N. Hill, '99, 1st B. & L. F.

Gibson, '97, R. F.

Cochran, '98, R. F.

Smalley, '96, 2nd B. & L. F.

The games played were:

April 24th—Stevens' Prep., 8, Newark High School, 9 (4 innings.)

May 2nd—St. George's Hall, 10, Newark High School, 40.

May 6th—Montclair High School, 22, Newark High School, 13.

May 13th—Montclair Military Academy, 28, Newark High School, 34.

May 16th—Newark Academy, 15, Newark High School, 11.

May 29th—Stevens' Prep., 9, Newark High School, 12.

June 3rd—Montclair Military Academy, 6, Newark High School, 28.

June 6th—Deerfoot A. C., 21, Newark High School, 10.

The game with St. George's Hall was too one-sided to be interesting. In this game the High School batting was good, but the fielding on both sides was loose.

We enjoyed both games with the Montclair Military Academy very much, not only because we won both contests, but also on account of the hospitality with which we were received.

In the game with the Newark Academy our team led throughout the greater part, the score standing 11 to 5 up to the eighth inning. At this point the Academy took a brace and began to hit freely, the High School boys became rattled and dropped a number of easy balls, and the Academy held to their winning streak until they had scored 10 runs, making the tally 15 to 11 in their favor. This was the only poorly played game of the season, and even this was a model exhibition up to the eighth inning.

It is to be hoped that we may have a good team again this year and turn the tables on Montclair High and the Academy. Hill, '99, has been elected Captain, and Riker, '97, Manager for the year. With the list of candidates so large as it already is, we ought to have a team that will reflect credit upon the school.

ALTHOUGH the season's Football record does not show any phenomenal work on the part of the High School Football Team, there is reason for great encouragement. We had plenty of big, brawny giants to draw from, but were severely handicapped by having no coach, no place to practice, and no money to hire either. Then, too, since this was the first "Varsity" team in many years, we lacked experience. Eight games were played during the season, out of which we lost all but two. We opened the season with a game with Stevens' School, and they beat us 12 to 4. This game, however, was simply a practice game. Montclair Military Academy came next; and being assisted by their faculty, they managed to beat us 16 to 10. Doubtless if we had chosen to match the avoird.

dupois of our faculty against theirs, they would have been simply crushed.

Of course the season wouldn't have been complete without measuring our strength with the Academy. In the first round they made a clean score of 12-0. But this was just enough to stir up the high spirits of the High School; and after Capt. Riker had given our players a few days' solid practice we tried the Academy once more. In the first half they made one touch-down on a fluke, but failed to kick goal. In the second half they didn't even know what a football felt like; we kept the ball throughout the entire half, except once when they got it on a fumble and immediately lost it by the same means. We pushed their center, we pushed their tackles, and we ran their ends. Our seven-man tandem interference scored three touch-downs, and Leyenberger kicked goal every time. Score 18-4.

On November 14th we played Jersey City High School. Through some unfortunate

misunderstanding they were unable to secure their usual grounds, so we played in an open lot amongst ash-heaps, rocks and goats, which latter blunted the keen edges of their hunger on the still keener edges of tin cans. The game came out in our favor, 6-4.

We also played Montclair High School, and another game with the Academy and Montclair Military Academy. These games were lost through lack of practice. All through the season our team has had a way of waking up to the fact that it was on the wrong side of the score about one minute before time call; and it invariably made matters interesting from then till the end of the game.

Our prospects for the coming season are bright; Eagles, 1900, who played end last year, has been elected Captain, and will have most of last year's men to work with; under these circumstances, we hope to make a good showing this coming season; and then next year, maybe we'll play Princeton!

MARRIAGES.

Adeline C. Martin, '84, to John W. Hart.
 Clara L. Osborn, '85, to Chester A. Hoag.
 Ella L. Vliet, '83, to Bruno Hood, '80.
 Hattie Jackson, '82, to Arnaud Heller, '90.
 Laurilla Garrabrant, '85, to Lewis Henry Green.
 Mary James, '82, to Dr. Edward Worl.
 Laura A. Clark, '82, to Arthur Wood, '87.
 Sadie E. Van Houtan, '87, to Alonzo Hedden.
 Josephine A. Widmer, '87, to Edward McWhood.
 Amelia Wilkins, '90, to Herman H. Schneple.
 Frances Fischer, '93, to Herman Beyer, '84.

DEATHS.

Emma Schneider Dewitt, '80.
 Edna Smith, '91.
 Genevieve Cashion, '93.
 Mary M. Purvis, '94.
 Ethel Mayo, '96.
 Minnie J. Rothe, '97.

OUR GRADUATES AT COLLEGE.

- Fred Searing, '94, is at Rutgers.
 Paul Girtanner, '95, is at Rutgers.
 William Haines, '95, is at Rutgers.
 William Helmstaedter, '95, is at Rutgers.
 Harry Marker, '95, is at Rutgers.
 Claude Scattergood, '95, is at Rutgers.
 Fred. von Gehren, '95, is at Rutgers.
 Harry Cooper, '96, is at Rutgers.
 H. J. Eberhardt, '96, is at Rutgers.
 Boylan Fitz Gerald, '96, is at Rutgers.
 Joseph Hart, '96, is at Rutgers.
 Benjamin Rosenbloom, '96, is at Rutgers.
 Horace Corey, '95, is at Princeton.
 Jacob Fischel, '96, is at Princeton.
 Chas. Levy, '96, is at Princeton.
 Julius Wolff, '96, is at Princeton.
 Chas. G. Hill, '95, is at N. Y. U.
 Thomas McClelland, '95, is at N. Y. U.
 Phillip Mendel, '95, is at N. Y. U.
 Joseph Altman, '96, is at N. Y. U.
 Leslie Fowler, '96, is at Vassar.
 Mabel Horst, '96, is at Vassar.
 Edith Merritt, '96, is at Vassar.
 Vilda Sauvage, '96, is at Vassar.
 Richard Krementz, '95, is at Yale.
 Richard Eble, '96, is at Yale.
 Richard Geppert, '94, is at Columbia.
 A. Ward Roff, Jr., '94, is at Columbia.
 Fred Tegen, '96, is at Columbia.
 Louis Weiss, '96, is at Columbia.
 Edna McNary, '96, is at Cornell.
 Joseph Weed, Jr., '96, is at Cornell.
 Adolph J. Pistor, '94, is at American Veterinary College, N. Y.
 Edward Folley, '95, is at N. Y. Dental College.
 Dewitt McClymont, '94, is at Bellevue.
 Elizabeth Garrabrant, '96, is at Teachers School, N. Y.
 Alice Keepers, '96, is at Wellesley.
 Lydia Banister, '96, is at Baltimore Women's College.
 Sarah Smalley, '96, is at Women's Medical College, N. Y.
 Leslie Price, '96, is at N. Y. U. Law School.
 Samuel Kuenstlich, '96, is at N. Y. U. Law School.
 Ralph Van Duyne, '96, is at Lehigh.
 Albert Hager, '96, is at University of Pennsylvania.
 Elmer Eberhardt, '96, is at Stevens' Institute.
 S. Elizabeth Van Duyne, '90, is at Women's Medical College, N. Y.
 Martha Levy, '96, is at Women's College, Baltimore.
 Charles Hill, '95, sings second bass in the N. Y. U. Glee Club.
 Paul F. Girtanner, '95, sings first tenor and Fred. von Gehren, '95, second bass in the Rutgers Glee Club.
 Hugh Haddow, '94, played full-back on the Rutgers Football team; Harry Marker, '95, played end on same team.
 Richard Eble, '96, played guard on the freshman team at Yale.
 Albert Harris, '94, was Vice President of the Sophomore class at Princeton.
 Thomas McClelland, '95, was Secretary of the Freshman Class at N. Y. U.
 Elizabeth Garrabrant, '96, takes Sophomore drawing in Teachers' College, N. Y.
 Vilda Sauvage, '96, and Leslie Fowler, '96, take Sophomore German at Vassar.
 Louis Leroy, '92, is Professor of Pathology in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
 Adolph J. Pistor, '94, was awarded first prize in Junior Anatomy in American Veterinary College, N. Y.
 Fred. W. Van Duyne, '94, at West Point, was allowed to spend Christmas at home, because he received less than fifteen demerits during the year. All those familiar with the West Point discipline know what this means.
 Richard Krementz, '95, received several first prizes in the Yale freshman class. He stood highest of the class in all his studies except one.

RUMOR.

GRACE L. KENT, '97.

AND now o'er Libyan lands,
Through cities great, dread Rumor goes, most
 swift
Of earthly plagues. With nimble foot she speeds,
And gains in strength by motion; small at first
From fear, ere long she lifts herself on high,
And treads upon the earth, and hides her head
Among the clouds. Her parent, Earth, incensed
With bitter wrath against the gods—so men
The story tell—this youngest sister gave
To mighty Coeus and Enceladus.
A monster hideous and huge is she,
Most swift of foot, and with untiring wings.
As many feathers as her body bears,
So many watchful eyes beneath them lurk,
So many tongues, so many babbling mouths,
So many listening ears. At night she flies,
'Twixt earth and heaven, buzzing through the
 shade,

Nor ever does she close her eyes in sleep.
All day, a spy, she sits on lofty roof,
Or turret high, arousing fear in men,
As apt to speak of falsehood and of crime,
As of the truth. And now with direful words
And gossip manifold she fills their hearts,
Rejoicing in her power, and sings alike
Of fact and fiction; how a noble prince,
From Trojan blood descended, now has come,
With whom fair Dido deigns to join herself
In marriage; how in feasts the winter days
They waste away, forgetful of their realms,
Enslaved by base desires. Such wild reports
The baleful goddess spreads from mouth to mouth.
To King Iarbas now she turns her course,
Inflames his heart, and aggravates his wrath.

—*Translation of Aeneid IV. Lines 173-197.*

SIR ROGER AND HIS WARD.

EMMA R. MARTIN, '98.

AS I was yesterday morning riding out
in the fields with my worthy friend,
Sir Roger, I could not but observe
the joy that appeared in his coun-
tenance upon our passing a modest looking
maid with a pail of milk upon her arm, who,
as she passed, dropped a courtesy to the
good old knight. She had no sooner gone
from our sight but I inquired the occasion
of his joy. Thereupon he launched out
into praise of the maid, and related with
more than ordinary vehemence how it was
his wish that his ward, Eleanor, should
have more of the character of such an one
as this modest milk-maid.

He then proceeded in the character of
Eleanor.

"You can't imagine," says he, "what it is
to have to do with such a maid. Her par-
ticularities break out upon many occasions.
When she accompanies me on my journey

to town, she falls in love with every wag
she sees, and is as ready to converse with a
Whig as with a Tory. Upon my censuring
her for such behavior, she straightway ap-
plies herself for sympathy to Will Wimble,
whose obliging humours have made him a
great favorite with her. Whilst in the
country, she is continually communicating
her hand to that lawless band of vagrants,
the gypsies."

Sir Roger then fell into an account of the
evil influence these gypsies have upon his
household, how he had twice or thrice been
tempted to take the law of them, and told
me how it gave him much concern to ob-
serve that Moll White, who had the reputa-
tion of a witch all over the country, was
very much in Eleanor's esteem.

"You must know," says he, "Eleanor
even applies herself to the butler for food
to carry to Moll White."

"It causes me much pain," he went on to say, "that Eleanor takes no delight in doing whatever she knows is to my humor. As I have no small concern for her health, I sometimes persuade her to drink some of the famous Widow Trueby's water. But she no sooner takes one swallow than she shakes her pretty curls down over her face, and begs me not to make her finish the dram. And I cannot forbear complying with her wish," says he, "though I know the water will do her more good than all the doctors in the country." "Ay," says he, "her mind is wholly occupied with trifles, I

fear. Although she has read Sir Richard Baker's 'Chronicle' for above these five years, she has not drawn one observation from her reading."

The knight, seeing I listened with no small attention, conjured me to tell him whether I did not think his ward was the most perverse creature in the world. I, being of the mind that there are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, replied in a manner not quite to his liking, that "much might be said on both sides."

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

C. R. O'CROWLEY, '99.



HOTOGRAPHY offers more attractions than any of the Arts heretofore introduced in popular form; for, while it answers fully the requirements of mechanical taste, it offers constant opportunity for the exercise of higher intellectual qualities.

The simplification of photographic processes made within the past few years, the extensive preparation, commercially, of Gelatine Dry Plates, make the successful pursuit of this most pleasing occupation, especially in its application to landscape and tourists purposes generally, within the reach of any person of average ability.

Amateur Photography is growing more and more in favor throughout the civilized world. Formerly, lovers of the beautiful tried to store up the choice views of nature by sketches with the pencil. Now they save not only the outlines, but the detail as well, with the camera.

The love of the beautiful is innermost in the human mind, and this fact will make photography grow still more, for what can be more beautiful than a photograph?

Photography is almost entirely the product of amateur effort and experiment. Experiment and investigation of phenomena, when intelligently pursued, are commendable and generally fruitful of good results, and photography tends more than any other art to stimulate observation of both common and uncommon things and events.

Photography of late years has found a great many adherents, especially in the amateur department. Anyone who has a desire for photographing must of course be an amateur first. You must also secure a camera, and to do so you should have with you, when selecting one, somebody who knows something about cameras. You will, without doubt, have no good results from the first ten or twelve pictures you take, but from there on, if you are careful, your results ought to be good; because by this time you should have acquired the knack of taking and developing the plates.

The proper routine to go through for taking pictures is as follows: if it is a tripod or folding camera, you should put it on a tripod, and if it is not (as a box camera)

you can hold it in your hands or also attach it to a tripod.

If it is a hand camera, you must open it and adjust the focus by making a mental calculation of the approximate distance in feet the subject to be photographed is from you; then set the little pointer on the scale, opposite the number of feet you have calculated the distance to be. Objects more than one hundred feet from the camera are in focus when the pointer is set at one hundred.

The next thing to do is to set the shutter. There is no definite way of stating here how to set the shutter, as every make of camera has a different shutter. The shutters may also have different speed, ranging from the thousandth part of a second to a whole second, the speed to be judged by the light at the time of taking the picture.

There are also on the more expensive cameras different diaphragms or stops. For ordinary instantaneous exposures the largest opening should be used as a rule, though in a very bright light, such as seashore scenes and views of like character, the size smaller

is preferable. The very small openings are intended for time exposures only.

Snap shots or instantaneous pictures should always be made in brilliant light, but the sun should never shine in front of the camera while making an exposure. To prevent this, stand so that the sun will be at your back or a little to one side. Remember it is the subject to be photographed that requires the light and not the camera.

Load the plate holder and insert it between the ground-glass frame and the rigid frame of the camera, being sure it is held securely in position. Draw the slide nearest the front of the camera and all is ready for the exposure.

To make the exposure, hold the camera level and perfectly still. Now look in the finder and when the view desired is in proper range, release the shutter by a pressure on the bulb or button, and the picture is taken. Replace the slide, reverse the holder, and you are ready when the shutter is set and the slide drawn for another picture.

A DREAM OR A REALTY?

ELIZABETH J. DOUGALL, 1900.



SAT at my window in the gray light of the early morning, watching for the first glimpse of Apollo; and when Aurora threw open the rosy portals of the dawn, he shot a gleaming arrow across the heavens, starting nature from her sleep.

The tall sunflowers at my garden wall raised their faces to the radiant god as Clytie did of old. The shy brown thrush hopped forth from the bushes; the bees hummed in the clover; the gentle south wind came murmuring through the pine trees, bearing the song of a maiden to me. Then I saw a fair young girl weaving.

The maiden was beautiful, indeed! The sunbeams brightened her golden hair, and her blue eyes shone as she grew more and more interested in her work. When it was finished, she tossed her pretty head and sang a boastful little song about her fine weaving.

Just then an old woman hobbled up the road and stopped before the maiden. On her shoulder a little white owl was perched. Bidding the young girl, "Good morning," the old dame seated herself by the loom and watched the progress of the weaving.

The fair weaver turned to the stranger and smilingly asked, "Is not my work beau-

tiful, good mother?" The crone nodded her head, and the maiden continued, "You, of course, know nothing about weaving, and cannot appreciate the firmness of the texture nor the richness of the coloring." The old dame's gray eyes sparkled, and she said, "Proud maid, begin again and we will both try." Laughing, and tossing her pretty head, the girl consented.

Shall I ever forget the picture—the beautiful young maiden and the bent, aged woman sitting side by side in the golden sunlight! Their fingers flew rapidly to and fro, and on the girl's loom appeared the head of a snow-white bull, with a child clinging to his horns. The foam from the waves through which the bull was swimming seemed to break on the child's head, so life-like was the picture.

The old woman, who had grown strangely fair, was looking proudly at her loom. Who was the warrior that grew beneath her fingers? Surely the sunshine fell on his head, and the head of the woman by his side! Surely the leaves of the olive trees were stirring with the breeze!

As the young weaver beheld the work of her rival, she sank to the ground in despair. Her pride was crushed—but here I startled. The sun was high in the heavens—where were the weavers? Only a dainty little brown spider was weaving her web across my window. Had I been dreaming of Minerva and Arachne and was this little creature a daughter of the fair maiden who was so cruelly punished for her boastfulness?

EXAMINATIONS.

SARA H. STARBIRD, '98.

RESOLVED: That the Board of Education abolish all formal examinations.

BRIEF FOR AFFIRMATIVE.

To the present system of examinations there are many objections.

1). They are not a fair test of the daily work.

2). When the examination days come, the pupils are so nervous that they are unfit to do the work.

3). The examinations take up time that could otherwise be devoted to lessons.

4). The pupils, both poor and good, are sure to cram during the two or three weeks preceding the examinations.

5). At the time of the mid-year examinations, the pupils are often sick with colds or other ills, resulting from the general bad weather of January and February. At the time of the final examinations, it is often insufferably hot.

On account of these serious objections, it seems wise either to change the character and conditions of the examinations, or to abolish the present system entirely and substitute another.

We may change the character and conditions of the examinations:

a). By making the examinations a fair test of the daily work. Then they will be too long. They are looked upon as too long already.

b). By preventing the pupils from getting nervous.

c). By examining the pupils at a time that could not be devoted to lessons.

d). By keeping the pupils from cramming.

e). By employing more teachers to mark papers.

Newark has all it can afford now.

f). By regulating the weather.

This method is impossible. Therefore, we shall have to abolish all formal examinations and establish another system.

II. It has been proposed that we establish the system of monthly tests.

There are many things in favor of this system.

1). They would be a fair test of the daily work.

2). The pupils would look upon them as a part of their ordinary work and would not feel nervous.

3). On the whole they would consume no more time than the examinations do now.

4). They would certainly bring about a more regular attendance. Boys and girls would come more regularly, and pay better attention if they thought they were going to be promoted on the strength of monthly, and not half-yearly tests.

5). The system of half-yearly examinations gives the pupils the impression that

they are working for the examinations, whereas the system of monthly tests would take away this idea, because it would make the tests more frequent.

6). In order not to give the same questions from year to year, teachers often have to put questions of little importance on the examination papers. If the system of monthly tests were established, all questions of importance would be covered.

7). Many cities have abolished the system of half-yearly examinations, and they are not returning to it.

CONCLUSION.

Since there are many objections to the present system of examinations, and since their character and conditions cannot be changed, and since a system has been proposed, approved by theory and experience, the Board of Education ought to abolish all formal examinations, and adopt the system of monthly tests.

A LITTLE CRIMINAL.

GERTRUDE I. FALES, '98.



TATTERED newsboy stood on the corner, in the bleak shadow of the great office building. He hugged his papers under his arm, and, now and then, to keep himself warm, he blew on his fingers, chapped and stiff with dirt and cold. You would hardly have looked at him twice, for he was only a little more ragged than hundreds of other newsboys. There was the same look of shrewd distrust and discontent in his eyes—a look that told too plainly of struggling misery.

"Paper, Sir?" he cried, running up to a clerk who was just then leaving the building. But he was roughly shoved aside with a "Get out of my way!"

Down he slipped on the icy pavement to the great amusement of a crowd of boys. Amid their hoots and jeers he scrambled to his feet and began to gather up his papers. One big fellow, wishing to prolong the fun, threw a snowball that struck him on the lip.

"Cry, baby, cry!" he shouted as the tears trickled down the other's dirty cheeks. But the little fellow had spirit. Smarting with pain, he darted at his tormentor, threw him to the sidewalk, and, emphasizing every blow with an oath, pounded him until he screamed for help.

"Come along with me, now!" growled a policeman, scattering the urchins right and left. He seized the child by the collar and dragged him off with him to the station.

DE CATILINA.

HENRY S. LYON, '98.

UT Ciceronis quattuor orationes in Catilinam habitas, quas in schola legimus, bene intelligamus, aliquid de vita Catilinae scire debemus; quare eam breviter exponere conabor.

L. Sergius Catilina nobilissima veterimaque familia anno ab urbe condita DCXLVI natus est. Cum ejus pueritia in id tempus incideret, quo respublica dissensionibus civilibus vehementer perturbabatur, a puero in vitiis sceleribusque versabatur.

Ille sub Sulla duce stipendia fecit in bello civili, in quo virtute atque crudelitate praestitit. Tum L. Caecilio Metello et Q. Marcio Rege consulibus praetor factus in Africam proximo anno pro praetore missus est. Cum de provincia decessisset et Romam redisset, consulatum petivit, sed crimine repetundarum accusatus a petitione destitit.

Itaque rerum novarum studens fecit conjurationem consulum L. Manli Torquati et L. Aemili Cottae interficiendorum eo die, quo officium inituri essent, sed eum consilium defecit.

Crimine et repetundarum et conjurationis liberatus iterum consulatum petivit, sed a M. Tullio Cicerone et C. Antonio repulsus est. Proximo anno idem ei accidit. Tum omnino desperavit se umquam consulem factum iri, qua de causa secundam conjurationem in rem publicam fecit.

Omnibus nobilibus, qui aere alieno premebantur, et omnibus aliis, quibus aliqua contra rem publicam querimonia erat,

persuasit, ut ad conjurationem se conjungerent, ac urbem incendere, et consules, senatores, omnem nobilitatem caedere constituit.

Cicero consul autem de conjuratorum consiliis certior factus senatores in templum Jovis Statoris convocavit. Ubi eorum improba consilia expositurus erat, Catilina in curiam intravit et apud eos consedit, quare Cicero statim surrexit et primam orationem in Catilinam habuit. Cum orationis finem fecisset Cicero, Catilina ei respondere conabatur, sed vocibus senatorum prohibitus et urbe effugere coactus est. Quamquam Catilina se Massiliam in exsilium ivisse simulavit, re vera Faesulas profectus est, quo loco Manlius exercitui praeerat. Lentulum et Cethegum, duos conjuratos, in urbe reliquit, qui sua consilia perficerent. Sed indicibus sceleris per legatos Allobrogum a Cicerone deprehensis, principes conjurati comprehensi et senatus decreto interfecti sunt. Exercitus qui duce C. Antonio in Catilinam duceretur celeriter collectus est.

Cum Catilinae milites audirent principes conjuratos comprehensos interfectos esse, multi eorum eum deseruerunt. Catilina igitur in Galliam Cisalpinam fugere conatus est, sed, via ab exercitu Romano impedita, aut se tradere aut pugnare coactus est. Itaque suum parvum exercitum contra copias Antoni duxit, sed acri proelio, omnis exercitus Catilinae victus et ipse fortiter pugnans interfectus est.

ALUMNI OF THE NEWARK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

THE Alumni was organized on July 8th, 1890. It is now the oldest of the school organizations. Its purpose is to increase the mutual acquaintance of the members, to maintain a friendly intercourse among them, to advance such social and intellectual pleasures as may prove to be of general interest, promote the welfare of the Newark High School and the furtherance of the cause of education in the City of Newark in general. The Alumni has a membership of two hundred, including eight members of the faculty of the High School and Dr. Barringer.

The Alumni meets on the first Tuesday of January, April and October, and on the

last Tuesday of June of each year. The annual meeting is the one held in June. The annual banquet or re-union is held in April of each year.

There is an employment bureau connected with the Alumni, with the Secretary as ex-officio Chief. This bureau was organized about two years ago and has for its objects the furnishing of members of the Alumni with situations in business houses where possible. Readers of the "Annual" will confer a favor on the secretary if they will send him a list of any positions that can be filled by graduates of the Commercial Department. The secretary's address is 765 Broad Street.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR PRIVATE READING.

The list for each class is made with special reference to the work of the next year. Pupils that wish to read during the vacation books that will prepare them for the next year's work, will find in the First Year list, books bearing upon the work of the Second Year, in the Second Year list, books bearing upon the Junior Year work, etc. The Senior list suggests books for reading after graduation.

First Year.

- SCOTT—
Ivanhoe,
Quentin Durward,
Kenilworth,
The Abbott,
The Monastery,
The Talisman.
- C. M. YONGE—
The Dove in the Eagle's Nest,
A Chaplet of Pearls,
Unknown to History.
- R. L. STEVENSON—
The Black Arrow.
- STANLEY WEYMAN—
A Gentleman of France,
The House of the Wolf,
Under the Red Robe.
- HOWARD PYLE—
Otto of the Silver Hand,
Men of Iron,
Robin Hood's Merry Adventures.
- GREY—
The Crusade of the Children.
- WM. BLACK—Judith Shakespeare.
- S. L. CLEMENS—
The Prince and the Pauper.
- H. MARTINEAU—
The Peasant and the Prince.
- E. S. BROOKS—
Historic Boys,
Historic Girls.
- MARY BURT—
The Story of the German Iliad.
- A. FORRESTIER—
Echoes from Mistland.
- H. MABIE—
Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas.
- SARAH BROOK—History of France.
- DICKENS—
Child's History of England.
- S. LANIER—
The Boy's King Arthur,
The Boy's Percy,
The Boy's Mabinogion,
The Boy's Froissart.
- CHAS. KINGSLEY—
Westward Ho,
Greek Heroes,
Water Babies.
- ADAMS—Page, Squire, and Knight.
- A. S. RICHARDSON—
Stories from Old England,
Poetry.
- MRS. CHARLES—
The Schoenberg-Cotta Family,
The Draytons and The Davenants.
- R. BLACKMORE—Lorna Doone.
- FOUQUE—Undine.
- IRVING—The Alhambra.
- SAINTURE—Picciola.
- SCUDDER—Book of Folk Stories.
- QUIDA—
Bimbi,
The Nuernberg Stove,
The Province Rose,
The Dog of Flanders.
- BULWER—
The Last Days of Pompeii.
- A. CHURCH—
Roman Life in the Days of Cicero,
Studies from Roman History,
To the Lions, etc.
- BALDWIN—
Story of Siegfried,
Story of Roland,
Story of Golden Age.
- BULFINCH—
Age of Fable,
Age of Chivalry,
Legends of Charlemagne.
- MORRIS—Sigurd the Volsing.
- MRS. C. H. B. LAING—
The Heroes of the Seven Hills.
- MISS YONGE—A Book of Worthies.
- J. A. FROUDE—Caesar.
- GAYLEY—
Classic Myths in English Literature.
- GUERBER—
Myths of Greece and Rome,
Myths of Northern Lands.
- PRESTON AND DODGE—
Private Life of the Romans.
- SHUMWAY—
A Day in Ancient Rome.
- CHURCH—The Burning of Rome.
- HOMER—
Iliad and Odyssey—Bryant's Translation,
Odyssey—Prof. G. H. Palmer's Translation (prose),
A Day in Athens with Socrates.
- MAHAFFY—
Old Greek Life (primer).
- GLADSTONE—Primer of Homer.
- WALLACE—Ben Hur.
- COTTIN—
Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia.
- MRS. EWING—
The Story of a Short Life,
Jackanapes,
Jan of the Windmill.
- K. D. WIGGIN—Timothy's Quest.
- MARY M. DODGE—Hans Brinker.
- H. H. JACKSON—
Ramona,
Bits of Talk About Home Matters.
- E. E. HALE—
The Man without a Country,
In His Name.
- JEAN INGELow—
Off the Skelligs,
A Sister's Bye-Hours.
- C. BRONTE—Shirley.
- MRS. GASKELL—
Life of Charlotte Bronte.
- KIPLING—Jungle Book.
- STEVENSON—Kidnapped.
- LITTLE CLASSIC SERIES—
Childhood.
- G. MACDONALD—
At the Back of the North Wind,
Dealings with the Fairies.
- M. EDGEWORTH—
Parents' Assistant.
- MISS MULLOCK—
The Little Lame Prince,
A Noble Life.
- H. H. BOYESON—Gunnar.
- SWIFT—Gulliver's Travels.
- DEFOE—Robinson Crusoe.
- BUNYAN—Pilgrim's Progress.
- DR. JNO. BROWN—
Rab and His Friends.
- THOS. HUGHES—
Tom Brown at Rugby.
- HANS ANDERSEN—Fairy Tales.
- HAWTHORNE—Short Stories.
- S. O. JEWETT—Deephaven.
- DICKENS—David Copperfield.
- H. B. STOWE—Little Pussy Willow.
- RUSKIN—
The King of the Golden River,
Sesame and Lilies,
The Queen of the Air.
- T. T. MUNGER—On The Threshold.
- BURROUGHS—
Signs and Seasons,
Fresh Fields,
Birds and Bees,
Pepacton.
- McCook—Tenants of the Old Farm.
- A. BUCKLEY—
The Fairyland of Science.
- KINGSLEY—
Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Sea Shore.

First Year.—Continued.

C. D. WARNER—Under the Trees.

O. T. MILLER—
Little Brothers of the Air,
In Nesting Time,
Little Folk in Feathers and
Fur.DANA—
How to Know the Wild
Flowers.LONGFELLOW—
Outre Mer,
Hyperion.STEVENSON—
Travels with a Donkey in the
Crevennes.

B. TAYLOR—Byways of Europe.

PHILLIPS BROOKS—
Letters of Travels.A. D. EDWARDS—
A Thousand Miles up the Nile,
Pharaohs, Fellahs and Ex-
plorers.BRYANT—
Sella,
The Little People of the Snow,
To a Water Fowl,
Robert of Lincoln,
A Forest Hymn.WHITTIER—
The Tent on the Beach,
Snow Bound,
Ballads, etc.

HOLMES—

The Last Leaf,
The Chambered Nautilus,
The One Horse Shay, etc.

ALDRICH—

Baby Bell,
Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book,
etc.

LOWELL—

The Vision of Sir Launfal,
The First Snow Fall,
The Courtin,
A Fable for Critics, etc.

TENNYSON—The Idylls of the King.

STEVENSON—

Child's Garden of Verses.

Second Year.

MRS. CHARLES—

The Victory of the Vanquished,
Conquering and To Conquer,
Early Dawn.

L. M. CHILD—

Philothea,
The Maiden and Married Life
of Mary Powell.

DICKENS—A Tale of Two Cities.

HAWTHORNE—

The House of Seven Gables.

EBERS—Uarda.

YONGE—

The Caged Lion,
The Little Duke.

G. ELIOT—

Scenes from Clerical Life.

CRAWFORD—A Roman Singer.

MULOCK—John Halifax.

SHORTHOUSE—

The Little Schoolmaster Mark.

H. B. STOWE—Old Town Folks.

CERVANTES—Don Quixote.

E. E. HALE—

Phillip Nolan's Friends.

S. R. CROCKETT—The Raiders.

MACLAREN—

By the Bonnie Briar-Bush.

INGELOW—Mopsa, the Fairy.

ALDRICH—Marjorie Daw.

MISS WILKINS—Stories.

CURTIS—Prue and I.

IRVING—Tales of a Traveller.

O. TAANET—Stories.

ST. PIERRE—Paul and Virginia.

WHITE—

Plutarch for Boys and Girls.

IRVING—

Knickerbocker History of New
York,Lewis and Clark's Journey
across the Rocky Mountains.

PRESCOTT—Conquest of Mexico.

WALLACE—The Fair God.

MOTLEY—Ferdinand and Isabella.

J. T. FIELDS—

Yesterdays with Authors.

T. W. HIGGINSON—

Out-Door Papers.

MITCHELL—

Reveries of a Bachelor.

BURROUGHS—

Locusts and Wild Honey.

KINGSLEY—

Madam How and Lady Why.

WINTER—

Old Shrine and Ivy,
Grey Days and Gold,
Shakespeare's English.

JAMESON—Early Italian Painters.

J. INGELOW—Poems.

LOWELL—

All important poems (commit
several).

HOLMES—ditto.

ALDRICH—ditto.

WHITTIER—ditto.

TENNYSON—Poems.

E. FIELD—Poems (Childhood).

J. W. RILEY—Poems.

BROWNING—

Lady Geraldine's Courtship,
Rhyme of the Duchess May.

HERTZ—King Rene's Daughter.

SCOTT—

Marmion,
Lay of Last Minstrel.*Junior Year.*

GOLDSMITH—Vicar of Wakefield.

SAM JOHNSON—Rasselas.

VICTOR HUGO—Les Miserables.

EVERETT—Alaric, the Visigoth.

READE—The Cloister and Hearth.

SCOTT—

Rob Roy,
Guy Mahnering.

MRS. CHARLES—

Diary of Kitty Trevelyant.

G. ELIOT—

The Mill on the Floss,
Romola.

MRS. OLIPHANT—

The Makers of Florence,
Makers of Venice.

STEVENSON—Virginibus Puerisque.

THACKERAY—

Henry Esmond,
The Virginians,
Four Georges,
English Humorists.

A. S. HARDY—Passe Rose.

HOWELLS—Indian Summer.

JAMES—Portrait of a Lady.

CRAWFORD—Greifenstein.

HAWTHORNE—The Marble Faun.

MACDONALD—Robert Falconer.

BRONTE—Vilette.

J. AUSTEN—

Emma,
Pride and Prejudice.

LONGFELLOW—Golden Legend.

ERERS—An Egyptian Princess.

T. N. PAGE—Stories.

C. F. WOOLSON—Stories.

M. H. FOOTE—Stories.

KINGSLEY—

Hereward,
Hypatia,
Roman and Teuton.

BARRIE—A Wind in Thurms.

A. HOPE—The Prisoner of Zenda.

MRS. MANNING—

The Household of Sir Thomas
More.

STEVENSON—Master of Ballantrae.

CONAN DOYLE—White Company.

LAMB—Essays of Elia.

MACAULAY—Essays.

Junior Year,—Continued.

A. T. RECHIE—Stories.
 MITFORD—Our Village.
 PARKMAN—Any of his histories.
 PRESCOTT—Conquest of Peru.
 MOTLEY—
 Rise of the Dutch Republic,
 Life of Mary Somerville,
 Life of Charlotte Cushman,
 Life of Edwin Booth,
 Autobiography of Jos. Jefferson.
 CROSS—
 Life and Letters of George Eliot,
 Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.
 MRS. J. T. FIELD—
 A Shelf of Old Books.
 A. T. RITCHIE—
 Personal Recollections of the Brownings, Tennyson, etc.
 MITCHELL—
 English Lands, Letters, and Kings.
 LANDOR—
 Pericles and Aspasia,
 Imaginary Conversations.

WARD—
 English Poets,
 Selections and Essays.
 LOWELL—
 Essays upon Chancer, Spencer, Pope, Dante.
 PATER—
 Appreciations,
 Marius, the Epicurean,
 Greek Studies,
 Plato and Platonism.
 SCUDDER—
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Martha E. Allen,
Lucie B. Aguiar,
Mary C. Anderson,
Carrie B. Ash,
Ethel M. Atkinson,
Ethel Baldwin,
Grace I. Baldwin,
Ida E. Ball,
Laura E. Barkman,
Isabella R. Bauer,
Ida E. Bennett,
Louise E. Bieler,
Emma L. Blair,
Edith M. Bloom,
Florence N. Boeckel,
Grace Browazki,
Fannie B. Brown,
Harriet I. Bull,
Louise Burgessier,
Martha A. Burkhardt,
Jessie Campbell,
Florence Cinnamon,
Amelia Charles,
Nellie Chase,
H. Bell Clark,
Helen Cohn,
Clara Collins,
Eleanor B. Conklin,
Edith G. Crane,
Edith M. Curren,
Mabel J. Curtiss,
Grace B. Dally,
Jeannette Davis,
Florence Day,
Regina Delaney,

Eva E. Dennis,
Rosa Desch,
Dora M. Dexter,
Annie C. Disch,
Florence Dobbins,
Jessie B. Dovell,
Lilian F. Donnelly,
Mabel Downs,
Therese Dunn,
May Edwards,
Ida Eichorn,
Caroline Everett,
Elva G. Fagundus,
Kate Farnow,
Elizabeth Farnsworth,
Martha Fischel,
Tillie L. Fischer,
May Fitzpatrick,
Helena Fleischer,
Ethel M. Fogarty,
F. Marion Fowler,
Louise O. Frey,
Edna M. Furman,
Edna M. Garton,
Emma E. Geiger,
Caroline Graef,
J. Louise Graves,
Mary Grimes,
Alice M. C. Haddow,
Amanda P. Hafner,
Gussie Hagney,
Elizabeth A. Haines,
Olive Hampson,
Helen S. Hanson,
Lennie Hardt,
May E. Hart,
Carrie Hauser,

Grace M. Havell,
Jamesetta Hawk,
Ethel F. Headley,
Myra Heaton,
Frances M. Hedden,
Margaret Heggie,
Leslie M. Hervey,
Elsie H. Hirsch,
Edith F. Hopper,
Bertha F. Horst,
Florence Huber,
Ophelia M. Huber,
Ethel F. Hunt,
S. Florence Irving,
Agnes M. Jenks,
Edna Johnson,
Ethel Johnes,
Stella Katz,
Frida C. Kees,
Clara L. Kempf,
Carrie M. King,
May Kipp,
Jeanne M. Kirby,
Lydia Koehler,
Bertha Kolb,
Rose Lake,
Clara M. Lamb,
Marion F. Law,
Mamie Leary,
Rose M. Ledwith,
Gertrude Lehlbach,
Florence A. Logan,
Minnie Manthy,
Alleta Marsell,
Florence M. Marker,
Gertrude Marsh,
Maude Mayhew,

Second Years.—Continued.

Mamy T. McCue,
 Anna E. McDonald,
 Daisy M. McFeeter,
 Elizabeth McKenzie,
 Elsie D. Menagh,
 Grace L. Mentz,
 Emelie A. Mercy,
 Mabel F. Merritt,
 Edna C. Miller,
 Kittie Miller,
 Helen Monaghan,
 Estelle Morgan,
 Henrietta Morton,
 Elsie M. Myers,
 Rose Negbaur,
 Isabel Nelson,
 Ida E. Nicoll,
 Edna C. Osborn,
 Dorothy M. Osborne,
 J. Ethel Overbaugh,
 Hanna C. Pfrommer,
 Lulu M. Piccole,
 Irene H. Pullin,
 Helen M. Pratt,
 Helen L. Price,
 Lillian M. Randall,
 Ethelyn L. Reeve,
 Constance Richman,
 Helen L. Riordan,

Margaret C. Riordan,
 Leila J. Roberts,
 Ida S. Robinson,
 Lucia C. Robotham,
 Jennie M. Roe,
 Metta M. Rogers,
 Mabel Roll,
 Alice P. Ross,
 Ida B. Runyon,
 Gertrude E. Ryer,
 Violet M. Ryley,
 Sadie A. Sanderson,
 Edna C. Sandford,
 Olive L. Sauerbier,
 Annie B. Schaub,
 Frances Schaub,
 Elsie Scheuten,
 Minnie M. Schrick,
 Fanny Schuman,
 Ida M. Scott,
 Josie M. Scudder,
 Mamie Sharp,
 Clara B. Sharwell,
 Helena M. Skinner,
 Rose Skow,
 Helen M. Smith,
 Theresa Stein,
 Rosetta Stevens,

Florence N. Stout,
 Laura C. Stucky,
 Lottie Taylor,
 Blanche L. Thomas,
 Laura E. Tidey,
 Margaret Tompkins,
 Lillian M. Toms,
 May Topping,
 Ethel Tuttle,
 Nellie E. VanDerbeek,
 Ida J. Voget,
 Cora Vreeland,
 Imogene R. Vreeland,
 Nina H. Walton,
 Elizabeth L. Ward,
 Nettie Warrender,
 Mabel A. Watt,
 Esther L. Weber,
 Ruth Wells,
 Elizabeth Westphal,
 Anna M. Whalen,
 Edith D. Whitesell,
 May L. Wilson,
 Susie E. Wilson,
 Emma Wolf,
 Julia Wolf,
 Winifred E. Wooster,
 Rebecca Wright,
 M. Jessie Young.

First Years—A.

Augusta G. Bauer,
 Elizabeth H. Belcher,
 Gussie M. Bergfels,
 Edith M. Brewer,
 Sarah A. Brown,
 Clara A. Butter,
 Luella Chapman,
 Helen Dawson,
 Bessie A. Decker,
 May E. Dunham,
 E. Ginevra Eagles,
 Jannetta C. Fahr,
 Florence M. Fisher,
 Mary Hahn,
 Susan M. Hazen,

Louise Keymer,
 Mary F. Kingston,
 Alice Lambly,
 Lucy Lavalette,
 Grace P. Lyon,
 Edna McBride,
 Frances Merchant,
 Clara M. Meyer,
 Belle C. Miller,
 Harriet Mueller,
 Florence L. Mulford,
 Ruth M. Osborne,
 Mabel E. Perry,
 Bertha D. Ryder,

Eva F. Skinner,
 Sarah Stern,
 Cora B. Sym,
 Florence Trowbridge,
 Orpha M. Turton,
 Edith M. Tuttle,
 Bessie Van Houten,
 Charlotte Vesey,
 Edith M. Watson,
 Eva D. Westervelt,
 Ella L. Wheaton,
 Edna G. Wilkins,
 Harriet A. Williams,
 Elizabeth M. Wood,
 F. Ethel Yule.

First Years—B.

Grace F. Baxter,
 Minnie Boeger,
 Susie R. Bonnel,
 Louise R. Buckley,
 Clara W. Burner,
 Mary F. Cantwell,
 Edna F. Collins,

Blanche I. Doland,
 Bertha I. Dorrance,
 Edna J. Duncan,
 Margaret M. Eesly,
 Josephine Eifler,
 Louise M. Fischer,
 Nino A. Foster,

Florence H. Fowler,
 Sophie Frost,
 Minnie B. Halper,
 Fannie B. Halstead,
 Ida L. Hampson,
 Mabel E. Hazen,
 Laura B. Jacobus,

First Years—B.—Continued.

Ethel J. Lake,
Helen E. LeMessena,
Miriam Lorsch,
Bessie A. Matthews,
Laura E. Matthews,
Florence A. Macdonald,
Isabelle C. McGrath,

Elizabeth Milwidsky,
Bertha B. Post,
Annie E. Schriek,
Ray Simon,
Florence P. Smith,
Lily F. Spearpoint,
Emily L. Stanford,

Nellie V. Steck,
May A. Stuart,
Susie Ten Broeck,
Grace M. Throssel,
Eva I. Thurston,
Minnie Trachman,
Grace E. Welcher,

First Years—C.

Clara Abeles,
Leah J. Abeles,
Alice M. Anderson,
Mabel Antrim,
Ada Ashman,
Emma C. Auerbacher,
Beatrice M. Baxter,
Lucy Baldwin,
Alice Balevre,
Stella C. Beck,
Florence A. Bell,
Helen F. Belles,
Mary E. Berkhont,
Alice M. Berry,
Helen D. Bingham,
Ida Block,

Rosina Borland,
Mary H. Bowerland,
Fannie A. Boylan,
Carolina V. Bradley,
Ida A. Brown,
Ella Brown,
Grace E. Brown,
Ella M. Bullivant,
Flora K. Byram,
Ann Byrne,
Emma R. Carley,
Olga T. Carlson,
Edna A. Carter,
Ida M. Clary,
Martha W. Cline,

Kathleen Cogan,
Florence B. Cogger,
Ida B. Congleton,
Virgiline L. Cooke,
Adelaide K. Cox,
Mabel D. Cox,
Mary J. P. Culkin,
Lillian E. Dain,
Florence E. Davy,
Eda A. Demarest,
Margaret R. Dorsch,
Edna E. Eisele,
Mabel Haslem,
Matilda M. Hoffman,
Leonore Sloane,
Sarah H. Dove.

First Years—D.

Bessie Brookfield,
May Epstein,
Lilian V. Evans,
Ida W. Ferguson,
Ila E. Fieles,
Bella Fisch,
Josephine Fischer,
Mabel E. Forshay,
Belle W. Fortheringhane,
Elizabeth G. Fox,
Anna L. Fritts,
Theresa Froehlich,
Florence Fuerth,
Louise Fuerth,

Fannie Garrison,
Florence Geraghty,
Rebecca Gilbert,
Adelena Glinnon,
Irene Glokner,
Mary E. Goldberg,
Rachel Goodman,
Alberta Gordon,
Edith H. Gore,
Lenora Graah,
Clara E. Grasmuk,
Elizabeth Grub,
Grace I. Gruman,
Sarah E. Guerin,

Minnie E. Hallgring,
Myrtle E. Hedden,
Eleanora A. Heinz,
Hilda B. Helb,
Belle Howard,
Fannie Marx,
Anna McConnell,
Grace McManus,
Lilian E. Merz,
Gertrude Meyer,
Maude A. Osborn,
Elizabeth Shanahan,
Anna C. Smith,
Lydia Sweeny.

First Years—E.

May Apgar,
Wilma E. Becklin,
Alice E. Campbell,
Madalon Cory,
Margaret B. Davis,
Livia Dawson,
Josephine S. Foster,
Minnie Gowan,
Florence M. Harden,
Jennie Hartmen,

Emma Hagney,
Emma Havenstein,
Mabel B. Hesse,
Hazel M. Hetfield,
Emma Hill,
Elsie V. Holden,
Helen W. Issler,
Beatrice E. Knight,
Eleanor Lantz,
Annie London,

Juanita I. Marquez,
Isabelle Moskowitz,
Ethlewyn Peel,
Mary L. Pierson,
Elsie Pullin,
Esther M. Schortan,
Etta H. Smith,
Edith M. Smith,
Teresa M. Sinnot,
Annie M. Wilson.

First Years—F.

S. Olive Bruen,
Theresa E. Hahn,
Leah Crossman,
Anna F. Hare,
Rosaline B. Hartshorne,
Flora Hemmindinger,
Lucy Heinickel,
Bertha Hoehmann,
Laetitia Holmes,
Jessamine Hulbert,

Alice Humphries,
Helen Jedel,
Mary Keep,
Elinor M. King,
Alberta Kingston,
Emma A. Knickmeyer,
Delphine Kraemer,
Emma Krudop,
Salome M. Lambert,
Martha L. Lapp,

Maude H. Lawson,
Mary E. Lee,
Ida M. Lewis,
Jennie A. Lewis,
Clara A. Lovelace,
Ida E. Long,
Armenia Lowary,
Martha J. Lucas,
B. May Lyttle,
Annette L. Martin,
Tillie Schneider,

First Years—G.

Irene Alter,
Adelaide Averbek,
Martha M. Bachem,
Alice F. Bayley,
Ida Brant,
Mabel Brown,
Bessie C. Day,
Edna A. Devlin,
Elizabeth Dougall,
Anna M. Dougherty,
May Edwards,
Jessie A. Erler,
Hazel Gibson,

Florence H. Gray,
Grace G. Gribbie,
Florence Herold,
Grace Jancovius,
Elizabeth Kohl,
Jessie E. Larter,
Laura Marble,
Helen A. O'Connor,
Agnes B. Posthill,
Alice G. Potter,
Pauline R. Ross,
Lillian M. Shipman,
Ida Sippel,

Cornelia Snook,
Annie Spann,
Ida M. Stanford,
Blanche Storey,
Sophia Thielermann,
Jessie M. Thomas,
Fedora S. Thompson,
Ethel M. Trier,
Louise VanDerbeck,
Alice E. VanDuyne,
Mary C. Ward,
Henrietta Wilson,
Clara Witte,
Grace Woodland,

First Years—H.

Julia T. Buttler,
Mollie R. Chapin,
Jessie A. Getchius,
Mary L. Hargrove,
Lucretia G. Hanson,
Marguerite Schauman,
Miriam Schlesinger,
Emma Scharringhansen,
Jennie E. Shipman,
Bertha Seidl,
Louise Seidler,
Edith M. Skinner,
Claudine Small,

Helen M. Smith,
Margaret Sonnekalb,
Miriam Sonnabend,
Gertrude M. Stein,
Ruby A. Stevens,
Florence E. Taylor,
Lulu F. Tench,
Mattie Tegen,
Alice E. Thompson,
Belle Timmons,
Vivian Vail,
Grace W. VanWart,
Laura E. VanDusen,

Sadie VanHest,
Lucinda Vorhees,
Florence Wangner,
Amelia Wapshare,
Edna B. Wenzel,
Elizabeth Wheaton,
Edna Wiener,
Florence M. Wiener,
Harriet D. Williams,
Cora W. Williams,
Elizabeth Williamson,
Evelyn Winkler,
Elizabeth M. Wolf,
Grace Zelif,

First Years—I.

Emma M. Connell,
Clara Hedden,
Edith La Roe,
Grace MacDougall,
Frances MacMullen,
Mary A. Mahan,
Caroline S. Maines,
Ada Mandigo,
Rosa Marcuse,
Florence McCandless,
Alice McCloud,
Ida Mendel,
Ida M. Mergott,
Caroline M. Miller,

Blanche H. Millering,
Mary Mulholland,
Lucy C. Murray,
Grace Myers,
Henrietta Myers,
Mabel Newton,
Florence Nichols,
Edna O'Crowley,
Florence R. Ohl,
Fannie Oppenheimer,
Marie Parker,
Edith J. Perkins,
Florence E. Platts,

Mary J. Priester,
Margaret Quinn,
Mary Ralley,
Edna Rarick,
Helena Reed,
Nellie Reynolds,
Carrie S. Richardson,
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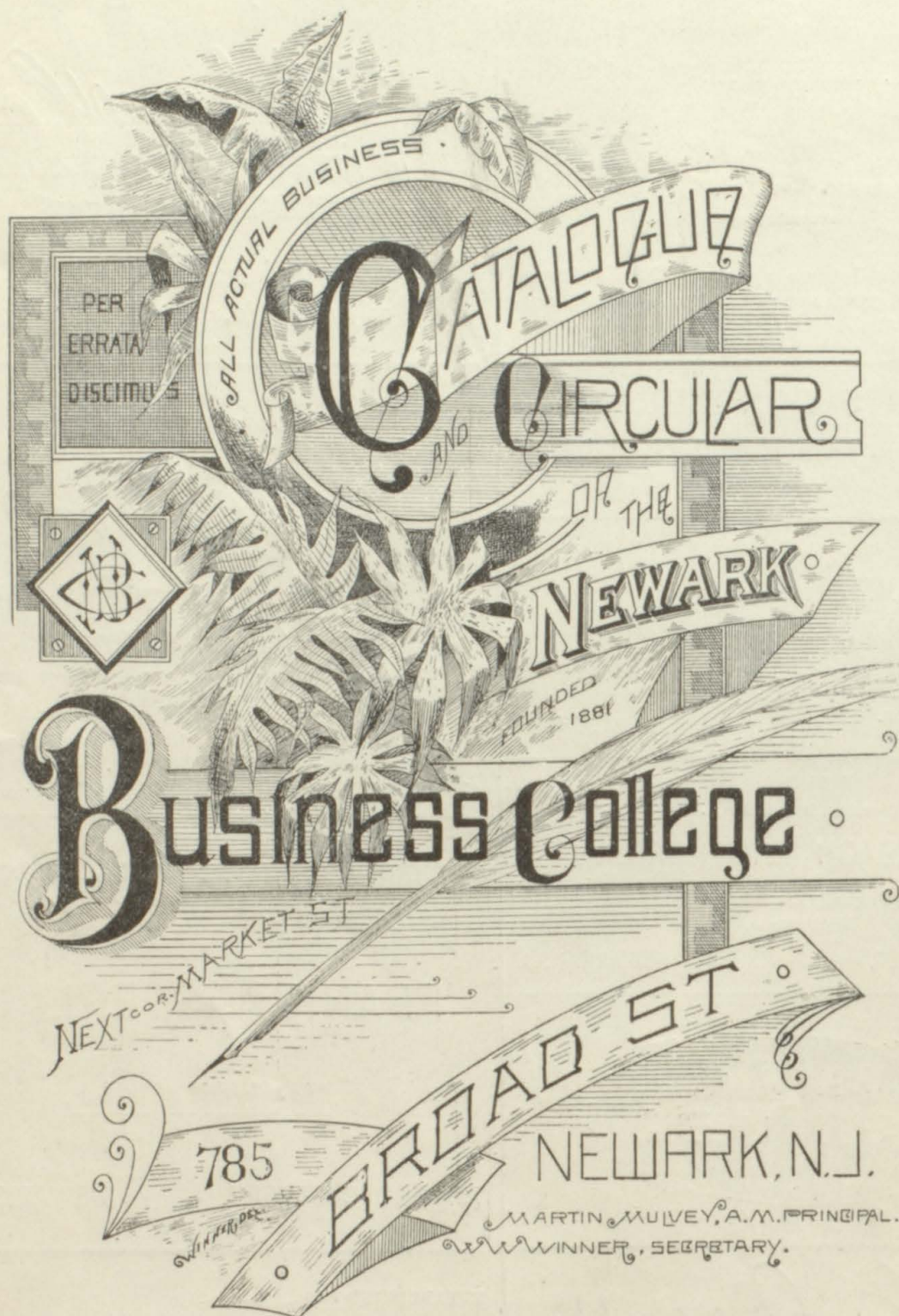
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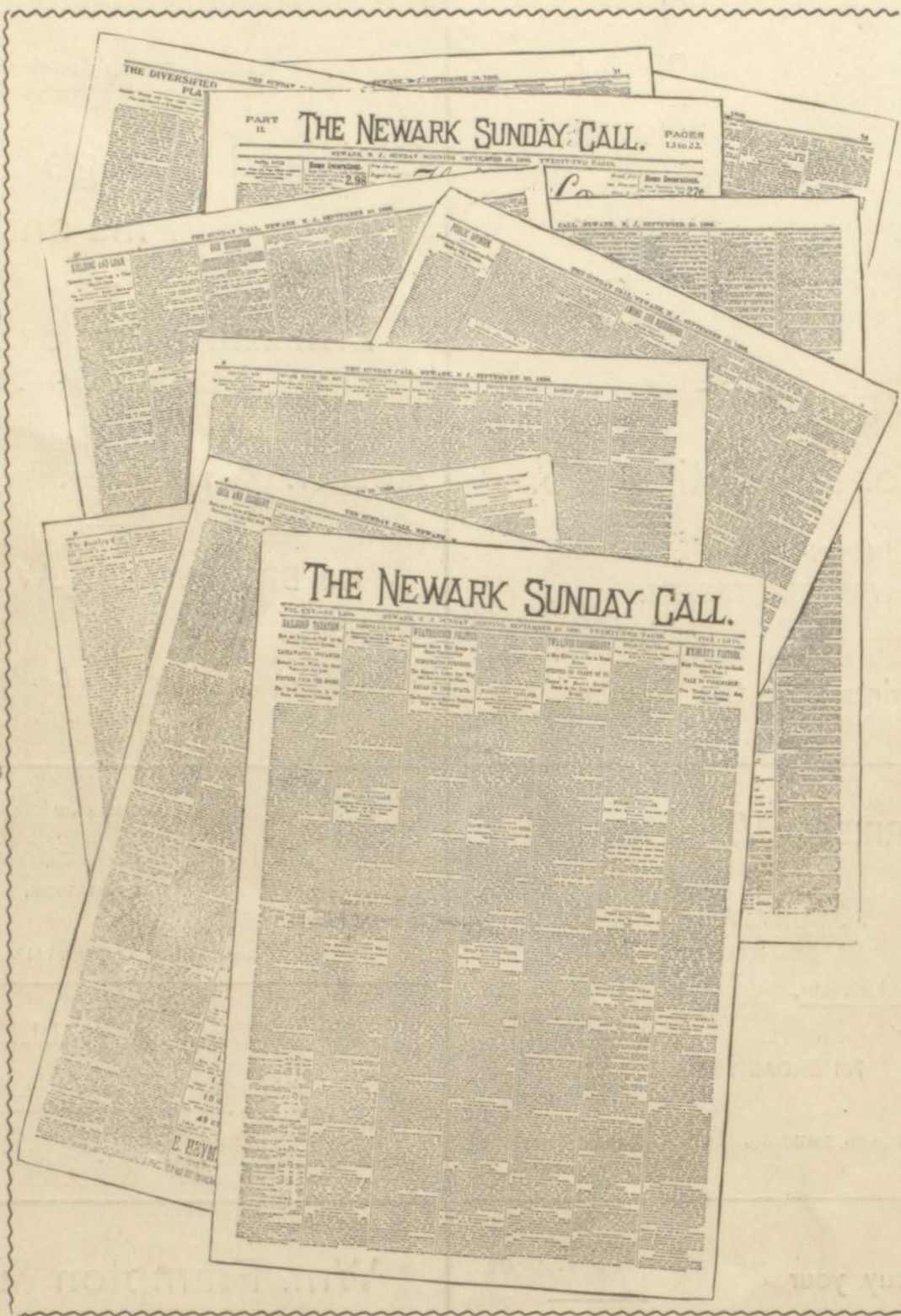
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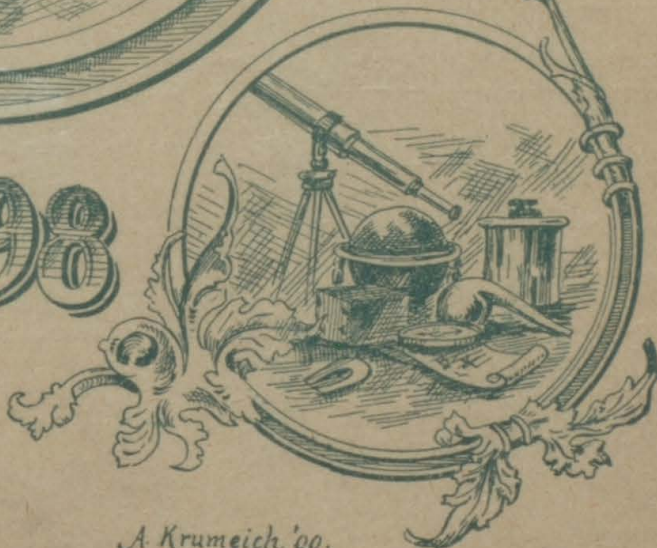
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HIGH SCHOOL

ANNUAL

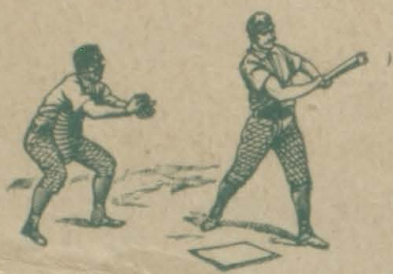


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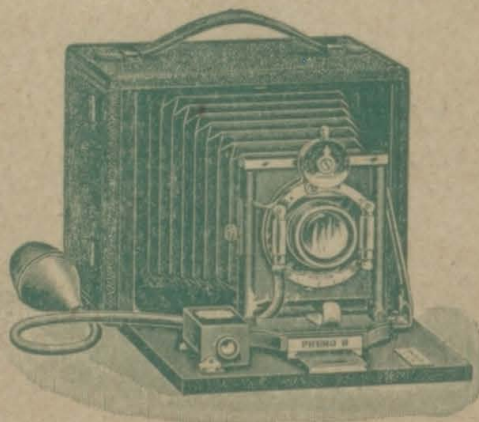
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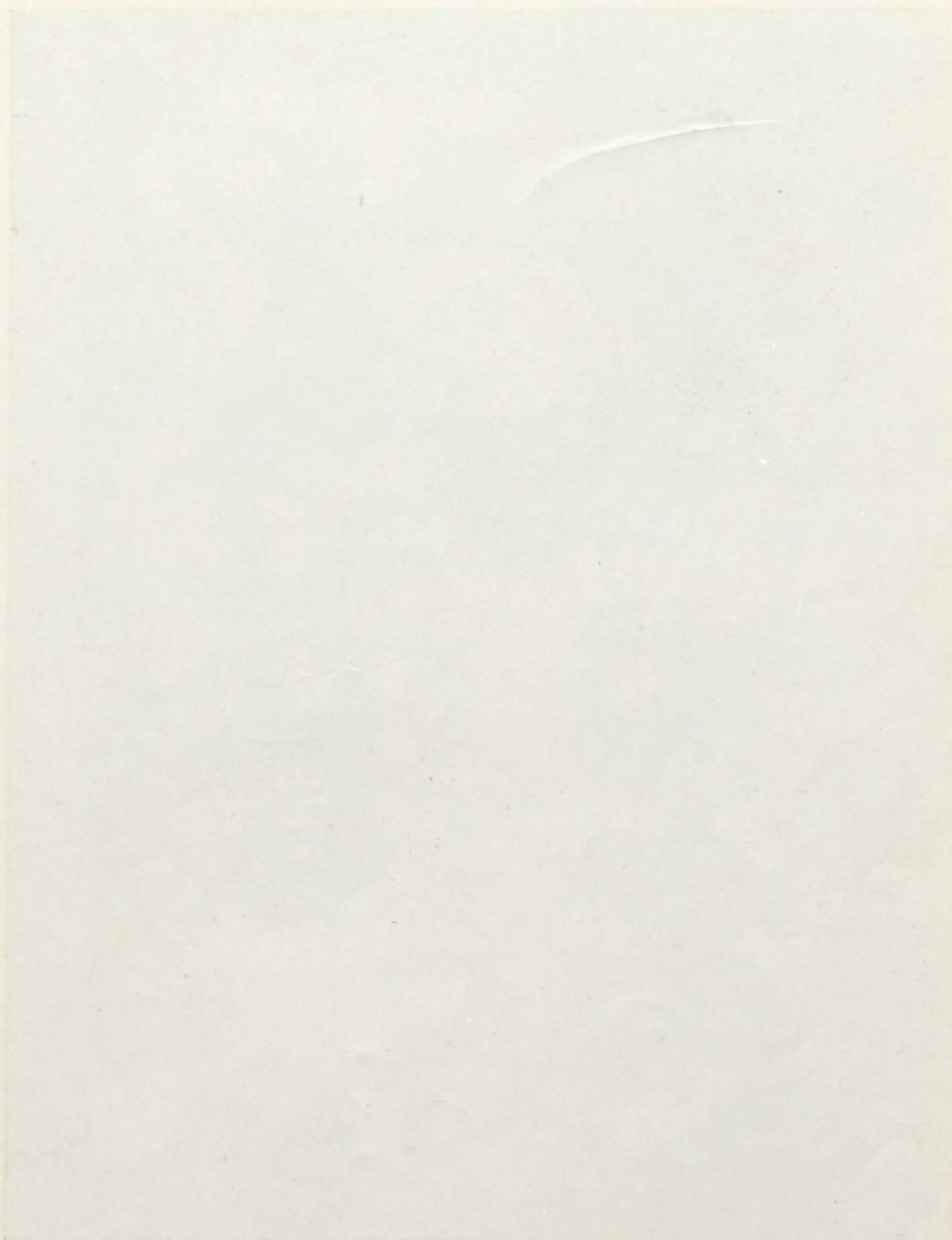
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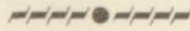


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1898.



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HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL.



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NEWARK, N. J.



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Live well.”

Milton.

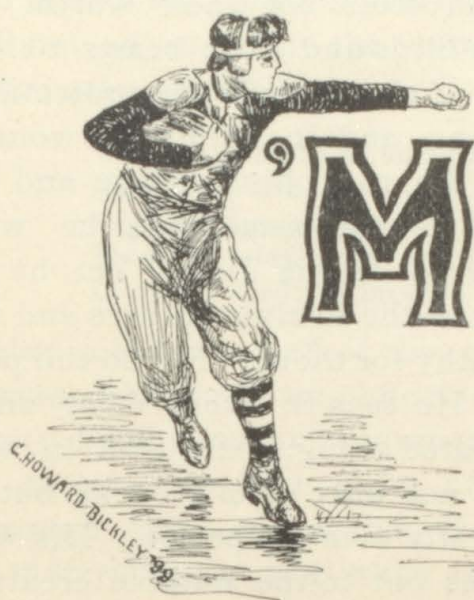


HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J. 1898.

ON THE GRIDIRON.

A. AUDREY URICK, '98.



THE MIDST ringing shout the ovoid cut the air,
The tackles rushed and mowed the opposers down,
The left end, with fleet foot and floating hair,
Caught it, clawed it, hugged its surface brown,
Then darted for the goal with fixed frown,
Dodged by the heaving tackle from the right;
Passed five-yard line and touched that pigskin down.
The grand stand seethed and swayed in mad delight,
That lion left-end wore our High School blue and white.

TO FIND THE WONDERFUL IN THE COMMONPLACE IS THE TEST OF GENIUS.

W. D. DIXON, '98.

ANCIENT classical literature dealt almost solely with the deeds of the gods, kings and the national heroes. The sympathy of the poet and historian did not go out to the common people. The admiration of the poetic and imaginative Greek was aroused by the glory and glitter of the great in action, and the noble in battle. The literary appreciation of the practical and warlike Romans, loving conflict and turmoil, was quickened by the grandeur of the mighty achievements of soldier and statesman.

Modern literature shows how wide-

spread our sympathies have become. We no longer find our greatest pleasure in accounts of bloody strife and in heroic deeds, but in the writings which carry us into contact with fellowmen and humble objects. We venerate our heroes: Washington, Lincoln and others; indeed, we honor them more than did the Greeks honor Agamemnon and Achilles, but with this admiration and love, we find room for an unbounding love and sympathy for our lowly brethren and for God's humbler creations.

Homer's Iliad recounts the actions of the Greek gods and heroes, and in read-

ing it we admire, enjoy, then forget much of it. George Eliot's "Silas Marner," reveals to us the character of a poor out-cast weaver. The subject is humble and the incidents in his life, which finally reform it, are not marvelous, but so strongly is our sympathy aroused in behalf of the poor weaver, that we remember the story and feel its influence for a good many years after we have laid the book aside. Thus modern literature shows a deepening of sympathy from the shallow sympathy of the ancient, to the profound depths of the present time, when men go to the ant and the flowers of the field for instruction. Ancient literature was a rapid, whirling river, dashing itself into beautiful masses and jets of foam upon the obstructions in its course, and leaping forward in its greatest effort, cast itself over the cliff in a magnificent waterfall, thunderous and grand, then, wreathed itself into fantastic figures of spray, through which splendid rainbows, formed by the sun of popular approval, bowed themselves as the final glory of the stream, which, flowing on, mingled and was lost in the noble sea of modern literature, over which the rich sympathy and love of one heart is conveyed to another; a commerce valuable indeed.

As the ancient writer differs from the modern, so does a man of poetic genius differ from an ordinary man in the depth of sympathy of which he is capable. The ordinary man is unconscious of much of the beauty of this world, and does not feel the greatest truths or heed the warnings and examples of Nature until the poet has discovered them to him. Truer words were never written than these by Lowell:

"Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie:
Daily with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not;
Over our manhood bend the skies,

Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophesies;
With our faint heart the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our ages' drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea."

But the ordinary man heeds not these things. He crushes Nature's fairest flowers beneath his heel, heeds not their lesson and feels not their worth. He sees daily birds and little beasts, exhibiting traits of character in the protection of their young, and in helping a wounded comrade, where, if his courage and love were put to the same test, he would miserably fail in his duty. Yet he sees no lesson in the lowly creatures and feels no sympathy for them. Not so the poetic genius. He sees in every daisy and in every created thing, some trait in which they are not only man's equal, but oft-times greatly man's superior. His whole heart goes out to the humble creatures, and so in sympathy with them is he that he is perfectly happy in their company, and inconsolable if parted from them. It is this love of Nature that has given modern poetry its close connection with lowly objects, and it is in this phase of poetry that we find our greatest poets at work, imparting to us and engendering in us this exquisite sympathy for God's smaller works.

Robert Burns, the famous Scotch poet, is best known to us by his poems on the "Mouse", and the "Mountain Daisy." While plowing the fields, he tears open the nest of a mouse and uproots the daisy. His sympathy is immediately aroused for the mouse, for the poet, too, has seen cherished hopes dispelled and well laid plans defeated; and by the likeness of the lot of the mouse to that of man, the bond of sympathy is established. Further than that, he says that the life of a mouse is happier than that of man, inasmuch as

the mouse lives in the present, while man is sorrowed by the past and fears the future. Burns recognized the bravery of the daisy in blooming alone upon the stony field, and in its unexpected downfall he sees the counterpart of the ruin and fall of men and women who least expect it. The daisy and the man are alike in their fate, although one is lowly and the other, "lord of creation."

Emerson saw in the humble-bee a lesson man should learn:

"Yellow breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Man seeks the chaff of this world. He pursues with unceasing effort, wealth and empty display for the attainment of which he spends the best years of his life. Through youth and manhood he strives for material gain, and when the frost of old age turns his hair and stops his hand, he looks back over a joyless life and realizes how empty a joy is wealth. Had he been content with a moderate income and spent part of his time in company with the pure wonders of nature, when his hair whitened and he could work no more, then he could wander among the flowers, in the woods, watch the

happy birds, and feel stealing into his heart a measureless content and joy. The nearer to Nature's great heart we approach, the more is our heart warmed with the perfect joy and peace which Nature's children possess.

Ordinary men do not feel these deep truths. When they are threatened with destruction, men, who have never prayed, turn their eyes to heaven in an appeal for help. But in the calmness of the fields it is the poet who sits among the flowers and sees in them enough to cause him to reverence his Maker. The poet sees not only God's work but God himself in the flowers.

In this respect it is that the poet differs from the ordinary man. It is in the wonderful depth of his feeling that the poet finds his joy, his very existence. In communion with the pure wonders of nature, he is far happier than the business man whose whole life is interwoven with the sordid strands of selfishness, narrowness and unrest. Thus we see that the poet is by far the warmer hearted, more sympathetic, and the nearer to God, because he sees in the commonplace, the marvelous. Therefore, we may recognize a poetic genius by the depth of his sympathies; by his power of discovering the great in the lowly.

OCEAN SILENCE.

SARA H. STARBIRD, '98.



UTTER silence rules the waters,
Waveless, lies the deep at rest,
Weary-hearted waits the seaman,
Round him shines the sea's smooth
breast.

Not a breath from any quarter!
Awful silence, deathlike sleep!
In the vast unmeasured wideness
Not a ripple stirs the deep.

Translated from Goethe's "Meeres Stille."

THE LEGEND OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

ISABELLE WARRENDER, '98.



ON THE shore of a great water,
Many moons ago, an old man
Lived alone, close by the margin.
Cold, from snowplains, blew the
north-wind,
Chasing birds from trees and bushes,
Freezing all the lakes and rivers,
Whit'ning all the plains and moun-
tains,
Howling, moaning, through the
forest.

Shawondasee, then, the South-wind,
Came and threw the lodge-door open.
Silently a maiden entered,
Tall and fair as meadow lily;
Large and brown her eyes—like fawn's eyes;
And her cheeks were like the wild-rose.
As she walked she stepped as lightly
As an eagle's feather wafted
O'er the plain by Shawondasee.
On her head a wreath of wild flowers;—
Grasses sweet and ferns her clothing.
Willow-buds her fingers covered,
Moccasins like sweet white lilies
On her feet; and when she breathed,
Warmer grew the air about her.
Soon the old man felt her warm breath,
Greeted her, and spake on this wise:

"Tell me, stranger, whence thou comest,
Who thou art and what thy mission."
Then before the maid could answer,
Spake again the old man, saying:

"I am Peboan, the Mighty.
When I breathe upon the river,
All the waters stand and harden."
Smiling then, the maiden answered:

"When I breathe, in all the valleys,
Over every plain, the flowers grow."

Then the old man shook his white locks:

"When I walk about the forest,
Fall the leaves from all the branches,
Flee the squirrels and the rabbits,
While the robin and the swallow
Hasten south with Shawondasee."
Smiled the maid again and answered:

"When I walk about the forest,
Green leaves cover all the branches;
Birds come back, and all who see me
Sing for joy, Segwun to welcome.
For Segwun am I, the Springtime."

In the lodge the air grew warmer,
Till at last the old man's head drooped,
And he lay in lulling slumber.
Through the crevices the sunbeamed
Crying, "Say-ee, I am thirsty!"
And the river, joyous answered:

"I am free now, come and drink me."
Peboan, the Mighty, was not.—
Where he had been were green leaflets
On a mound of cold, moist leaf-mold.
Then the maiden, laughing softly
Took white blossoms from her bosom,
Precious blossoms, small and tender.
Kneeling then, beside the green mound,
Hid she all the dainty flowrets
'Neath the glossy, green leaves, saying:

"I bestow on thee, dear children,
My own virtues, my own sweetness.
All who pick thee, tender blossoms,
Must do so, thus bending to thee."

Lightly then arose the maiden;
Swiftly passed o'er wood and meadow,
And in dim paths of the forest,
By the brook side, on the hill slope,
Where her foot fell and there only,
Shone the stars of those sweet blossoms
Planted on the grave of Winter.

We are still looking for the boy who
has lately sprung the following: "What
kind of a noise annoys an oyster?" A
noisy noise annoys an oyster.—*Ex.*

If no one seems to appreciate your
ability, just appreciate his loud enough
for him to know it, and mark the
change.—*Ex.*

TED EDWARDS' THANKSGIVING DAY.

W. HOLMES, SENIOR '98.

AS Ted Edwards left his Thanksgiving dinner, he exclaimed sarcastically:

"Pshaw! I've done a lot of thanksgiving so far to-day." He had been playing foot ball all the morning, and never a thought had he given to Thanksgiving till now. He went to his room asking himself what he ought to do about it. He had arrived at no conclusion, when he heard a step in the hall, and a loud knock on the door.

"Come in," he called.

"Halloo, Ted," and in burst a friend in a bicycle costume. Finding Ted in a very meditative attitude, Frank slapped him on the back and asked, "What you going to do this afternoon?"

"Don't know yet," Ted answered, jumping up.

"Then let's take a spin. What do you say?"

"Good idea, old man. I'll be ready in a moment." He was not long in donning his "bike suit," and they were soon out on the road. They enjoyed a lively ride, and at three decided to go to a foot ball game between their school team and a neighboring club team. Ted had not played with the school team this year, for he was on the "outs" with the captain. Nevertheless he was usually present at the games, and he knew all the tricks and signals.

They arrived at the field in time to see the ball go skimming through the air at the "kick off." The two teams were evenly matched in weight and ability, and the game proved to be a stubborn contest. Leaving Frank absorbed in the

game, Ted strolled toward the grand stand. "Ah!" he said to himself, as he directed his steps to the second row.

"Halloo, Ethel; and are you here too Mabel? Well, well. Our team is playing a great game, isn't it?"

"Yes; and did you see that horrid thing hit Eddie? I think he is an awful brute," and Ethel pointed out a fellow who had evidently tackled fiercely.

"Say, Ted," Mabel broke in, "what are those sticks down there for?" and she majestically waved her "crimson and gray" in the direction of the goal posts. Ted managed to preserve his equilibrium by grabbing desperately at a board, then strove hard to explain the use of those "sticks."

"Oh! look at that," Ethel interrupted; "some one is hurt." A minute later the captain of the school team came rapidly in Ted's direction, and motioned to him.

"Look here, Edwards," he said, I want you to put this 'sub's' clothes on quick. Our tackle has been laid out, and none of our 'subs' can take his place."

"What the dickens are you talking about? I can't play now. I'm too tired any way."

"Edwards, its for the school, not me; and its your duty to do your best by the school." Ted was humbled instantly.

"Of course, I'll do what I can for the team, but—"

"Never mind any 'buts.' There will be a five minutes intermission, for the doctor will not take Ed. from the field yet. Hurry, please."

"He wants me to play, girls, shall I?" he asked, turning to his friends; but

without waiting for an answer, he said, "I'll be around to-night, Ethel," and left them.

"All right," Ethel called back, as he hastened with the "sub" for the locker room. They had exchanged clothes in a few minutes, and Ted arrived on the field just as Ed. "came to," and was carried out of the way.

"You know the signals?" the captain asked.

"Yes."

"Line up," the captain called, and rattled off the signals. "Full" went through "guard," but as no game was made the ball changed hands on "downs." The other side gained but little in three "downs," so they passed, and "full" received for a "punt." But Ted was too quick for him. He brushed past his opponent, leaped into the air, blocked the kick, and fell on the ball. A shout went up from the "rooters" of the school; but a terrific yell was raised as Ted jumped on his feet and was off. The two opposing "halves" were at his heels, but with a smile of derision on his face he flew over the goal line. When a superb "goal" had been kicked, the captain threw his arms around Ted, and all differences between them were forgotten.

The "second half" passed slowly away

with no gains, excepting by "punts," which were exchanged freely throughout that "half" by both teams. When all was over, Ted and his captain were carried from the field on the shoulders of the happy team. But Ted was modest, and declared it was simply by good luck that he had made the only score.

After dressing, he mounted his "bike," and with Frank rode exultantly homeward, while the victorious team drove noisily about town in a tally-ho. Ted was indeed ready for his supper, and was in fine spirits before he had finished. As he went to his room he thought, "What shall I do? Shall I stay at home and rest? Not much." He dressed for the evening, and walked briskly to Ethel's. As he rang the bell, the door opened and Ethel rushed to greet him.

"Oh! Ted," she commenced, and then Ted forgot his lameness and soreness.

The next morning Ted celebrated his Thanksgiving Day. "It is better one day late than not at all," he thought, "and now I have something to be thankful for. Let's see, I now have a permanent position as 'tackle' on the school team; Captain Fred. has become my friend once more, and I won the—the—the favor of Ethel."

A SONG TO NATURE.

IDA ELSIE MUNN, '98.

O! NATURE'S Priestess from thy holy urn
Refresh me now.
Thou dost not dream, what drouth and fever burn
The wanderer's brow.
O! rest me at thy temple's threshold cast,
In quiet shade,

While thou the hand of sweet oblivion hast
Upon me laid.

O! may I in thine altar's sacred light
My soul restore
And in the fragrance of thy flowers bright
Rest ever more.

Translated from "An Die Nature," by Frieda Schauz.

VERGIL'S ÆNEID, BOOK III, L. 506-524.

L. LOUISE ROWE, '98.

WE sail along the azure sea,
 Hard by Cerannia's woody glades,
 The shortest path to Italy
 Upon the wave. The daylight fades,
 And Shadows darken on the height,
 Veiling the Hills with dusky night,
 Then on the longed-for earth we leap;
 And while the watch by turns we keep,—
 At each one's side the ready oar—
 Outstretched we lie upon the shore;
 Our tired limbs refreshed in sleep.
 Scarce had night climbed half heaven's steep
 Ere Palinurus left his bed,
 Observed the winds that onward sped,

E'en the light breezes as they fly;
 Then marks the stars, swift gliding by:—
 Acturus bright, the Hyades,
 The Bears, Orion girt with sword,
 When in the sky all calm he sees,
 Then shrill his trumpet blast is heard.
 Aroused from sleep, the camp we break,
 We launch the ships and onward take
 Our way, with sails outspread for flight,
 Lo! Now Aurora waxing bright
 Chasing the fading stars of heaven
 Reveals to all the wished for haven,
 "Italy!" rings Anchises' shout,
 "Ho! Italy!" his men cry out.

HOW HANS FOUND THE CHRISTCHILD.

EVA C. DENNIS, '99.



FIFTY years ago, in a small village in Saxony, lived a poor widow. She had one little son, a rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired boy. He was only seven years old, and in his wooden shoes and blue blouse, looked just like any little German peasant-boy of to-day. But Hans had a great ambition locked up in his little heart; to become some day a great wood-carver. He had already carved the very image of

his mother's head, with cap, spectacles, and all. But he had scarcely any tools to work with; nothing, in fact, but an old knife that had belonged to his

father. It was just a few days before Christmas; but this year there was no one to go to the woods to hew a Christmas tree, as the good father had done for so many years. The widow had a very hard time to make ends meet. She had been compelled to leave their little house in the village, and move to a cottage on the edge of the wood. She told Hans she feared St. Nicholas might not find them this year. "Why," said Hans, "the Christchild would not let St. Nicholas forget how much you need a new shawl, and I my box of tools."

There was to be a great merry-making at the castle this Christmastide. The Count's youngest daughter was to be married, and all the children and grandchildren were coming back for the festivities. Poor Hans' mouth watered at the thought of huge pasties, roast

swans, and the Christmas cakes. The day before Christmas the good mother set out for the village market with her "tragkorb" of sage and parsley strapped on her back. Trade would be brisk to-day, and she hoped that Hans might have his box of tools after all. But Hans stood at the window ready to cry. It was too hard to give up his Christmas tree. If he were only older! But why could he not get one now? He could lift the axe; he was sure he could cut down a very small Christmas tree; it could all be done before the mother came home. Pulling down his cap and mittens from the peg, and picking up the axe, he ran out into the snow. There were no small trees on the edge of the woods, but Hans was sure he saw one just ahead. He went deeper and deeper among the trees. At last, quite unsuccessful, he came out upon the high-road on the farther side of the woods. It was growing dusk. Hans looked up the road. Something was lying not far away, in the snow. Running to it, Hans saw at his feet a beautiful child. It was wrapped all in white.

"'Tis the Christchild I have found," shouted Hans, and, taking the little one in his arms, plodded back through the snow. With every step little Hans thought the child grew heavier. It was an hour before he reached the cottage. Hans stumbled into the room.

"Oh mother, I have found the Christchild! It was coming to show St. Nicholas the way." But no mother answered. Where could she be? Hans sat down

before the fire with the little one in his lap. As he loosened its cloak and hood, it put up one little hand, and, smiling, touched his face. It seemed to Hans that there had never before been anything so lovely in that bare room. He would be glad when mother came home; for he was both hungry and sleepy. He pillowed his head on the Christchild's soft robes, and closing his eyes, fell fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock the mother returned. As she entered the cottage she started back in great surprise. For there asleep in the fire light lay her little son, and beside him the Count's grandchild—the child that the whole village had been searching for all the afternoon! It had fallen from the sleigh and had not been missed by its sleepy nurse until the arrival at the castle. The Count had offered a great reward—five thousand marks, to any one who would find the child alive.

When Hans awoke the next morning, his eyes rested on a dazzling Christmas tree, and underneath it stood his long wished for box of tools.

"Where is the Christchild?" asked Hans.

"It has flown away, my boy," said his mother gently, "but see what it has left behind—five thousand marks for Hans."

Both Hans and his mother now live in Berlin. He is no longer a wood-carver, but a famous sculptor. Whenever he is asked the secret of his success, he answers, "It was all given me by the dear Christchild."

AS he stood in admiration,
Looking down along his side,
With his watch just half way open,
He betrayed a look of pride.

From the stealthy way he hid it,
And the bright'ning of his face,
I'm certain that there must have been
A woman in the case.—*Ex.*

SHAKESPERE AND SOUTHAMPTON.

FREDERICK SMITH, '98.

THE drama was the key with which Shakespeare unlocked, for the world's use, his mind; a repository of rich intellectual treasures. The sonnet was the key with which he unlocked his heart; a heart noble, manly, and true, and not as some critics would have us believe, filled with corruption and vice. The drama is objective, and in it the dramatist establishes a hero, with moral and physical environments, under which he works out for himself a career. The narrative of the drama completely conceals the inner nature or character of the dramatist, and we are compelled to search elsewhere for the poet's real self.

The sonnet is the most subjective of all lyrical poems; it is the expression of the poet's inner life; it is a sparkling stream of thought and emotion, gushing from the depths of his heart. The sonnets of Shakespeare are to us especially interesting, for these "sugared sonnets" are Shakespeare's only work of an autobiographical nature, and are the only record which we have from his own pen, concerning his life or friends. It is, therefore, to these enchanting lyric poems, one hundred and fifty five in number, that we are indebted for those beautiful delineations of loving friendship, which exist between man and man; which existed between Shakespeare and some friend.

"Yet do thy worst, old Time, despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young."

But even this medium through which we attempt to discover the heart and mind of our poet is obscured and dull, and in it we see Shakespeare "as through a

glass darkly." May we hope ever to see him "face to face"? The sonnets have ever been enveloped in mystery, darkness and obscurity, as by a veil, and all attempts to tear away this covering, and to discover the hidden secret have yet been fruitless. Is Shakespeare addressing a real person or a creature of his imagination? Was this person a man or woman, a relative or a friend? The theory that Shakespeare had a near and dear friend, adjudged to be Henry Wristhesly, to whom he addressed the sonnets, is perhaps as plausible as any which has yet been offered. Do the relations which existed between Wristhesly and Shakespeare justify this theory? Is there harmony between the thought and feeling of the sonnets, and the circumstances of their relations with each other?

Henry Wristhesly, Earl of Southampton, was born in 1573, nine years after our poet, and they met when they were both comparatively young. Immediately there sprang up between them an intimacy which developed into love "passing the love of women." In 1592, according to the theory of Mr. Gerald Massey, Shakespeare began to address pieces in sonnet form to "his love." These are warm from Shakespeare's heart, and all tend to illustrate the nearness of the poet and the one to whom they are addressed. In the twenty-fifth sonnet, Shakespeare congratulates himself upon having met such a friend:

"Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor, and proud titles, boast
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in what I honor mect."

In 1593, Venus and Adonis was dedi-

cated to Southampton, and in the following year, Lucrece. In the latter poem, the words of strong devotion greatly resemble those of the twenty-sixth sonnet:

"Then may I dare to boast how I love thee,
Till then not show my head where thou may'st
prove me."

This was the affection which existed between Shakespere and his friend.

Now, it is not a mere coincidence, that in the Merchant of Venice, written at nearly the same period, 1796, this same feeling of brotherly love is most evident. In this drama the same notion is objectively treated, that receives subjective treatment in the sonnets. The tenderness and devotion that bound together the poet and the earl, characterize the relations between Antonio and Bassanio, in the Merchant of Venice.

Bassanio is in love with Portia, and that he may go and woo her, would borrow from his worthy friend Antonio, a large sum of money. All of Antonio's fortunes are at sea, so he gives Bassanio permission to go upon the Rialto, to try his credit. Bassanio meets Shylock, a rich Jew, Antonio's greatest enemy, and requests from him a loan. When this mistake is discovered by Antonio, to supply the wants of his friend, he seals the "merry-bond" with the Jew. In this bond it is stipulated that if Antonio does not pay the sum in three months, a pound of flesh should be cut from that part of his body nearest his heart. Antonio's ships are lost, and the bond is to be exacted, but for the love of Bassanio he

remains steadfast and true, and when the knife is ready and his bosom is laid bare, he says:

"Give me your hand Bassanio, fare you well,
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you
For herein, Fortune hath shown herself more kind
Than is her custom."

What self sacrifice and brotherly love is here displayed, and how we are thrilled as he says in his last words:

"Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt."

Bassanio in his reply says:

"But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not esteemed above thy life."

At this point Portia, as the learned doctor of law from Padua, snatches Antonio from the jaws of death, and restores him to Bassanio.

In as much as the relations between Shakespere and Southampton were affectionate, and this relation existing between Shakespere and some friend is so explicit in the sonnets, and so plainly mirrored in the characters of Antonio and Bassanio, it seems to us plausible, that the one relation suggested the other, that Shakespere is addressing Southampton in the sonnets. The unity of character and oneness of feeling are so perfect in Shakespere, that they not only color the persons of the same play, but tinge all thoughts and works of the same period. The thought and feeling are expressed subjectively in the sonnets, and objectively in the drama.

A college paper quotes the following:
"One college student is a gentlemen, two are a crowd and three a mob." This might apply to High School pupils, too.—*Ex.*

It is a great thing to be wise; but to be wise enough to know that there are others wiser than yourself is a great deal greater.—*Ex.*

A TRIP TO THE CRUISER BROOKLYN.

WILFRED S. FILE, '99.

A FEW days after the great Water Carnival at Newport, my friend, Frank, and I were strolling along the main street of the quaint little village of Jamestown. It was a delightful day. The soft winds fanned our cheeks, and blew the peaceful waters in little waves which fairly danced for glee in the warm sunshine. Across the water we could see Newport; to the right of us stood old Fort Dumpling; but most impressive of all were the stately white ships of the North Atlantic Squadron. As we stood upon the beach and beheld these majestic ships there was aroused in our minds a desire to visit one of them. The very firstlings of our mind became the firstlings of our hands, to be somewhat Shakesperian; so we soon found ourselves in our skiff, the "Wave," headed for the nearest vessel, the Brooklyn.

We were not allowed to fasten our boat to the vessel, but we had forseen that difficulty and had secured the services of a boatman to take care of the "Wave" while we made our visit. Upon the main deck, we were greatly impressed by the neatness and cleanliness of every thing around us. The floors were polished and scrubbed, the iron and steel work shone like silver, and the brass parts glittered like gold. In the bow, we saw nearly a hundred sailors lying under a huge canvas awning. They were of all countries and colors, it seemed to me, all big, strong, healthy-looking fellows.

We then examined with great interest some of the huge, cumbersome guns, and after climbing to the quarter-deck, saw two great search-lights. We were told, that

with the aid of these lights, two vessels could, at a distance of fifty miles, signal each other.

After coming down from the quarter-deck, Frank went to the foremast and looked in, for the steel doors happened to be unfastened. The masts of this Man-of-War were a revelation to us. They are made of immense steel tubing. Inside of these are built stairs which provides means of safe communication between the different decks. These decks encircle the masts and contain Gatling guns. With an exclamation of surprise Frank immediately turned toward me. "Awfully close," he answered to my surprised inquiry, "Go see for yourself." I went, peeked in and had to acknowledge that it was very close. Why? It was quite a simple matter; a young middie, fresh from Annapolis, had a silly society girl in a closer embrace than wisdom would permit in the open; and they seemed actually to enjoy it.

"Well, never mind, there's a storm coming," I remarked to Frank, as I saw one of the superior officers making toward that same mast. We didn't wait to see it break, but went below.

Here as on the deck, every thing was neat and clean. We saw the Admiral's quarters and some torpedo tubes. Then we went down, down, down, to the engine room. I have seldom seen anything so impressive as were those stupendous pieces of machinery. The engineer explained them to us and showed us all over them. From this most interesting room we walked through a dark passage, climbed an iron ladder a short way, then crawled

through a small hole large enough to admit a man's body and found ourselves in the the forward turret. There darkness held sway, and all was silence. We spoke hardly a word so novel and impressive was our experience. Through some sight holes we could see Fort Dumpling, the blue sky and the dark green water, the sunshine, and numerous pleasure crafts, but in there all was still and gloomy. The guns, I remember, were immense things, and worked on pivots. We were very glad when we got out.

We reached the deck just in time to see

the Captain arrive. The sailors were drawn up in two long lines. The officers saluted as the Captain made his appearance, and when he went below deck, the bugle sounded, the ranks broke, and the ceremony was over.

After we had watched a race between some half-raters a while, we were startled to hear three bells sound the hour of half past five. We had no idea that it was so late; so we signaled to the "Wave," and were soon dancing over the water to Newport, well pleased with our visit to the "Brooklyn."

THE EBBING OF TWO TIDES.

A SCENE FROM "EVANGELINE."

ALICE BROWN, '00.

AS THE twilight deepens, and one by one the innumerable stars appear in their setting of blue, the waves of the mighty Atlantic hurry, tumbling and tossing, over the sandy beach to their nightly rest in the bed of the ocean. As they recede from the shore near the outskirts of the little village of Grand-Pré, their low murmur seems full of sorrow and compassion; while now and then a fitful roar, like a wail of anguish, is heard.

But over the still night comes another cry; a human cry full of despair. For into the deep blue of the peaceful sky a shaft of light is sent, and soon the whole horizon becomes a glare of vivid flame. Over the firelit shore is spread a scene of fearful tragedy. Down by the water's edge, piled in pitiful confusion, are various household utensils, with here and there a child's toy. Farther up the beach are several wagons loaded with furniture, a weary, jaded horse harnessed to each. But saddest of all is the handful of humanity left homeless at midnight on

the desolate shore. There they stand huddled together, witnesses of an awful deed, left to view the destruction of their once happy homes. Seated in a large arm chair at the top of a slight eminence, his gaze fixed on the weird landscape, is the hale old farmer of Grand-Pré. He sits as though paralyzed, and his face, formerly so ruddy and cheerful, now resembles the whitest marble. By his side is the aged priest, his face filled with sorrow at the distress of his people; while a few feet away his daughter, Evangeline stands, shielding her eyes from the glare as she looks her last on the old home, fast crumbling to ashes. There is a pathetic droop in her youthful figure, but out of her dark eyes shines a peace brought only by trials and afflictions. She turns to her father with words of comfort, but a cry wild and desolate suddenly rends the air. Down at her feet lies her father, the good old farmer, the last of his troubles forgotten. Another tide passed out, never to return!



HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1898.

EDITORS.

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| CARL HANSON, '98. | G. HOWARD BICKLEY, '99. |
| HERMAN KOENIG, '98. | CHARLES R. FAIRCHILD, '99. |
| FLORENCE I. HOPPER, '98. | LOUISE E. BIELER, '99. |
| JEANNETTE J. MUNDY, '98. | EDNA M. FURMAN, '99. |
| HELEN THOMAS, '98. | JULIA WOLF, '99. |

FOR forty-one years *there hath been* a High School Annual and "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done." As editors of the forty-second annual, we do not feel that we can complete the above quotation by saying "there is no new thing under the sun," for are we not placing before our patrons a *new* annual, with *new* poems and *new* essays? We, to whom this editorial work is new, ask our readers to be gentle in criticism, and bountiful in sympathy with our hopes and fears, our endeavors and failures.

THIS is the first time for several years, *mirabile dictu!* that no new busts have been presented to our school.

From Miss Coult's room our beloved Milton inspires us to write Spencerian

stanzas and sonnets with true poetic feeling; Schiller, in Miss Buettner's room, fills the hearts of the girls with terror when they cannot render "We wagt es rittersman oder knapp" perfectly; while Virgil from his lofty position in Miss Leyden's room frowns down upon us when we fail to translate "Arma virumque cano." These busts are the gifts of the girls of other years, but we hope before the year is out, to purchase a bust or some other memorial to leave behind us.

WHEN '87 called up '98 on the Long Distance Telephone, the following conversation was heard.

'87—"Halloo! Halloo Central! Give me '98."

'87—"Halloo! Is this '98."

'98—"Yes; who are you."

'87—"I'm 87 and I want to know if anything has been done about that New High School that I have heard so much talk about."

'98—"Glad to meet you. Yes! something has been done about our New High School."

'87—"You don't mean to say so!"

'98—"Yes; the site has been selected and the cellar dug."

'87—"Well, really! Is it possible?"

'98—"Yes, and the foundation has been laid up to—

'87—"The foundation laid! Why, I can hardly believe it."

'98—"Yes, the foundation is laid and the entire first floor is built."

'87—"Time's up. Much obliged for your trouble. Good-bye."

'98—"Good-bye."

THE interest taken by the pupils in designing a suitable cover for the Annual, was indeed gratifying. Many students sought for the honor of having their design chosen. The drawings were especially fine, and a sharp competition resulted, in which Anthony Krumeich class of 1900 received the largest number of votes. Henry J. Buehler '99 received the next highest number of votes, thus winning second choice. The other contestants were: Edith Lunger '98; Esther Weber '99; Grace Baldwin '99; Mary Adams '99; Lula Herold '01; Edward Condit '98; Otto T. Sieder '99; Paul Rink '99; LeRoy Baxter '99; Paul Kemp '01.

Heretofore it has been the custom of the students to design only the cover; but this year the cuts for the Editorials, for the Athletic, and a few of the Initial letters were designed by the pupils. Those whose designs were accepted are; Sara H. Starbird '98; Grace M. Havell '99; Minnie Schrick '99; Ida Eichhorn '99;

Gertrude Stein '00; Sadie Abraham '00; R. H. Mead '01; Russell G. Backus '99 and G. Howard Bickley '99.

As usual with all High School undertakings, our first Field Day was a great success, and at last, owing to the substantial condition of the Athletic Association, our Athletics have secured a firm foothold. From now on our Field Day will be one of the most important and attractive events of the year.

By referring to the Athletics' section it will be seen that our Baseball and Football teams of '97 made a glorious record. We earnestly hope that our future teams will follow their example, and, by earnest and persistent efforts, keep the High School as it now stands, invincible.

SUPERINTENDANT GILBERT has introduced several important changes. Not only have examinations been abolished, but the systems of marking and of promotion have been changed. In accordance with the new rules of promotion, classes from the Grammar Schools will henceforth enter our ranks semi-annually. The first to be benefitted by this change entered upon their High School duties in February.

NEWS ITEMS.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

EVERY year the girls look forward with great pleasure to the season of German Opera, for it is then that Miss Buettner kindly undertakes to chaperon as many girls as wish to attend the opera. Saturday afternoon, February 19, more than

forty of Miss Buettner's scholars heard the opera "Goetterdaemmerung." The girls think this an admirable way of studying German, and through the medium of the Annual, they wish to thank Miss Buettner for her kindness in making such a treat possible for them.

JUNE of 1897, while it brought the joys and pleasures of vacation, had its drawbacks as well as other months of the year. One of its greatest pains was that of losing Miss Crane, our teacher in Mathematics. Miss Crane's absence is sincerely regretted by all the girls, who were many times encouraged by her happy, cheery face, and her sweet temper under most trying circumstances.

The cause of Miss Crane's leaving the post which she had kept faithfully for nineteen years, was her marriage to Mr. Van Wagoner, of Bloomfield. The love and hearty good wishes of all the girls are accorded to Mrs. Van Wagoner.

THIS year the High School warmly welcomes four new teachers, Miss Jackson, Miss Shepard, Miss Tucker and Miss Hewitt.

Miss Florence Jackson, of Englewood, is a graduate from the scientific course of Smith College, where she devoted herself especially to the study of chemistry. After leaving college, she taught at Baltimore, and later, in the chemical department of Smith College. Now she is teaching Mathematics in our main building.

Miss Clara A. Shepard, was graduated from the classical course of Smith College, where she made special studies of Greek and Latin. She taught in New York City and also in East Orange, before coming to our school, where she now teaches English and Latin.

Miss Clementine Tucker and Miss Margaret Hewitt are both graduates of our own High School. Miss Tucker is a graduate of the classical course of Barnard College. Before entering Barnard, she attended the Leland Stanford University in California. At present she is a teacher of Science in our girls' annex.

Miss Hewitt made a special study of Literature and History, while at Wellesley College, of which she is a graduate. She is now teaching History, Science and English in our annex.

ON Friday evening, June 11, an entertainment was given by the girls of the Junior B. Class. The chapel was filled to overflowing with the parents, friends and class-mates of those who contributed to the evening's pleasure. After a programme of music and recitations, the clever farce "The Register" was given. The parts were admirably taken and showed a keen appreciation of Howell's humor.

During the evening, several of the Senior boys gave a realistic representation of what happened to a "Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine when a big turkey gobbler came up behind."

The class wishes to thank the teachers and all others who made the evening a success.

The proceeds enabled Miss Buettner to make a large addition to the German library and also to purchase, while she was in Europe last summer, about eighty fine unmounted photographs. Both the books and the photographs have been of inestimable value to the scholars pursuing the study of German.

THE first basket-ball team in the Girls' department of the High School, has been formed by the girls of the Second Year Class, college preparatory course.

At the first meeting, on February 10, the team was formally organized, and a Captain and Manager appointed. To raise money for the ball and baskets, a candy sale was held on Monday, February 21.

The young ladies are working steadily, and intend to begin playing in a few weeks. They will play none of the teams from other schools until next year. By that time they hope to excel the Boys' Basket-ball team, which, it is reported, does more talking than playing.

SINCE our last Annual was issued, we have purchased only one new picture. The Junior A Girls, before entering on their Senior career, left behind them a photograph of the famous "Burnham Beeches," of England. This picture has been very highly praised and admired by all who have seen it. The education value of a fine work of art like this is apparent to all—"he who runs may read."

THE High School rejoices in the fact that among those of the class of '97, Miss Gertrude Andrews and Miss Gertrude Snodgrass, have entered Woman's College, Baltimore; Miss Jennie E. Clark, Oberlin; Miss Susan B. Geddes, Women's Medical College, New York; Miss Annie A. Hanson, Wellesley; Miss Antoinette J. Rehmann and Miss Ida I. Watson, Vassar. Next fall, two more young ladies of this class expect to enter college: Miss Revel Tobin is to enter Barnard, but Miss Grace L. Kent has not yet made her choice of a college.

Recently it has been announced that Miss Katherine Belcher, one of our High School graduates, is entitled to an honor at Vassar.

THE Senior A class of '98 has a clean, (or rather the cleanest) record, of which it is justly proud, for there is not another room in the whole building with such a tidy floor and such dazzlingly polished desks. Miss Leyden, our class teacher,

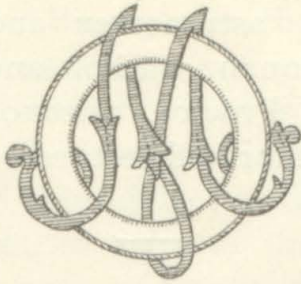
has worked the girls up to such energy, that every morning and noon, several dusters go round the class, and a grand rubbing time ensues. Then the class president goes around with a scrap basket and offerings, such as papers and pencil sharpenings, are contributed. Our floor is absolutely spotless, our desks spick and span, the books on the piano are always in order, and the whole room presents an unusually inviting appearance.

THE Junior Girls have this year made a new departure, and have formed a "Choral Club." Nothing much has yet been done, but a leader has been chosen and the work has been planned. The object of the club is to bring the girls together for the study of chorus music, which they may sing before the school. The club is under the management of the girls themselves. The leader is Miss Wilson of the Junior class.

LAST year in the girls' department a new plan was tried and approved. Instead of the usual readings and recitation in the celebration of the holidays, members of the Senior class were elected by the class to give an oration, fitted to the subject of the day. The orations, six in number, are called Class Honors, and so far have been a great success. Miss Flamman, of Senior A, was awarded the honor for Thanksgiving; Miss Ahbe, of Senior B, for Lincoln's Birthday; Miss Warrender, of Senior A, for Washington's Birthday; Miss Campbell, of Senior B, and Miss Hopper, of Senior A, for Arbor day; Miss Dennis, of Senior B, for Decoration day.

LAST year, as usual, the Senior girls of '97, held their class-day, but contrary to

custom, it was held in the High School chapel. The affair was very much enjoyed by all present.



Early last fall, a meeting of the Montagu Society was called, to discuss the abolishment of initiation fees. We are glad to announce that, in spite of the fact that they were done away with, the society is as flourishing and as prosperous as ever.

ON the last Friday of March, '97, the Juniors of the Montagu Society, gave a tea to their mothers. The tables were tastefully and daintily decorated with violets and smilax. The waitresses from the Junior A class, wore lavender crêpe paper caps and aprons, while the Junior B girls wore caps and aprons of green.

Before serving the tea, the Juniors entertained their guests with piano and vocal solos, and recitations. Then followed a very enjoyable social hour among our teachers, mothers and friends.

The Juniors extend their thanks to the teachers who so kindly assisted them in preparing for the tea.

THE bitter cold weather of Friday, December 24, was forgotten by the girls and boys, little and big, within the High School building. The occasion was the Montagu Christmas tree, given each year by that society to children who otherwise would receive no Christmas gifts.

By ten o'clock the room was crowded with eager-faced children, who gazed on the brilliantly lighted Christmas tree, as if it were a thing transported from fairyland.

The gifts were distributed by dear old Santa Claus, (who bore a very strong resemblance to Miss Isabella Warrender) and his pert little wife, (alias Miss Florence Hopper.) The old couple made the children happy by bags of candy and nuts, books and warm woolen mittens. Besides these, each girl received a doll, a resplendent tin kitchen and a game, and each boy was given a humming-top or a box of blocks, a ball, and horse-reins.

It would have done your hearts good to have heard these children then sing "Jingle Bells." Several of our guests also entertained us by recitations. One six year old boy especially received great applause by reciting a German poem.

The High School girls then sang several pieces. One of our daily papers said, "The young ladies whistled the 'Merry Farmer Boy' in a manner that would have put the boys to shame had they been there to hear it."

After this the children all went away with radiant faces, and happy hearts full of real Christmas joy.

MISS MARY OLMSTEAD, a teacher in the High School for four years, died April 12, 1897, in Anjangaon Berar, India, where she had gone as a missionary.

She lost her life in her devotion to the people in the famine-stricken districts of India.

In her last letter home she wrote, surrounded by the sick and dying, "these things do not move me; as God's servant, doing his will, I am a heavenly citizen, and enjoy the pure air of the eternal

hills. I am glad to be here, and am so sure God sent me here for just this service."

A few days later, she, herself, after nursing one of the worst cholera subjects was suddenly stricken and died in a few hours.

"The Eternal Hills" where famine cometh not,
God's holy mountain where no ills afflict,
Here dwelt her spirit 'ere God called her home.
Methinks when I recall her shining face,
It's brightness came from those uplifted peaks
That glow forever with God's presence lit.
"I have gone to sleep" she, dying, said,
So gentle and so kind was Death to her,
And so her eyes were closed to all the pain
And sin and sorrow of the sin-sick earth,
And God's eternal hills unveiled she sees.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

LIEUT. ROBERT E. PEARY, U. S. N. lectured in Association Hall on Thursday, Jan. 20th, 1898, under the auspices of the Science department. This is the third time Mr. Peary has come to Newark under the direction of the High School; and, as usual, the people flocked to hear our great Arctic explorer tell of his thrilling adventures. The hall was crowded to its utmost and fully two hundred people were turned away.

Lieut. Peary is a good, easy talker, and his lecture was exceedingly interesting. He described, among other things, the physical features of Greenland, the characteristics of the Esquimaux, and also gave an account of his last trip across the Great Greenland Ice Cap. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views, which gave the audience a vivid idea of the Polar Regions. With the proceeds of the lecture, apparatus was purchased for the laboratory.

Other distinguished men who have lectured in Newark under the auspices of the High School are: Prof. Young, astronomer, of Princeton; Wm. B. Dunn,

U. S. Weather Bureau, New York; Prof. Smith, State Entomologist, New Brunswick; Canon Doyle, novelist, England; F. Marion Crawford, novelist; and Garret P. Serviss, astronomer and lecturer; George Kennan, author and traveler; Richard A. Proctor, astronomer; James Parsons, author and lecturer.

THE Junior Class held a mock trial on Jan. 5, 1898, to which the Senior Class was invited. Herbert J. Strahan, the criminal, was charged with appropriating for his own use a large bell, which performs an important duty upon the front desk. He ably and successfully defended his own case, with the assistance of his counsel Milton Van Duyne. Leonard Blumgart presided as judge, and in his borrowed Prince Albert, and with a carpenter's mallet for a gavel, he filled his dignified position to the satisfaction of all. Nathaniel Hill was the prosecuting lawyer, which position he filled in an admirable way.

The witnesses for the prosecution were Miss Helen Smith, G. Howard Bickley, and Chas. R. Fairchild; those for the defence were Miss Helen L. Price, Miss Jessie Tobin, and F. Edson Clark. Miss Tobin was convicted of perjury, which she afterward confessed in a touching and pitiful manner. Probably none of the witnesses told the exact truth, for when they were sworn in they seemed, in some mysterious way, to become aware of the fact that the clerk was holding a Dictionary instead of a Bible. But no one strayed so far from the bright and sparkling truth as Miss Tobin, consequently her heart-rending confession did not secure the mercy that such eloquence deserved. Russel G. Backus occupied the position of clerk of the court. As his father is a

school commissioner, some have supposed that he secured this rich office through political influence.

In Judge Blumgart's charge to the jury, he warned them not to be long in returning a verdict or they would miss the ice cream. It was well for the jury that they heeded this advice, as the ice cream was excellent, in spite of the fact that it was served near midnight when it was Day's ice cream.

Before the trial Geo Kuhn '98 played a violin solo in his usual excellent manner.

THE students of Geology went on a number of trips last fall, Prof. Sonn having secured permission to take classes to different localities of geological interest. Four trips were undertaken to the Mineralogical department of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. These trips were so successful that several others were undertaken. Burger's Quarry, West Paterson, was next visited. There so many rare specimens were found that three other trips were made; the last one was in the latter part of November. The Girls' class in Geology decided to go with the boys, consequently, there was such a sudden interest taken by the boys in geological research that a special car was chartered for the occasion.

THE pupils also visited the quarries at Avondale and West Orange, and also went to Hemlock Falls. Other excursions are now being planned.

SINCE the last Annual was issued there has been quite a change in our faculty. In the boys' department Dr. Kayser, the instructor of Latin and German, who has been with us for fourteen years, left us to

fill the higher position of Head of Dept. of Language, of one of the New York High Schools. We all regret the loss of so able a man and so general a favorite, because of his jovial good humor; but Prof. Mezger is a worthy successor.

As Prof. Mezger teaches German only it was necessary to have another instructor in Latin. Mr. Safford of the Adelphia Academy, is well liked by the boys, and is a good teacher.

THE Class of '99, presented to Dr. T. B. Hascall, as a Christmas present, a large picture of the Roman Forum. It is now in his class room and is greatly admired.

THE Athletic Association gave an entertainment in Association Hall, on Friday evening, December 10th, 1897. The programme consisted of musical and vocal selections rendered by Mr. C. L. Safford, pianist, and Mr. Wilfred J. Watters, baritone. The proceeds were devoted to the expenses of the Association.

DURING the first half of the year the Senior Class held many interesting debates in which several of the important topics of the day were discussed. This departure from routine work was much appreciated by the boys.

THE Scientific Department has recently been presented by the boys, with a valuable Encyclopedia. This acquisition satisfies a long felt need, and is greatly appreciated by both Prof. Sonn and all his pupils.

MR. C. L. SAFFORD, brother of Prof. Safford one of our Latin instructors, favored the Boys' Department with a visit, Feb. 21. Mr. Safford is an excellent

singer, and rendered the well known selection of Schumann, "The Two Grenadiers.". It will be remembered that he favored us on a former occasion, at the entertainment of the Athletic Association.

ON Wednesday evening, March 9th, the Senior boys entertained the seniors and juniors of both departments with a most enjoyable programme. The entertainment was given in the Chapel, that grand old room which has witnessed so many scenes of the same sort before. The musical part of the programme progressed as follows:

| | |
|------------------|----------------------------|
| Piano Duett..... | Misses Marsh and Warrender |
| Vocal Solo..... | Miss D. Koehler |
| Recitation..... | E. Condit |
| Violin Solo..... | Geo. A. Kuhn |
| Elocution..... | Miss B. Dennis |
| Piano Duett..... | Messrs Cortright and Berne |

The second part consisted of an uproariously funny farce entitled "Trapped." The characters were admirably portrayed by four of the Senior Boys.

The dramatis Personæ was as follows:

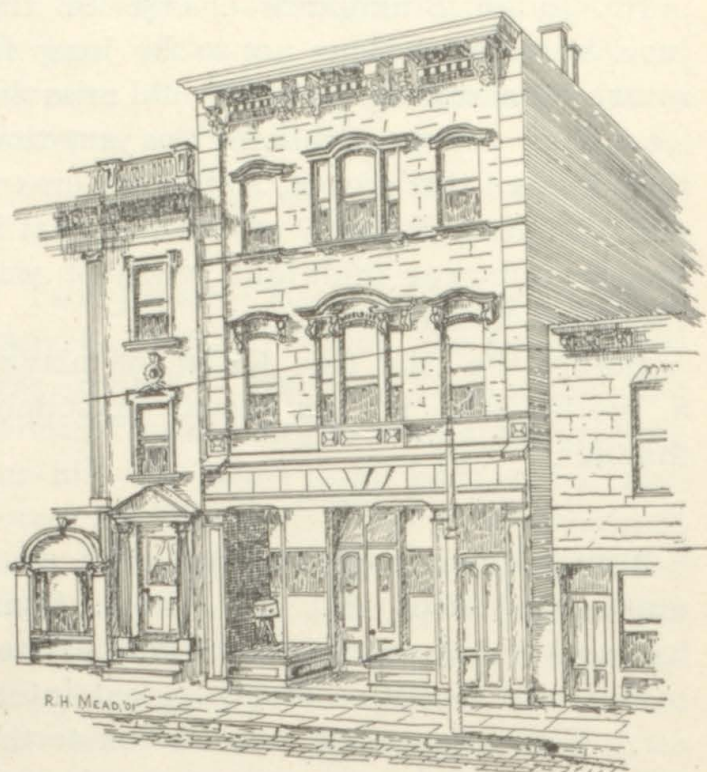
| | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Dick Roy "Twenty-one to-day," | Frederic Smith |
| Janet Roy, his sister..... | J. Franklin Titchen |
| Nellie Taylor, his sweetheart..... | Geo. Kuhn |
| Sara, The ludicrous servant..... | Gayle Young |

After the entertainment ice cream was served, with cake furnished by the Senior girls. A short social hour was indulged in and the company departed to their homes evidently much pleased with the evening's amusement.

BOYS' ANNEX ITEMS.

The above as many of us know, is a picture of our Boys' Annex. As this is the last year that we will occupy this building, for the new High School will be

completed next September, we print this drawing as a remembrance of our first High School year.



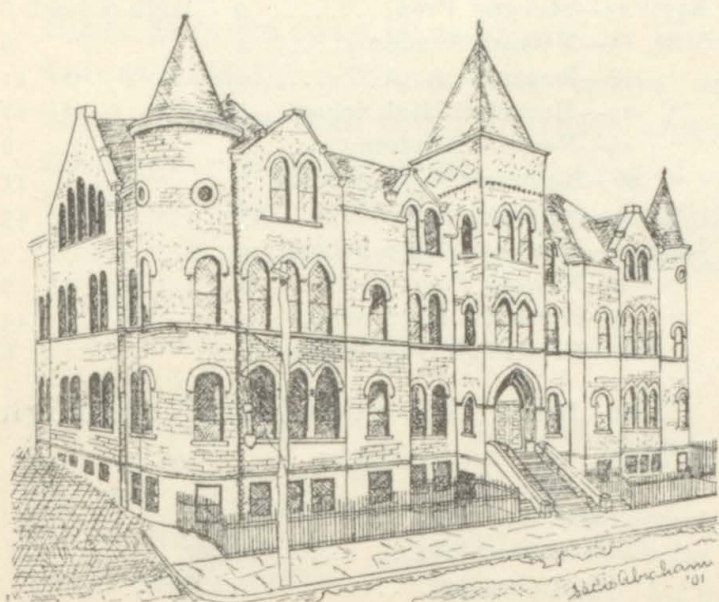
It may interest the Annex boys of last year to know that our aquarium is still here. Our janitor confined the fish to a fly diet during the vacation and they seemed to thrive on it. The frog decamped in some mysterious way. "Pop," the turtle, it is thought, was borrowed by some young naturalist who has forgotten to return it. The minnows helped support the big fish when supplies ran low; as a consequence, the minnows are fewer, and the big fish are bigger.

At the end of the first semester, sixteen pupils were demoted to the new class, and two were promoted to the second year class.

There are now nearly two hundred and fifty pupils in the Boys' Annex. In one recitation room the blackboard exercises have to be written on the wall paper. It meets its responsibility nobly.

The new class is known as division X. The name was appropriate; the number of pupils and the courses chosen were unknown until they appeared in person.

GIRLS' ANNEX NOTES.



The Technical School, on High Street, which is now used for the Girls' Annex, is a large commodious building. The rooms are well ventilated and lighted, well supplied with board room,—which was always lacking in the other Annexes,—and heated by steam. The stairs, as well as the halls, are large and wide.

Mr. Colton, the Director of the Technical School, is very kind; he does everything for the convenience and comfort of the pupils. In the Annex this year, there are a greater number of students than ever before; they number four hundred and five, all first year girls.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Polymnian, from Newark Academy.
Pratt Institute Monthly, from Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

High School Record, from Amsterdam, N. Y.

Alumni Yale Weekly.

High School Argus, from Harrisburg, Penn.

High School Voice, from Austin, Ill.

Boardman Monthly, from New Haven, Conn.

The Signal, from Trenton, N. J.

The Triangle, from N. Y. U.

High School World, from Topeka, Kansas.

The Red and White, from Battin High School, Elizabeth.

High School Quip, from Sioux Falls, Iowa.

Spice, from Norristown, H. S.

The Tahoma, from Tacoma H. S., Washington.

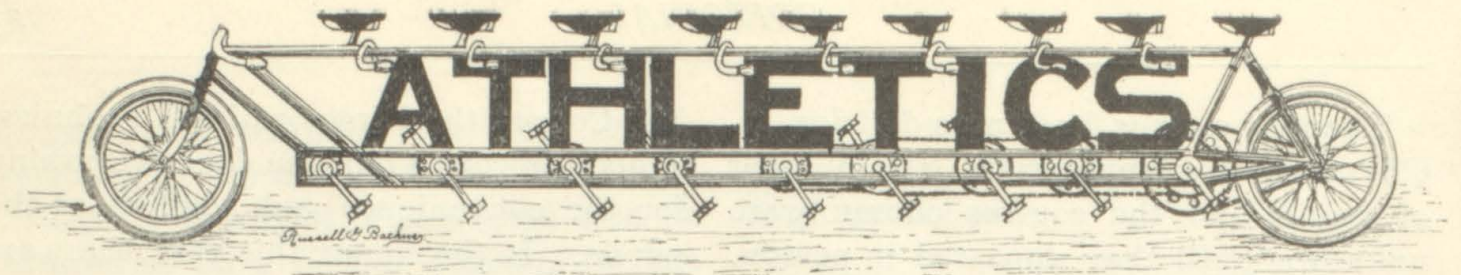
A SPENSERIAN STANZA.

JEANNETTE MUNDY, '98.

WHEN leaden cares do on my spirit rest,
Wilt thou, O music sweet, my yearnings calm.
Thou com'st with melting voice, a welcome guest
And with thy soothing sweetness, as a balm,
Doth ease my heart, and lull with angel's psalm.

Thou dost untwist the chains that tie the soul
Of harmony divine; and 'neath the palm
Midst flow'rs Elysian, Orpheus doth extol
Thy strains melodious, as they softly ebb and roll.

Suggested by music passage in "L'Allegro."



BASE-BALL.

WHEN the season opened, we had our doubts about being able to form a good base-ball nine. Only two of our old players were still in the school, and the prospects looked very dull. Then there was another difficulty, "no money." The Athletic Association had but a very small sum in the treasury, and we knew from experience that we could not raise enough by subscription. Our suits would cost at least thirty dollars, and there were numerous other expenses that would have to be met.

After thoroughly discussing the matter, we decided that the best means to obtain our ends, would be to give an entertainment in the chapel. A committee was appointed to secure talent, and they finally engaged "The Manhattan Triumvirate," who rendered a pleasing programme consisting of songs and recitations.

The entertainment was a success in every way, not only because of the pleasure it afforded those who were present, but also because of the sum it netted us: thirty dollars, to which the teachers kindly added, for which they have our earnest thanks.

All this time we were not only practicing hard, but hunting for new fields for operation. In the latter we failed, and consequently used the cricket lots and the field at Ampere. In practicing, however, we were progressing rapidly, and fast developing our team work and batting. That our work was not in vain, is shown by our record, in which we won eight out of eleven games.

The two games with the Academy were especially interesting, in that the score

was very close throughout, and in the former, ten innings had to be played.

Summary:

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|----|--------------|----|
| April 23—Stevens' Prep..... | 2 | High School, | 8 |
| May 5—Newark Academy..... | 4 | " " | 6 |
| " 8—Roseville A. A..... | 9 | " " | 21 |
| " 12—Montclair High School. | 8 | " " | 11 |
| " 19—Newark Academy..... | 4 | " " | 8 |
| " 26—Montclair Mil. Academy | 8 | " " | 11 |
| " 29—St. George's Hall..... | 13 | " " | 15 |
| June 2—Montclair High School. | 9 | " " | 7 |
| " 5—Newark Field Club.... | 11 | " " | 7 |
| " 9—Montclair High School. | 9 | " " | 14 |
| " 16—E. Orange High School | 14 | " " | 6 |

The team that represented the High School, was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| DELOYA, '97..... | Catcher. |
| TITCHEN, '98..... | Pitcher. |
| JOHNSON, '99..... | First Base. |
| HILL, (Cap.) '99..... | Second Base. |
| SCANLAN, '97..... | Third Base. |
| GILES, '99..... | Short Stop. |
| WILLIAMS, '99..... | Left Field. |
| TINCKLER, '00..... | Right Field. |
| YOUNG, '98..... | Right Field. |
| CRONK, '97..... | Center Field. |

The team wishes to acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Riker, of the class of '97, who so ably managed their affairs.

FIELD DAY.

The initial Field Day of the High School, was held at Riverside Track, Thursday, July 1, 1897, and although this was our first attempt at anything of the kind, it proved to be an immense success. The day was fine; there was a large attendance and the events were run off smoothly.

The Athletic Association offered a banner to the class scoring the most number of points. This was won by the class of '99, then in their second year.

An interesting feature of the afternoon's entertainment, was an exhibition half-mile walk by Louis Liebgold, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, who made the distance in three minutes, twenty-seven and two-fifths seconds. Good records were made in all the events, and the results of the afternoon showed that we have good athletes in the High School. Since then we have joined the New Jersey Interscholastic Athletic Association, and shall compete with them in their annual field day. Judging by the showing of our boys, we may look for some good results and some records broken by the Newark High School.

Below is a summary of the results:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 100 Yard Dash: | Shot Put (12 lbs.) |
| Won by H. Strahan, '99 | 1st—N. Hill, '99 |
| 2d—W. Leyenberger, '97 | 2d—W. Leyenberger, '97 |
| 3d—H. Schneider, '98 | 3d—P. T. Bruyere, '97 |
| Time—10 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds | Distance—31 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. |
| High Jump: | 75 Yard Hurdle: |
| 1st—P. T. Bruyere, '97 | 1st—H. Strahan, '99 |
| 2d—G. Kuhn, '98 | 2d—G. Kuhn, '98 |
| 3d—H. Schneider, '98 | 3d—H. Schneider, '98 |
| Height—5 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ in. | Time—9 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. |
| Half-Mile walk: | 220 Yard Dash: |
| 1st—D. F. Burnett, '97 | 1st—H. Strahan, '99 |
| 2d—F. E. Clark, '99 | 2d—H. Schneider, '98 |
| 3d—W. Westfall, '97 | 3d—Smith, '00 |
| Time—3 min. 56 sec. | Time—25 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. |
| Pole Vault: | 440 Yard Run: |
| 1st—R. D. Ward, '00 | 1st—H. Strahan, '99 |
| 2d—C. B. Denny, '97 | 2d—F. Garrabrant, '98 |
| 3d—G. Haussling, '97 | 3d—P. T. Bruyere, '97 |
| Height—8 ft. 1 in. | Time—58 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. |
| 1 Mile Run: | Half-Mile Run: |
| 1st—F. Cortright, '99 | 1st—F. Garrabrant, '98 |
| 2d—A. C. Hill, '97 | 2d—F. Cortright, '99 |
| 3d—F. E. Clark, '99 | 3d—A. C. Hill, '97 |
| Time—5 min. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. | Time—2 min. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. |
| Running Broad Jump. | |
| 1st—P. T. Bruyere, '97 | |
| 2d—H. Schneider, '98 | |
| 3d—J. H. Rainey, '00 | |
| Distance—18 ft. 2 in. | |

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

| | |
|----------|------------|
| '97..... | 32 points. |
| '98..... | 23 points. |
| '99..... | 37 points. |
| '00..... | 7 points. |

FOOT-BALL.

The record of the foot-ball team of the past season is one of which we should be justly proud, and one which will be difficult for future teams to excel. Never before in the history of the High School has our eleven made so excellent a record.

One great help to our team was the support given it by the school. At both of the Academy games and at all the other games near home, a large crowd attended and aided greatly by their cheers and enthusiasm. This is the sort of spirit that helps to win games and encourages athletics.

We were somewhat doubtful as to the issue of the game, when we lined up for our first time against Stevens' Prep., but we soon regained our confidence, and by that victory we were greatly encouraged.

Then we defeated the Adelphi 36 to 0. After this came the game with the Pingry School. We felt this to be a very important occasion as it was the first time the High School had met them. We won the day by a score of 6 to 0. The confidence we placed in ourselves after this victory, was, in a measure, the cause of our defeat by Montclair High School, the *only* defeat of the season. O! if that game could only have been played over again, or, if they had given us another. Three other games were arranged and every one they cancelled. They knew that we were the better team, acknowledged it, and refused to play again.

The first game with the Montclair Military Academy, we won with ease. In the

second, they had greatly improved and gave us a hard tussle. We ended the season by defeating, for the second time, our old rivals, the Academy.

One consideration that adds greatly to the credit of our boys, is that every game we played was on our opponents' grounds, simply because we had none of our own. All our practicing was done on an open lot at Ampere.

Our prospects for next year's team are very good. Of course we shall lose some of our best players, but there is always a number of new ones that come to the front. Besides there will be no doubt about a coach, as there always has been, because we shall have Mr. Safford, who aided us greatly this past season. We expect to be in our new building by that time, and to have our own grounds, and what is still better, a gymnasium.

The following is the line up and a summary of the games played:

HILL, '99..... Full Back.
 GARRABRANT, '99..... Right Half.
 EAGLES, (Capt.), '98.... Left Half.
 DICKERSON, '98..... Quarter Back.
 SCHNEIDER, '98..... Right End.
 SCHWINN, '01..... Left End.
 BICKLEY, '99..... Left End.
 JOHNSON, '00..... Left Tackle.
 YOUNG, '98..... Right Tackle.
 KREMENTZ, '98..... Right Tackle.
 KELLER, '00..... Center.
 POOLE, '98..... Left Guard.
 TITCHEN, '98..... Right Guard.
 O'CROWLEY, '00 .. Left Tackle.
 Hazen, '98..... Right Tackle.

| | | |
|---------------------------------|----|----------------|
| Oct. 6—Stevens' Prep..... | 0 | High School, 8 |
| " 8—Adelphi Academy of B'k'n. | 0 | " " 36 |
| " 13—Pingry School..... | 0 | " " 6 |
| " 16—Newark Academy..... | 0 | " " 12 |
| " 20—Montclair High School... | 12 | " " 0 |
| " 27—Montclair Mil. Academy.. | 0 | " " 20 |
| Nov. 6—Montclair Mil. Academy.. | 6 | " " 8 |
| " 10—E. Orange High School... | 0 | " " 6 |
| " 17—Newark Academy..... | 0 | " " 22 |
| Total..... | 18 | 118 |

MARRIAGES.

John K. Gore, '79, to Jeanette Littell.
 Lucius F. Grimes, to Jennie Wrigley, '89.
 Charles E. Allcock, to Mabel I. Blanchard, '90.
 Nathaniel M. Ladd, to Julia L. Hochkins, '85.
 Charles M. Henry, to Sarah J. Sharp, '93.
 Robert H. Hughes, to Emma M. Butler, '91.
 William C. Nicoll, '90, to Grace Kane.
 Charles Huber, to May Eveleth, '96.
 Dr. Bemis, to Ida M. Ely, '96.
 Charlton G. Winans, to Russie M. Dusenberry, '91.

DEATHS.

May Hendrick Berry, '89.
 Winthrop Gates, '85.

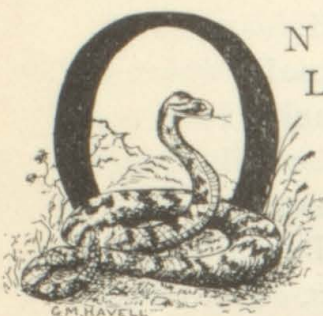
OUR GRADUATES AT COLLEGE.

Paul Girtanner, '95, Rutgers.
 William Haines, '95, Rutgers.
 William Helmstaedter, '95, Rutgers.
 Harry Marker, '95, Rutgers.
 Claude Scattergood, '95, Rutgers.
 Fred Von Gehren, '95, Rutgers.
 Harry Cooper, '95, Rutgers.
 H. J. Eberhardt, '96, Rutgers.
 Boylan Fitz-Gerald, '96, Rutgers.
 Joseph Hart, '96, Rutgers.
 Benjamin Rosenbloom, '96, Rutgers.
 D. Fred Burnett, '97, Rutgers.
 John A. Linnett, '97, Rutgers.
 J. Paulding Reade, '97, Rutgers.
 William L. Westfall, Jr., '97, Rutgers.
 Horace Corey, '95, Princeton.
 Jacob Fischel, '96, Princeton.
 Charles Levy, '96, Princeton.
 Julius Wolff, '96, Princeton.
 E. Judson Blake, '97, Princeton.
 Paul T. Bruyere, '97, Princeton.
 Jasper E. Crane, '97, Princeton.
 S. B. W. Leyenberger, '97, Princeton.
 Charles G. Hill, '95, N. Y. U.
 Thomas McClelland, '95, N. Y. U.
 Phillip Wendal, '95, N. Y. U.
 Joseph Altman, '96, N. Y. U.
 Julius Gottlieb, '97, N. Y. U.
 Arthur E. Hill, '97, N. Y. U.
 Paul W. Mueller, '97, N. Y. U.
 Leslie Fowler, '96, Vassar.
 Mable Horst, '96, Vassar.
 Edith Merritt, '96, Vassar.
 Vilda Sauvage, '96, Vassar.
 Antoinette J. Rehman, '97, Vassar.
 Ida J. Watson, '97, Vassar.
 Richard Krementz, '95, Yale.
 Richard Eble, '96, Yale.
 Fred Tegen, '96, Columbia.
 Louis Weiss, '96, Columbia.

Edna McNary, '96, Cornell.
 Joseph Weed, Jr., '96, Cornell.
 J. Walter Heller, '97, Cornell.
 George E. J. Pistor, '97, Cornell.
 Edward Scribner, '97, Cornell.
 Edward Folley, '95, N. Y. Dental College.
 Elizabeth Garrabrant, '96, Teacher's
 School N. Y.
 Alice Keepers, '96, Wellesley.
 Annie A. Hanson, '97, Wellesley.
 Lydia Bannister, '96, Baltimore Woman's
 College.
 Gertrude Andrews, '97, Balt., W. Col.
 Gertrude Snodgrass, '97, Balt., W. Col.
 Sarah Smalley, '96, Woman's Med., Col.
 Susan B. Geddes, '97, Woman's Med., Col.
 Leslie Price, '96, N. Y. U. Law School.
 Samuel Kuenstlich, '96, N. Y. U. Law
 School.
 Ralph Van Duyne, '96, Lehigh.
 Albert Hager, '96, University of Penn.
 Elmer Eberhardt, '96, Steven's Institute.
 Martha Levy, '96, Woman's College, Balt.
 Jennie E. Clark, '97, Oberlin.
 Frank Lehmacher, '97, College of Physi-
 cians and Surgeons.
 Richard Krementz, '95, has been elected
 into the Sigma Xi, the honorary
 society of the Sheffield Scientific
 School of Yale University, and has
 been appointed to write an essay for
 graduation in June.
 Albert Hager, '96, was coxswain on the
 Freshman Crew of the University of
 Pennsylvania last year.
 Geo. E. J. Pistor, '97, is at Cornell. It is
 to be mentioned that he secured a
 University Scholarship. It will also
 be remembered that Pistor served as
 Senior Editor upon our ANNUAL last
 year.

A DAY'S OUTING AT GREENWOOD LAKE.

GRACE HAVELL, '99.



ON every side of Greenwood Lake are low green mountains, most of which, crossed and recrossed by foot-paths, one can easily ascend in a few hours. One of these paths, leading straight up the rocky side of a mountain on the western border of the lake, brings you suddenly upon a tiny lake lying in placid beauty at the summit. It is worth all the trouble it costs to climb this mountain, not only to visit the smaller lake, but to get from the height the magnificent view of Greenwood.

Most of our friends of last summer—campers, boarders, and cottagers—had seen the little sheet of water before, but all were eager for another glimpse of it. One morning we started on a tramp up the mountain. The sun, which did not shine very brightly when we set out, about half past nine burst forth from behind the clouds in all its heat. We climbed over fallen trees and up rocky gullies, pulling ourselves along by the roots of hemlocks. At last, hungry, thirsty, hot, and dusty, we reached a level hedge of rocks extending, like the rim of a basin, for half a mile along the mountain top. We walked to the end of the ledge and then down a short slope. Here lies the little lake shaded by shelving rocks and overhanging trees. On this August day it was covered with white pond lilies, wide open. While the men went out in an old scow after the lilies, we spread out the luncheon.

About four we started for home, planning to sit awhile on the ledge from which the view is so lovely. The day was clear, and we could see Greenwood Lake from end to end—nine miles long.

The boats were specks. But there was a still higher ledge from which we imagined the view would be better. Two of us girls acquainted with the path led the way. We were about ten yards ahead of the others when we heard a peculiar whirr.

"Rattlesnake," "rattlesnake," we cried, not daring to move until we were sure from what direction the sound came. The men of the party rushed up to us, almost breaking their necks as they stumbled over rocks and roots.

"Nothing but a harvest bug," said one.

"It's probably a grasshopper."

"A nest of bees."

"Where is the thing, anyway?"

Guided by the whirring they hunted round. The noise came from under a large flat rock that lay on the top of the ridge. Mounting upon the ridge one of the men lifted the heaviest stone he could dislodge, and, dropping it upon the rock, broke off about a square foot. The buzzing underneath increased. The men who thought they were hunting June bugs and grasshoppers worked with a strange eagerness. Red and perspiring, one of them lay flat on the ledge and peeped under the rock.

"Look here!" We looked, and there saw the tail of a rattlesnake shaking about a hundred times a minute. We could see only its rattles, and we could not understand why the snake did not either come out and fight or run away.

"All you girls get switches," cried some one. We ran to a cluster of saplings and broke off the branches, stripping them of their leaves on our way back. By this time the men had broken the rock in two and had pushed half of it aside. There lay the snake, beautiful and glossy, but

snaky, nevertheless. It turned like a flash, shot out its fangs, and glided toward us. But the men were too quick for it. With the thin stinging switches they struck it so swiftly that it soon lay dead. Rattlesnakes are always easy to kill: that is, if you have a switch in your hand and get a chance to use it. What a beauty the thing was when stretched out!

"How long is it?" "How many rattles?" These were the questions we were asking. No one had a tape measure, so no one could measure it accurately; but each one of us lifted its tail and counted the rattles. There were nine, with a button on the end.

We marched down to the camp very proud.

"That's a fat snake," said the cook. "He looks as though he had been living on cake and pie."

After supper the men began to skin the snake. Underneath the skin were seven little rattlers all dead. Each was about a foot long, and most of them had begun to grow their first rattle. One of the men explained to us that all snakes swallow their young in case of danger. What a scramble they must have had to get down the old snake's throat! Very likely the snake had become wedged under the rock and could not move on account of the little ones.

When we tell of the good times we have had at Greenwood Lake, we always say: "One day we killed eight rattlers."

A TRIP TO PLUTO'S PALACE.

KATIE M. V. EVANS, '01.



T was a beautiful warm day in the early summer, and I was left alone in our roomy old house. After wandering from cellar to garret in search of some amusement, I took one of my favorite books on Greek Mythology, and went out into the orchard to read.

I must have gone to sleep, for the next thing I knew the orchard was a large, open field filled with flowers. Such flowers! They were of every hue and in wild profusion.

I was in the midst of them, running from bush to bush, seeking the prettiest. Suddenly I saw a flower with large, creamy petals spring right up out of the ground. I ran to get the plant, but found it to be firmly rooted in the soil. I pulled and tugged in my efforts to loosen it, but it seemed to reach far, far down into the very depths of the earth. At last the soil around the plant began to separate, and with another great pull the flower came up, revealing to me a very large hole, out of which came a chariot drawn by four black horses.

The next I remember, I was seated in this golden chariot, beside a kingly-looking man, being rapidly driven over fields and meadows; through woods and over ditches. O, the excitement of it! How real it all seemed to me!

At last we came to an ugly muddy stream, not at all like the beautiful little rivulet in our orchard at home. This stream was spanned by an iron bridge, across which we went more slowly; and indeed, I was glad to get a chance to take my breath.

I struggled to get away from my captor, and begged of him to let me go home, but he smiled and told me that he was but taking me to his large underground palace, where I might reign as his queen. I struggled and fought for freedom, but in vain. I was as a puny infant in his strong arms.

Where was I? Oh! what a beautiful driveway! The ground was fairly glistening with diamonds, but instead of blue sky overhead I saw a dazzling canopy of what seemed like burnished gold. It was certainly very beautiful.

Presently I heard the bark of a dog. "Down, Ceberus down," said my strange companion, and there, leaning his paw on the chariot wheel, was a three-headed dog! The dog and my captor were evidently friends, but I screamed with terror. Finally, seeing that I was greatly frightened, the dark stranger ordered the dog to be gone, and, with wagging tail and six flashing eyes, the monster departed.

We drove on, until, coming to the door of a large palace, my kingly companion alighted, and, bidding me follow, entered the wonderful building. Then he left me, saying that I might amuse myself by looking around the palace. He was very kind to me, but I wished that he had left me at home.

I went up golden stairs, and wandered through rooms whose walls and ceilings were studded with gems of every size, color and shape.

Presently I came to a wonderful room, evidently a banquet hall. Here were two golden thrones, overhung by a canopy of diamonds. Until now I had seen no one but my captor, but here were a number of people, clad in long flowing robes. They were evidently servants, for they bowed to the ground but did not speak. Suddenly I awoke with a start at hearing my name called, and found myself back in the orchard. The sun was high in the heavens and from over the hills I heard the merry prattle of children. I had been dreaming of Persephone, and was glad to find that I was not a prisoner in Pluto's Palace at Hades, but was at liberty to enjoy the fresh morning air, to listen to the song of the birds, and to watch the bluebells as they nodded to one another.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

GEORGE A. KUHN, '98.

 pretty, graceful maiden
At a clear and tranquil pond;
This vain and pretty creature,
Of her looks is very fond.
She leans above the water
Her reflection soon she spies,
She revels in her beauty
Mirrored clear before her eyes.
For lo! a pretty damsel,—
Blue eyes and golden hair,

A happy smile, a roguish glance,—
Is brightly pictured there.
She admires her silken tresses,
Her teeth as white as pearls,
With the vanity so common
To all the High School girls.
She leans still farther forward,
Her face seems overjoyed,
She falls into the water,—
The picture is destroyed.

THE MOHOCKS.

LESLIE HERVEY, '99.

IN the reign of Queen Ann—the days of snuff, knee breeches, sedan chairs, and lap dogs,—a set of gentlemanly bullies in London, organized themselves into a club, known as the “The Mohocks.”

Since the Restoration it had been the custom for rioters to unite in associations. The members of the first one called themselves “Mums”; next came the “Hectors” and “Scourers”; then the “Nickers,” “Hawkabites” and “Mohocks.”

As to the meaning of this last title there seems to have been, even in that day, some confusion. Sometimes the name was spelled “Mohawks” and sometimes “Mohocks.” The most natural interpretation is, that the name was adopted from the North Amercian Mohawk Indians. But “Spectator” No. 324, contains an account that is certainly not of our own Mohawks. It says, “These Mohocks have borrowed there name from a sort of cannibal in India. The president is styled, “Emperor of the Mohocks”; his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears, at present, in a very extraordinary manner engraved upon his forehead.

But whatever doubts there may be as to the origin of their name, we may be sure their deeds were villianous. The ambition of the members of this club was to do all possible harm to their fellow creatures. The most active put themselves out of the range of humanity by getting drunk. But we must not imagine that the Mohocks came from the lowest society. In “Henry Esmond,” the Viscount of Castlewood says, that he has not touched cards and dice since the time

when he had been “in the Duke’s guard with those wild Mohocks.”

For an account of their deeds we must rely largely on “the Spectator.” Promptly at one o’clock in the morning they set forth, masked, armed and without links. They broke windows, upset sedan chairs, beat passers-by, put women in hogsheads and rolled them down hill, stabbed men and slashed their faces. In this art of stabbing they were aristocrats. Of all their practices they were proudest of “tattooing.” They surrounded their victim in a circle, and, standing off at arms length, held out their naked swords, points toward him. One rule of this Society was, that no visitor should be allowed to turn his back on any member. If he did he was to be reminded of the insult by a sword prick in his back. In his efforts to turn his face to all and his back to none, the prisoner was forced to hop round and round receiving at each jump a fresh stab from the Mohock behind him. This “tattooing” went on till he fell exhausted. Then the Mohocks raised him, dressed his wounds, and sent him home. A royal proclamation against the Mohocks issued on the 18th of March, 1712, had little effect. Swift says “They go on still and cut peoples faces every night! but they shan’t cut mine; I like it better as it is.”

In “Spectator” No. 335, only a week after the Proclamation, appeared the account of Sir Roger de Coverley’s escape from the Mohocks. The “Spectator” and Captain Sentry had asked for the pleasure of the Knights’ company at the theatre. Sir Roger accepted the invitation, but timidly asked if there were not some

danger in coming home late lest the Mohocks might be abroad.

"I assure you," says he "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half-way up Fleet street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion, as I put on to go away from them. You must know, "continued the Knight with a smile," I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles II's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have showed them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well

in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings, before they could imagine what was become of me." But Captain Sentry, probably with a wink at Mr. Spectator, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for he would put on the sword he had used in the Battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger, not having read of the Battle of Steenkirk in Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, seemed quite satisfied with this reply.

It is easy to see why mothers could frighten their children by saying, "You would better be good or the Mohocks will get you," and why these ruffians continued to be a source of great terror, even after their actual reign was at an end. Before the middle of the reign of George the First, better lighting and care of the roads, and better morals had cleared the Mohocks from the streets of London.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE CRUSADERS.

FLORENCE E. DAVY. '00.

IT WAS early morning, and the sun was shining brightly on the towers and battlements of a medieval castle in the Scottish Borderland. Early though it was, everyone seemed to be awake; flags were flying, bugles were blowing, and in the courtyard confusion reigned. Pages were running to and fro, squires were polishing helmets and shields, and a company of Knights and ladies were talking together in a little portico at one side. The brave lord of the castle was to start that day with a company of knights for the Holy Land.

Suddenly there appeared, through an arched passage-way which led to the stables, a beautiful black horse, superbly

accoutered. The blanket which was thrown over his back, was of crimson velvet, edged with silver fringe. The saddle was heavily mounted with silver, and the bridle-reins were ornamented with bows of crimson ribbon. The horse was led by a page, who had no little difficulty in restraining the fiery creature. After him came a great many more horses, equipped in much the same fashion, but with less elegance, according to the rank of their owners.

As soon as the horses appeared, one of the knights separated himself from the group, and going toward the magnificent black leader, laid his hand carressingly on his mane. The steed responded by a low

whinny, as if delighted to see his master. The knight, despite his heavy armor, bounded lightly into the saddle, and then, leaning over, took a curly-headed little boy from the arms of a beautiful young lady who stood near by, and let him sit on the front of his saddle for a few moments. Meanwhile the other knights, after gravely and even sadly taking a lingering farewell of their friends, also mounted; the young squires, longing for their adventures to begin, hastened their preparations; the drawbridge was let down, and finally the little company seemed ready to start. But one thing remained, the banners must be dedicated to the holy cause, and

this was done by the white-haired old chaplain. Then the lord of the castle kissed his little son goodby, took an affectionate farewell of his young wife, and blew a bugle-note. A color-bearer, with the consecrated banner rode ahead; the knight came next, followed by the entire procession. They passed slowly down the steep path leading to the castle, while the ladies half blinded by tears, stood watching until the last glistening helmet and gaily caparisoned horse vanished from sight. They were thinking how many long, dreary years must elapse before the brave crusaders returned, or that perhaps none of them would ever be seen again.

SOME REASONS WHY HAWAII SHOULD NOT BE ANNEXED TO THE UNITED STATES.

CHARLES A. FAIRCHILD, '99.

THE annexation of Hawaii by the United States is unnecessary, inexpedient, not in accord with the policy of our government, and the principals of right and honor by which every nation, and particularly a republic, should be actuated in its dealings with others.

Annexation would secure no commercial advantage to the United States which it does not now possess.

We already have the monopoly of the trade with the Islands, and are certain to retain it in the future. The possession of these Islands cannot increase our trade with China, Japan and Australia. How is the planting of the American flag in the middle of the Pacific going to make our goods any cheaper, going to make them any more desirable to the inhabitants of Asiatic countries, going to lower

freight charges, or going to do anything else that will induce the heathens of Eastern Asia to buy our products?

We do not want Hawaii as a naval station. In the event of war, the only time when it would be useful to us, it could be immediately seized by the enemy, unless we should spend millions of dollars for its defense, both for armaments upon the land and for vessels upon the sea. Certainly such expenditure would be unwise when our own coast is not yet, at this late day, properly defended. Under these conditions are we to depart from our present policy and take up an island-grabbing one? Under these conditions would it be advisable to create and maintain an enormous navy to defend our acquisitions? We know that the American people are opposed to such a change of

policy, are unwilling to bear the burden of a militarism.

If we annex the Islands we will be adding to our population a complex mixture of races, native Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, and representatives of almost every European nation.

Those in favor of annexation confidently assert that England will seize Hawaii if we fail to do so, and, if England does seize it, we shall be almost surrounded by that power. In the first place England does not want Hawaii. This argument has been "Played for all its worth," on former occasions, notably when we attempted to annex San Domingo. But thirty years have now gone by and England has not yet made a single move in that direction. To this false plea, those who are against annexation have replied with the story of the dog and the sausages. A certain man bet that his dog could eat five dollars worth of sausages within an hour. Finding the animal's appetite failing before his task was accomplished, he stimulated it by keeping another dog tied near by, and allowing him to make occasional dashes at the sausages. This never failed to spur the dog on to the completion of his task. We in like manner when about to swallow any little island for which the American people seem to have no appetite, always try to arouse it by making out that England or some other power is waiting her opportunity to seize the island.

In the second place, how can we be surrounded by something two thousand miles away? We are "surrounded" by the nations of Europe, only twenty-eight hundred miles away. We had better annex the whole of the civilized world, and so dispose of the annexation problem. Perhaps that would please some of the Western Senators, and then with the

recognition of the belligerency of Cuba, they could rest in "sweet content."

We have no right to annex Hawaii, because the people of Hawaii are opposed to such a procedure. But, you will say that the government of Hawaii has ratified our treaty which provides for annexation. That is true. But the government of Hawaii is managed by a few Americans, and in their interest, and it does not in any sense represent the sentiments of the native population. The old monarchy was overthrown by a few American speculators, who, for the enhancement of their own interests, were in favor of annexation. In this traitorous move they were disgracefully aided by the American minister. Then a provisional government was established by a committee of safety, who had no authority whatever for such an act. This provisional government would not have lasted an hour, if it had not been for the intercession of the United States Marines. All through this move no attention whatever was paid to the voice of the people, who were, and are still violently opposed to the provisional government, to its schemes of annexation, and are in favor of the old monarchy. It is such a government, so established and so opposed by the people, and not the people of Hawaii, that has applied for annexation, and has ratified our treaty. Such a government should not have the protection of the United States. If we annex these islands, we will be putting over the people a government to which they are opposed, and to which they are bound by no ties whatever. Are we to have a republic at home and tyranny abroad? May the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of liberty, justice and equality among men, never have the task of waving over an unwilling people!

You will say that it is to the interest of

Hawaii to come under the protection of our good government. But the people of Hawaii do not see the advantage, and we should, therefor, not interfere. Are we to go around the earth grabbing up islands, on no other pretense than that it is to their advantage to come under our good government? Are we to go to any little island and annex it, only because a strong republican government would be

better for it than would its own weak monarchy? And shall we disregard the fact that the people themselves can see no advantage in this land grabbing, are bound to our government by no ties whatever, and with true patriotism still cling to their own government? Such acts would make our boasted republicanism a fraud and a mockery.

A NOMINAL STORY.

One *Mundy* morning an *Ahbe* and a *Bishop* were sitting under an *Asch-er Blach* tree in the forest of Nottingham, deep in meditation. They were startled by the sudden appearance of a *Franklin*, who came to tell them that some of Robin Hood's men were coming, seeking for a *Frey*. While they were still talking, the men rushed up with shouts of "Give us your *Munn*!" The band consisted of several *Williams*, three brawny *Smiths*, a *Taylor*, a *Miller* with his *Hopper*, a dairy-maid with her *Creamer* in her hand, and bringing up in the rear a little street *Gamon*, who *Hadden Jacobs* coat, for which he had paid a good *Price*.

Seeing all these men, the Bishop muttered to himself, "Ha! we are lost! Our name is *Dennis*!" Then, as he glanced toward the *West*, he uttered a cry of joy, "The *Campbells* are coming! The *Campbells* are coming! And see, following them is the clan of *McDowell*. We shall now number *Moore* than these fellows."

The two parties rushed to the combat. The fight waged thick and fast. The *Campbells*, with shouts of "*Bachem* up! *Bachem* up!" rushed to the front and fought zealously.

One *Thomas Sherked* his duty, and in trying to escape got stuck in the *Marsh*. Then the dairy-maid fled, which caused the *Miller* to cry out: "My *Hannah's Quittner* post! She *Fales* in her duty! I shall *Keller*!"

Just at the critical moment, a *Martin* and a *Starbird* flew from a neighboring tree, and, siding with the mob, began to peck at the Bishop's eyes. This might have put the Church party to flight had not just then a *Rowe* bounded into their midst with such suddenness that the rabble scattered, and soon disappeared.

Then the Bishop and the *Ahbe* hailed a *Hanson* cab, which was passing by, and drove rapidly away, after promising the *Campbells* to send a *Hirsch* to take away the fallen.

AT EVENING TIME.

[JESSAMINE WILLIAMS, '98.]

THE golden sun set glides into the night,
And as the twilight steals up in the sky,
My dreams are wafting me into the light—
And far from earth to fairy-land I fly;
And there for longings vain no more I cry,

There hopes are realized; 'tis then I deem
That perfect peace and rest, which dwell on high,
Have come to me, and all things true do seem,
Ah then, 'tis then I fondly wish all life a dream.

A SPENSERIAN STANZA.

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 Benjamin Fairbanks, Jr.,
 Winthrop J. Fales,
 Abram Freiman,
 Edwin Girtanner,
 Alfred C. Grafke,

Samuel Greenberg,
 Louis Goldberg,
 Alexander B. Hill,
 Samuel Hirschberg,
 Edgar A. Ill,
 Frank Kaufhold,
 Charles Kendall,
 Leslie T. Kirkman,
 Gustave A. Kubler,
 Milton W. Lacey,
 Charles J. Larkey,
 William R. Lee,
 David Lesmik,
 Gabriel I. Lewis,
 Albert L'Hommedieu,
 Charles E. Matthews,
 David McKenzie,
 Raymond Mead,
 Theodore Merklinger,
 Bertrand Meyer,
 Hiram A. Linfield,
 Clarence I. Linnell,
 Horace S. Miller,
 J. W. Müller,
 Charles F. Niebling,
 Paul Perrotti,
 C. Wesley Price, Jr.,
 Arthur C. Printz,
 Jesse Proctor,

John Raab,
 W. F. Roberts,
 Harvey Robertson,
 Lewis H. Robinson,
 Charles L. Rodimer,
 Abraham Rosner,
 Max Rusinon,
 Jessup Salisbury,
 Eugene Schafer,
 Lewis Schneider, Jr.,
 Oscar A. Schraft,
 Bernard Segal,
 Charles E. Selvage,
 Merle L. Sheffer,
 Richard Siday, Jr.,
 Fayette S. Simonson,
 Drew J. Skinner,
 Henry Snyder,
 Isaac Spangenthal,
 Robert Spiro,
 John B. Stanard,
 James M. Talbot,
 Carl L. Ulrich,
 Thomas Walsh,
 Philip Wangner,
 Fred S. Wayne,
 Ralph Wilcox,
 J. Clarence Wright,
 Homer C. Zink.

First Year Annex—C.

Cortland B. Baker,
 Edgar H. Bedell,
 Wilmarth Brokaw,
 Richard J. Brown,
 Henry Buerman,
 Archibald Corlies,
 William Davidson,
 Leslie S. Doremus,
 Herman E. Eyrich,
 Fred L. Feind,
 Albert E. Forshay,

Robert W. Hawkins,
 Gustav Heding,
 August Hockenjoss,
 Edgar F. Hoffman,
 William Huger,
 George Jancovius,
 Paul M. Kempf,
 Harry McDougall,
 Daniel J. Murphy,
 Robert M. Powell,
 Howard J. Pullin,

John Reilly,
 John Rossnagel, Jr.,
 Richard A. Schaaf,
 Fred. Schwinn,
 Arthur Steele,
 William Stevens,
 Walter F. Studdiford,
 Alexander Traudt, Jr.,
 Charles Walter,
 Eugene B. Watt,
 Samuel Williams,

First Year Annex—D.

William A. Albertson,
Edgar S. Allen,
W. Angelmann,
Walter Anthony,
David Baer,
William L. Bauder,
William W. Bingham, Jr.,
Charles H. Bloemeke,
Herman Bolia,
Arthur L. Bowerman,
John Broemel,
Fred Brendler,
Milton P. Cadmus,

Joseph H. Callaghan,
John Callahan,
Fred Cook,
Albert Cowell,
August E. Curtiss,
Mortimer Davis,
William H. DeBow,
William Diebold,
Frank H. Drew,
Abe Epstein,
Abe Feist,
Arthur Felsberg,

Kurt J. M. Ferber,
George W. Fluke,
Charles H. Foster,
Charles A. Freeman,
Charels Geiger,
Fred Geissler,
John Joseph Ghegan, Jr.,
Edward Goldberg,
Albert Gural,
John J. Hammel,
Max Hammershlag,
Charles S. Harding,

First Year Annex—E.

Max Hemmendinger,
Arthur B. Herns,
George Jennings,
Edgar W. Joithe,
William Kay,
Harry Kelly,
Edward Kerr,
Fred Kraiss,
Joseph Kroehl,
William S. Lambert,
James Lambie,
Siegfried Law,

Frank Leffingwell,
Seremus S. Loder,
Albert Lutz,
Wesley Lyle,
Jacob Maier,
Herbert Marthis,
Frank McCarthy,
Herbert McDavit,
Frank McDonald,
William McGowan,
John J. McHugh,
Charles Meeker,

Bayard Merrell,
Fred Metzger,
Frank Miller,
John Mitchell,
Harry Morgan,
John Mulholland,
Benjamin Nathan,
Edward Nolte,
Robert Oppel,
Eugene Parker,
Frank W. Peppel,
Fred Pomther.

First Year Annex—F.

Frederick Pointner,
Frederick Prosch,
Harry Purcell,
John H. Rainey,
Louis Rehman,
Joshua W. Reipsnyder,
Walter Reid,
Leopold Rich,
Joseph Rice,
Arthur Riley,
Frederick Rommele,
Louis Rommele,
Chs. F. Schmatstick,
Robert Scholz,

John W. Scott,
Frederick Shaw,
Samuel Shoemaker,
Frederick L. Smith,
Harry Smith,
Walter C. Sole,
Charles C. Spengler,
Henry Stace,
Frederick Straus,
Herman Stuber,
William T. Sutter,
William Swing,
William J. Thompson,

Edward J. Thornton,
Edward Treitman,
William L. Tucker,
Fred. Van Valkenberg,
Edward Treitman,
Charles S. Venable,
William G. J. Weiss,
John Weston,
William R. C. Windsor,
Jay Witzel,
Emanuel Yadkowski,
Charles T. Young,
Harry C. Zeigerer.

February Class.

John Adair,
Joseph Banderaman,
Harry F. Bliss,
Clifford Brangs,
Richard F. Carey,
Waldo Clark,
Wilbur A. Cobb,
Charles A. Coleman,
Harold B. Conselyea,

William Craighead,
Joseph Crawford,
Lawrence S. Crockett,
Frank Dalton,
Walter C. Eden,
John L. Eisele,
Albert F. Freeman,
Harry C. Gordon,
Gerald Gregory,

John Hamill,
Arthur Harris,
Henry Helbig,
Max J. Hermmer,
George J. Hertzschuch,
William E. Holmes,
Charles W. Kinsey,
John C. Kreis,
Henry J. Lake,

February Class.—Continued.

Raymond Lindsley,
Samuel Mandeville,
Bernard W. Merrel,
Carl Meyer,
Clarence Meyer,
F. William Moore,
Arthur Mudd,
Jerome Nusbaum,
Elwood Payne,

Victory Purdy,
James W. Raddin,
Irvin E. Ray,
W. E. Roberts,
Howard Robotham,
Warren A. Roe,
Morris Rosner,
Lewis J. Sauer,

Eugene Shureman,
Percy R. Smith,
Ray W. Smith,
Frank Stoecker,
Harry Umstead,
Theodore Wagner,
C. Foster Whitfield,
Alfred Wilson.

GIRLS.

Seniors.

Meta Ruth Ahbe,
Ernestine R. Ascher,
Marie Bachem,
Jessie M. Beach,
Lorena E. Bishop,
Amy D. Bock,
Grace Budington,
Maude Campbell,
Bertha M. Cregar,
Jessie L. Creamer,
Burnettie C. Dennis,
Katharine S. Donnigan,
Gertrude T. Fales,
Edna M. Fiske,
Lydia M. Flamman,
Margery M. Forker,
Edith Franklin,
Clara Louise Frey,
Hilda L. Gamon,
Minnie M. Hadden,
Laura E. Hannahs,

Belle W. Hanson,
Jeannette Haselmeyer,
Emma Hirsch,
Florence I. Hopper,
Florence M. Jacobs,
M. Irene Jervis,
Laura Keller,
Dorothea Koehler,
Sadie D. Lewis,
Henrietta Lenox,
Frances M. Lipkowits,
Edith Lunger,
Jessie B. Marsh,
Emma R. Martin,
Clara Mendel,
Rachel K. McDowell,
Julia E. Miller,
Maude Moore,
Carrie Mundy,
Jeannette J. Mundy,
Ida Elise Munn,

Nelle G. Pearson,
Amelia Poortmann,
Florence A. Price,
Elsbeth Quittner,
L. Louise Rowe,
Daisy Sherk,
Estelle M. Smith,
Josie M. Smith,
Laetitia B. Smith,
Helen Thomas,
Mary R. Taylor,
Audry Urick,
J. May Van Nostrand,
Alma Walker,
J. Isabelle Warrender,
Albertha W. West,
Rosalind Wiener,
Jessamine A. Williams,
Katherine Wilson,
Mabel L. Zimmerman.

Juniors.

Anna Adam,
Mary E. E. Adams,
Lucie B. Aeguiet,
Mary C. Anderson,
Ethel Baldwin,
Grace I. Baldwin,
Jessie L. Bateman,
Ida E. Ball,
Isabelle P. Bauer,
Hilda Belcher,
Louise E. Bieler,
Emma L. Blair,
Florence Bockel,
Grace G. Browazki,

Hattie J. Bull,
Jessie Campbell,
Amelia H. Charles,
Elenor B. Conklin,
Edith G. Crane,
Edythe Curren,
Mabel J. Curtiss,
Jeannette Davis,
Florence Day,
Lydia DeWitt,
Regina C. Delaney,
Eva Ellen Dennis,
Annie C. Disch,
Lilian F. Donnelly,

Jessie B. Dovell,
Mabel A. Downs,
Louisa M. Eggers,
Ida Eichhorn,
Caroline M. Everett,
May R. Fitzpatrick,
Edna M. C. Furman,
Emma E. Geiger,
J. Louise Graves,
Mary Grimes,
Alice M. Haddow,
Amanda P. Hafner,
Gussie W. Hagney,
Olive Hampson,

Juniors.—Continued.

Helen S. Hanson,
 May Hart,
 Grace M. Havell,
 Ethel F. Headley,
 Myra Heaton,
 Frances M. Hedden,
 Leslie Hervey,
 Elsie Hirsch,
 Bertha F. Horst,
 Agnes M. Jenks,
 Ethel Johnes,
 Fredericka C. Kees,
 Clara Kempf,
 Carrie May King,
 Lydia Koehler,
 Ray Lake,
 Clara M. Lamb,
 Marion L. Law,
 Mamie Leary,
 Rose M. Ledwith,
 Maude Mayhew,
 Daisy Mac Feeter,
 Grace L. Mentz,
 Emilie Mercy,

Edna C. Miller,
 Helen Monaghan,
 Estelle Morgan,
 Henrietta V. Morton,
 Elsie M. Myers,
 Ida Nicholl,
 Dorothy Osborn,
 Helen L. Price,
 Hannah C. Pfrommer,
 Ethelyn L. Reeve,
 Margaret C. Riordan,
 Leila J. Roberts,
 Ida S. Robinson,
 Lucia C. Robotham,
 Metta M. Rogers,
 Mabel Roll,
 Alice P. Ross,
 Ida B. Runyon,
 Gertrude E. Ryer,
 Sadie A. Sanderson,
 Olive L. Sauerbier,
 Francis M. Schaub,
 Minnie M. Schrick,
 Josephine M. Scudder,

Clara B. Shawell,
 Helena M. Skinner,
 Helen M. Smith,
 Theresa C. Stein,
 Laura Stucky,
 Blanche Thomas,
 Elizabeth Thistle,
 Laura E. Tidey,
 Jessie O. Tobin,
 Margaret Tompkins,
 Imogene E. Urick,
 Nellie Van Derbeek,
 Cora Vreeland,
 Elizabeth L. Ward,
 Mabel A. Watt,
 Nettie L. Warrender,
 Esther L. Weber,
 Ruth Wells,
 Anna Whalen,
 L. Mary Wilson,
 Emma Wolf,
 Julia Wolf,
 Winifred E. Wooster,
 Rebecca Wright.

Second Years.

Leah J. Abeles,
 Irene Alter,
 Mildred Anderson,
 May I. Apgar,
 Carrie B. Ash,
 Ethel M. Atkinson,
 Emma C. Auerbacher,
 Adelaide M. Averbeck,
 Martha M. Bachem,
 Lucy Baldwin,
 Beatrice M. Baxter,
 Elizabeth H. Belcher,
 Ida Bennett,
 Mary E. Berkhout,
 M. Alice Berry,
 Mamie Blewitt,
 Susie R. Bonnell,
 Rosina Borland,
 Helen Bosch,
 Fannie A. Boylan,
 Caroline Bradley,
 Edith M. Brewer,
 Bessie B. Brookfield,
 Mabel Brown,
 Alice S. Brown,
 Grace E. Brown,
 Louise R. Buckley,
 Ella M. Bullivant,
 Louisa Burgesser,

Clara A. Butler,
 Alice E. Campbell,
 Sue M. Chamberlin,
 Mollie Chapin,
 Carolyn Chase,
 Nellie Chase,
 Helen Cohn,
 Adelaide Cox,
 Leah Crossman,
 Lillian Eva Dain,
 Florence E. Davy,
 Helen W. Dawson,
 Olivia Dawson,
 Edna A. Demarest,
 Florence Dobbins,
 Bertha B. Dorrance,
 Margaret R. Dorsch,
 Elizabeth J. Dougall,
 Edna G. Duncan,
 Mary E. Dunham,
 Jeanette C. Fahr,
 Bella Fisch,
 Florence M. Fisher,
 Mabel E. Forshay,
 Josephine S. Forster,
 Nina A. Forster,
 Florence H. Fowler,
 Anna L. Fritts,
 Tessie Froehlich,

Sophie Frost,
 Ethelwyn Gaston,
 Florence Geragthy,
 Hazel Gibson,
 Rebecca Gilbert,
 Adelina Glennon,
 Irene Glokner,
 Mary E. Goldberg,
 Edith Gore,
 Minnie H. Gronan,
 Grace Irene Gruman,
 Emma Hagney,
 Theresa E. Hahn,
 Frances B. Halstead,
 Ida S. Hampson,
 Florence M. Harden,
 Mae L. Hargrove,
 Jennie Hartmann,
 Rosaline B. Hartshorne,
 Mable E. Hazen,
 Susan M. Hazen,
 Mable B. Hesse,
 Hazel Hetfield,
 Emma Hill,
 Bertha Hoehmann,
 Letitia Holmes,
 Florence B. Huber,
 Jessamine Hulbert,
 Helen W. Issler,

Second Years.—Continued.

Laura Belle Jacobus,
 Grace E. Jancovius,
 Helen Jedel,
 Edna Johnson,
 Eleanor M. King,
 Alberta Kingston,
 Mary F. Kingston,
 Emma Kuickmeyer,
 Elizabeth I. C. Kohl,
 Delphine Kraemer,
 Anna Krudop,
 Ethel J. Lake,
 Eleanor Lautz,
 Martha Lapp,
 Jessie C. Larter,
 Maude H. Lawson,
 Gertrude Lehlbach,
 Ida May Lewis,
 Jennie A. Lewis,
 Anna Florence Logan,
 Grace P. Lyon,
 Edna V. MacBride,
 Grace MacDougall,
 Mary A. Mahan,
 Carrie I. Maines,
 Ada M. Mandigo,
 Laura E. Marble,
 Alleta Marcell,
 Annette Martin,
 Laura E. Mathews,
 Bessie A. Mathews,
 Alice McCloud,
 Anna M. McConnell,
 Anna E. McDonald,
 Isabel C. McGrath,
 Elsie D. Menagh,
 Frances M. Merchant,
 Ida M. Mergott,
 Clara M. Meyer,
 Arabella C. Miller,
 Blanche H. Millering,

Elizabeth Milwitzky,
 Isabelle Moskowitz,
 Harriet Mueller,
 Lucille C. Murray,
 Henrietta Myers,
 Helen A. O'Connor,
 Edna M. O'Crowley,
 Maude Osborn,
 Ruth M. Osborne,
 Ethelwyn A. Pell,
 Edith G. Perkins,
 Mabel E. Perry,
 Bertha B. Post,
 Agnes B. Postill,
 Alice G. Potter,
 Irene H. Pullin,
 Lillian M. Randell,
 Edna M. Rarick,
 Carrie S. Richardson,
 Constance D. Richman,
 Helen Riordan,
 Bertha Robinson,
 Pauline R. Ross,
 Mabel L. Rueff,
 Violet M. Ryley,
 Marion J. Salisbury,
 Marguerite Schaumann,
 Miriam Schlesinger,
 Annie E. Schrick,
 Lillie Schneider,
 Bertha Seidl,
 Louise G. Seidler,
 Elizabeth Shanahan,
 Mamie Sharp,
 Lillian M. Shipman,
 Esther M. Shortan,
 Ray Simon,
 Teresa Sinnott,
 Eva F. Skinner,
 Claudine Small,
 Cornelia B. D. Snook,

Ida May Solliday,
 Miriam Sonnabend,
 Gertrude Stein,
 Sara M. Stein,
 Rosetta Stevens,
 Ruby Stevens,
 Blanche Storey,
 Florence N. Stout,
 Lydia M. Sweeney,
 Mattie Tegen,
 Lulu F. Tench,
 Sophia M. Thielemann,
 Alice E. Thompson,
 Belle Timmons,
 Lillian M. Toms,
 May Topping,
 Orpha M. Turton,
 Edith M. Tuttle,
 Ethel M. Tuttle,
 Vivian B. Vail,
 Mabel Van Clief,
 Louise Van Derbeek,
 Alice E. Van Duyne,
 Sadie Van Hest,
 Nina H. Walton,
 Flora L. Wangner,
 Edith M. Watson,
 Grace E. Welcher,
 Bessie E. Wenzel,
 Eva D. Westervelt,
 Edna E. Wiener,
 Florence Wiener,
 Edna Wilkins,
 Bessie R. Wheaton,
 Cora N. Williams,
 Hattie A. Williams,
 Henrietta Wilson,
 Mabel Wilson,
 Elizabeth M. Wood,
 F. Ethel Yule.

First Years—Class A.

Emily Adams,
 Agnes T. Aiguire,
 Frances S. Arend,
 Florence Berla,
 Edna May Bioren,
 Albina R. Bond,
 Edna Bonnell,
 Florence A. Brewer,
 Ethel Broadnax,
 Emma R. Carley,
 Mattie W. Cline,

Elizabeth W. Crane,
 Cornelia B. De Groff,
 Sarah L. Denton,
 Mary L. Durmer,
 Alliene E. Dwyer,
 Rebecca Edwards,
 Ida M. Fagundus,
 Mabel J. Hamburg,
 Grace H. Hamillon,
 Ena F. Hampton,
 Grace Harrison,

Ray E. Heaton,
 Lulu J. Heddon,
 Blanche S. Hoagland,
 Majorie A. Huff,
 Grace A. Johnson,
 Martha J. Johnson,
 Linda R. Katz,
 Agnes M. Keane,
 Adelaide Kempner,
 Ida Kissling,
 Emma E. Koehler,

First Years.—Class A.—Continued.

Edna May Lacey,
Edna Lawrence,
M. Elizabeth Leyenberger,
C. May Mackeller,
Florence M. Martin,
Frieda Mendel,
Lillie Miller,
Grace Miller,
Blanche C. Morrows,
Edith H. Olds,

Florence M. Parberry,
Lulu M. Root,
Josephine F. Russel,
Susan E. Sylvester,
Daisy M. Safier,
Annie Schaefer,
Cornelia Shawger,
Clara E. Schoebel,
Mabel Stewart,
May Terlinde,

Virginia Thorburn,
Lillian D. Titus,
Adela Vandepool,
Edna Van Nostrand,
Grace E. Whipple,
Jessie M. Wright,
Pearl F. Mac Clymont,
Jennie B. Fairbanks,
Florence M. Vanness,
Maud Flintoft,

Class B.

Rosie Bauer,
Grace F. Baxter,
Gussie M. Bergfels,
Annie A. Butler,
Clara W. Burner,
Agnes C. Clifford,
Ida B. Congletone,
Catharine Crane,
B. Adelaide Decker,
Edna Devlin,
Blanche Doland,
Lulu A. Donovan,
Josephine E. Eifler,
Julia E. Elston,

Laura Emmons,
Elsa M. Franklin,
Beatrice Fornwall,
Florence Herold,
Ella Hertzog,
Salome Lambert,
Helen Lemassena,
Elma Mennen,
Gertrude Mergott,
Anna N. Phillips,
Olive G. Potter,
Grace Reynolds,
Elsie M. Rogers,

Millicent Salisbury,
Ida O. Schwab,
Ida M. Stanford,
Fedora Thompson,
Grace M. Throssell,
Minnie Trachman,
Florence Trowbridge,
Isabel Umbach,
Georgie Van Blake,
Lena E. Walzer,
Josie Watson,
May E. Wilde,
Bessie O. Winans,

Class C.

Albertina Abbott,
Mabel Antrim,
Lizzie Barber,
Flora Byram,
Florence Campbell,
Jennie Carnahan,
Florence Carris,
Lillian Coddington,
Adele Cohn,
Theodora Conger,
Mabel D. Cox,
May Culkin,
Alice Dickerson,
Nellie Dickerson,
Helen N. Deno,

Anna Dougherty,
Katie Evans,
Alveretta Farley,
Clara Hedden,
Amalia Herald,
Lizzie Hoag,
Gertrude Jacobus,
Susan Lawrence,
Agnes R. Lee,
Fannie V. Lins,
Catharine McQuade,
Alma Moll
Clara A. Mugler,
Clara Murphy,

Lulu Nagel,
Amelia Ohr,
Lillian Parker,
Lillian Quimby,
Edna Runyon,
Julia Sinnott,
Ida Solinger,
Dorothy Storch,
Gussie Sussman,
Regina Teeling,
Lizzie Thompson,
Olga K. Vieweger,
Daisy Wadsworth,
Mamie Waldron,

Class D.

Sadie Abraham,
June Thornton Allen,
Olive M. Beers,
Alice I. Bragaw,
Ida A. Brown,
Helen Bulken Bullard,
Edna Evelyn Bull,
Jessie Y. Cann,
Louise W. Chadwick,
Daisy Clay,

Lettie H. Cook,
Mary Cooper,
Marietta A. Corbett,
Marion H. Crane,
Mary S. Dalrymple,
Ethel C. Dawson,
Helen Demarest,
Grace R. Dixon,
Amy R. Felmly,
Mary E. Fitz Gerald,

Alice Cary Flamman,
Christine Florstedt,
Alice Lillian Fuerth,
Madeline G. Gales,
Marie E. Gaw,
Adelaide V. Hunt,
Alicia Kelly,
Martha Jane Lelong,
Eleanor Littell,
Helen Mac Dowell,

Class D.—Continued.

Martha Mangold,
Bessie McConnell,
Nora Mc Dowell,
Adaline C. Miller,
Edith Bissell Miller,
Florence M. Miller,
A. Louetta Moleson,
Claudia May Morris,
Elizabeth J. Pierson,
Caroline A. Pratt,
Katherine M. E. Quinn,

Grace P. Reeve,
Norena F. Robinson,
Florence Sanford,
Minnie Schlosser,
Sadie S. Schulman,
Calesta Simmons,
Anna V. Slater,
Elsie E. Smith,
Sarah L. Smith,
Susie M. Smith,

Laura Stine,
Augie V. Sutton,
Charlotte Emma Todd,
Luella Van Iderotine,
Grace L. Van Ness,
Jessie Louise Walker,
Philetta M. E. Ward,
Kathleen C. Watts,
Lillian Williams,
Grace Daniels Woodland,

Class E.

Julia Adams,
Cora May Crasby,
Laura L. Dauber,
Catherine T. Dolan,
Annie M. Farley,
Helena Fieg,
Cretie Housman,
Elsie I. Honeychurch,
Charlotte Hunkele,
Jessie M. Kilpatrick,
Elizabeth Kramer,
Agnes C. Lee,
Ida E. Long,

Clara A. Lovelace,
Julia Lowy,
May L. McGiverin,
Susie A. McTague,
Maud M. McVey,
Rachel Meyer,
Emily M. Mulholland,
Katie R. Payton,
Pearl G. Pfeifer,
Zelda Platt,
Elsie G. Ruckelshaus,
Carrie L. Sanders,

Viola L. Sanford,
Agnes Sloan,
Sophia Spann,
Charlotte M. Taylor,
Edna H. Tichenor,
Adelaide Waldman,
Antoinette Weidele,
Mary Wentz,
Evelyn J. Winkler,
Laura L. Wirtz,
Alma M. Wolf,
Aline E. Zoerner.

Class F.

Katharine D. Angelman,
Minnie Bahrs,
Augusta Bans,
Theresa Bangert,
Josie M. Benfield,
May R. Bennet,
Mabel A. Blake,
Ida Bandt,
Mabel H. Brookfield,
Julia T. Buttler,
Mary E. Cannon,
Florence Champlin,
Lillian M. Cobb,
Nettie M. Coeyman,
Regina Coyle,
P. Emma Egge,
Albertina Engelberger,
Frances Fales,
Katherine M. Forman,
Herminie Fuerschbach,

Elizabeth Gibney,
Kate Gongerty,
Marguerite Goskirk,
Florence Grischelle,
Amelia Heinmann,
Augusta Hepp,
Josie Hepp,
Ella Howlett,
Hannah Jeiteless,
Cora Kaiser,
Sadie L. Kremenz,
Matilda Kremenz,
Ethel A. Liming,
Alice S. Madden,
Mary E. Manser,
Mabel Morris,
Grace E. Myers,
Mary Mulford,
Mattie Post,
Mary A. Quimby,

Clara R. Riley,
Anna F. Riley,
Edythe Robertson,
Charlotte Rose,
Sadie Rose,
Elsie Satlerer,
Lillian Schaffer,
Jennie E. Shipman,
Caroline Smith,
Katharine Smith,
Charlotte Taylor,
Grace Turner,
Ethel M. Trier,
Lucinda Voorhes,
Louise Weis,
Elizabeth Williamson,
Elsie Willets,
Winifred G. Yard,
Claribel Zellhofer.

Class G.

Flora I. Anderson,
Herimina Bachman,
Minnie R. Becht,
Helen F. Belles,
Ella Brown,
A. Edna Carter,

Alida Cory,
Elizabeth Coery,
Lena Faulkner,
Josephine Fisher,
Florence Fitzgerald,

Belle Fotheringhame,
Lenora Graah,
Helen Guenther,
Ja Dea Halstead,
Lulu Herold,

Class G.—Continued.

Elizabeth Jennings,
Edith E. La Roe,
Adele McCree,
Florence MacDonald,
Florence Nichols,
Marie Parker,
Olive E. Parsons,

Mary J. Priester,
Mary A. Ralley,
Nellie Reynolds,
Maud Ryno,
Emma Sharringhausen,
Elizabeth C. Spaeth,

Anna C. Smith,
Nellie V. Steck,
Elizabeth M. Stivers,
Ethelyn M. Thomas,
Grace E. Welcher,
Edith Yawger.

Pupils that entered at Mid-Year.

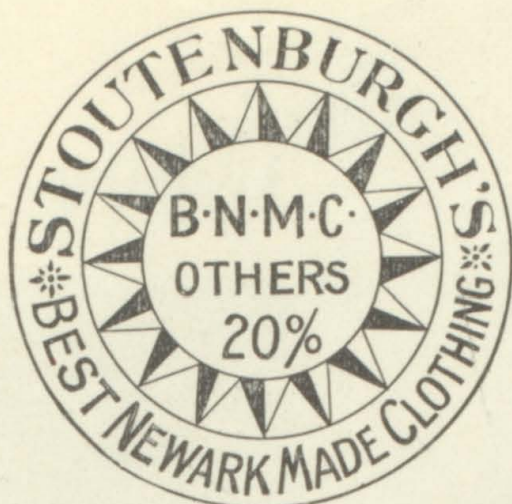
Lillie Ahrens,
Alma Aigeltinger,
Emily L. Allen,
Edith Arundell,
Alethea Bass,
Rosa F. Bauer,
Marion Bennette,
Elsie Blan,
Estelle Bosch,
Florence G. Bosch,
Nettie A. Buchan,
Elizabeth Campbell,
Margaret Carberry,
Grace Cook,
Mary Cook,
Lucy M. Corbett,
Hazel Clarke,
Edna Dawson,
Beatrice Dempsy,
Emma Denbigh,
Minnie Gilliland,
Mayone Doubleday,
Jean Dunham,

Helen Dye,
Rosine De Rogy,
Hilda Frey,
Isabel B. Foley,
Elizabeth Galligan,
Lois Griffin,
Sadie Gulick,
Mary Hanly,
Agnes E. Harrison,
Maude Hurd,
Grace Johnston,
Mary E. Kelly,
Eva Kent,
Blanche Kinsey,
M. Klinck,
Ruth Lewis,
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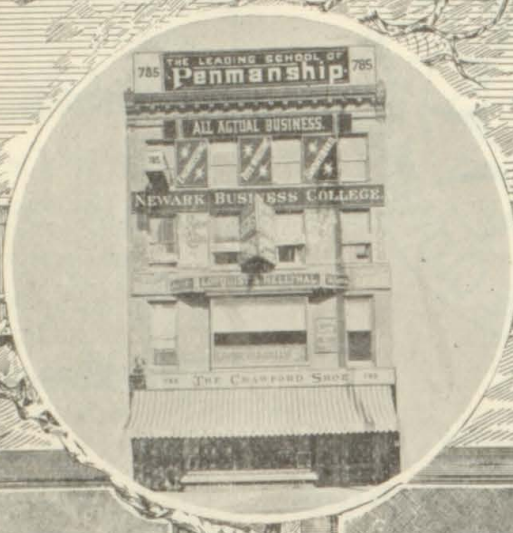
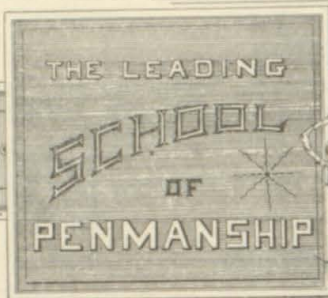
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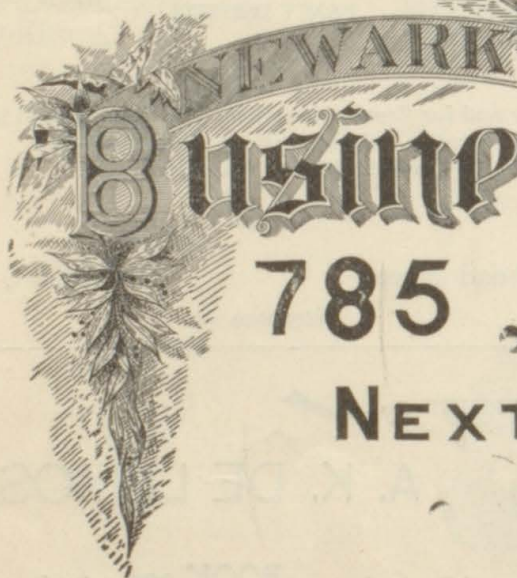
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1855



HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

'99

1899



Harry J. Boehler
'99

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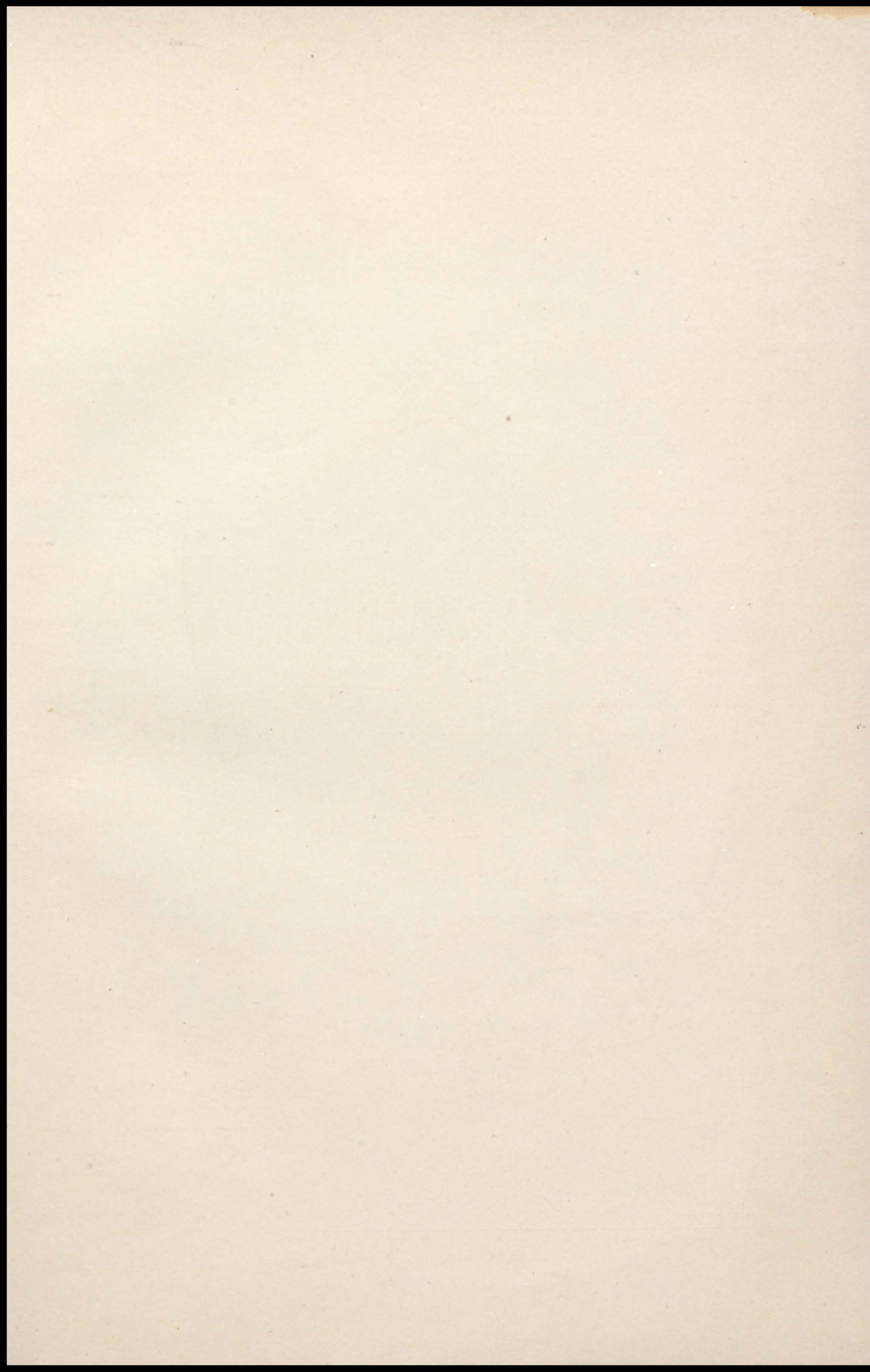
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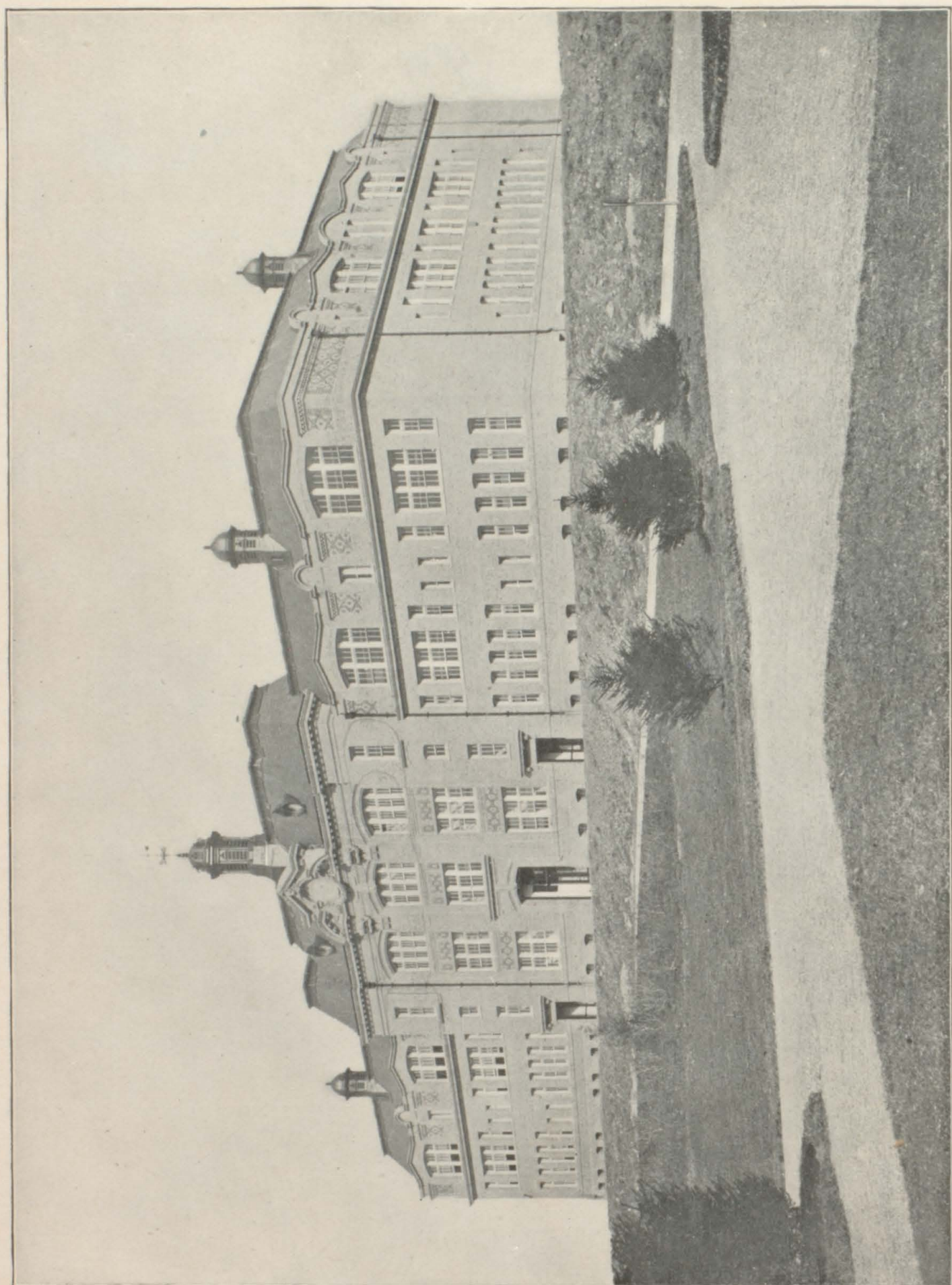
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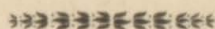
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HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1899.

IN THE WOODS.

GRACE LOUISE MENTZ, '99.



WID SOFTLY swaying pines and cedars tall,
I took a walk one bright, sweet summer's day.
Those green trees waved and whispered o'er us all—
We smaller things ; the grass, and me, and—yea,
All living things that in that wood did play.
So still it was, that wee birds closely flew
Around about me : brown and Quaker gray.
The sky above, through trees, was glorious blue ;
And scintillating light fantastic shadows threw.

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTIA.

FRANK B. CRAWFORD, '99.



THE only well-marked change in the character of Portia is in the ripening of her powers. The Portia in the fourth act, with the destiny of Shylock in her keeping, is the same Portia we so enjoyed in the first act, with her own destiny locked, by a whimsical father, in the three caskets. Her character has not changed in kind nor in direction, but it has broadened and deepened ; it has matured. She has passed from girlhood to womanhood.

When she is first introduced to us she is

an orphan, richly left. She is beautiful, accomplished, witty, and philosophical ; has a speculative turn of mind and is gifted with a keen insight into human nature. Yet, with all of these many opportunities for pleasure and happiness, her little body is awearied of this great world. How can we account for this sadness ? It is because she has had no opportunities to express herself. Everybody works for her and she has no opportunity to work for others. Her mind has no little duties to dwell upon. Her whole life seems to be occupied in entertaining and in receiving compliments from those in whom she has no interest. She has

been deprived of that right so sacred to every young woman—the right of choosing whom she would wed. She has never known the delight of serving one she loves. She is educated; she can speak in Latin, French and Italian; she is beautiful; everyone pays her compliments. She is rich; suitors come from the four corners of the world to woo her.

To discover her wit and her keen insight into human nature we have but to turn to her girlish prattle with Nerissa about her suitors. The Neapolitan Prince she calls a colt. "Indeed he doth nothing but talk horse." The Scotchman, she says, "hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able."

Who can wonder at her sadness or lovesickness with such men for her suitors? A nature like hers could never enjoy the company of such adventurers as these, who cared more for her wealth than for her love. With the prospect of having for a husband the German who was drunk every day, who can blame her for being sad and serious?

She understood men and could see into their inner self. She could see that all their praise was but flattery. She had ideals, but could not realize them with men like these. She knew how hard it was to realize an ideal. She tells us that she can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow her own teaching.

But Portia was not destined to wed one of these suitors, for, upon hearing of the conditions imposed upon them, they decided to leave her and go home unless she could be won in some other manner than by fulfilling the conditions imposed by her father in his will.

At length a young Venetian, Bassanio

by name, came to woo her, and with him came a new interest in life. He of all men was the best deserving a fair lady. In his company she could feel happy. Her only fear is that she should lose him. She tries to make him delay his choice, for if he should choose wrong he would make her wish a sin, that she had not been forsworn. Bassanio does not wish to delay, and, upon being shown to the caskets, hazards all at the leaden one, and, upon opening it, finds her portrait, the symbol of success.

The suspense is now gone, the lottery has turned in her favor; now she grows rapidly. A new element enters her life, that of love. She now has an opportunity to express herself; her life broadens as her thought turns from self to service for others. Just as a peony bursts from a small bud into a large and beautiful flower under the warming influence of a summer's sun, so Portia grows into the beauty of womanhood under the ripening influences of love. She is no longer cramped and hampered, but can grow and mature. She is now determined to do all in her power to help her newly wedded husband.

But though her powers have ripened she has not changed. The bud of the peony was the promise of the flower. So with the character of Portia. The qualities we discovered in the girl we shall find present with more beauty and deeper coloring in the woman.

At the trial scene her wit is no longer inspired by the whimsicalities of unpleasant people. It is not directed toward the external features of men, toward their customs and habits. Wit is now deepened into humor. It has become elemental. It is now a part of her character. Her gaze penetrates into the hidden principles of life and she sees life in its

deeper meaning. Her vision has become so clear and her grasp so firm that she discovers in the most serious situations, humorous features. She is so thoroughly master of the case before her and sees so clearly what the outcome will be that she can play with the feelings of those about her and laugh at their anxiety. She can prolong the suspense of Antonio and his friends, knowing that at any time she is capable of changing the conditions and can make the penalty fall on Shylock. She can also jest with Bassanio about his wife when he is lamenting the apparent fate of his friend.

Her wit is not the only quality that shows us a growth. There is another quality that I mentioned before as her philosophy that exhibits her great development. It is no longer that reasoning that she said was "not in the fashion to choose" her a husband, but it is the deeper and purer philosophy of life. Now it is directed toward changing the

will of an obstinate Jew who is pleading justice, and who under disguise of justice is plotting the life of the Christian. She now deals with the innermost feelings and purest motives of man. She calls upon Heaven that droppeth mercy as the gentle dew. She pleads for mercy that is twice blest, that "blesseth him that gives and him that takes;" that "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown," and is an "attribute to God himself."

When, after the trial, she is brought back to her old home and surroundings we again see what love did for her. Life is no longer void of beauty. Instead of that, life now is full of beauty. Since love has entered her heart it seems that even the "crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark, when neither is attended." To her, that glorious night of their reunion seemed "but the daylight sick. It looks a little paler; 'tis a day such as the day is when the sun is hid."

A HICKORY NUT.

G. RAE LEWIS, 1900.



It was the night before Thanksgiving, but there was no look of thanksgiving in old Jim Reed's face as he sat before the open fire-place with his pipe in his mouth. The fire seemed to burn in a half-hearted way, and a glance around the room showed it to be bare of all furniture except a table and two or three chairs. The whole place bespoke a miser and a hermit.

There came a knock at the door, and with a grunt Jim laid down his pipe and went to answer it. When he opened the door a cheery voice said; "Station-mas-

ter asked me to leave this with you, Mr. Reed; maybe it's a turkey; guess this letter will explain." And after handing Jim a letter, and putting in his arms a little child, the man quickly drove away.

For a moment Jim stood as though dazed. Then he called to the man to come back, but it was too late. After some hesitation he closed the door and laid the child in the chair near the heat.

She was muffled up in a large plaid shawl, and sound asleep. Jim looked at her. "Who on earth could have sent the young one to me?" he thought. Then he remembered the letter and slowly opened it. It was from his sister, whom

he had not seen for nearly ten years. She was dying, the letter read, and she begged him to take her little one and do for it what she was unable to do.

He did not wait to read further. His eyes flashed with anger and he clenched his fists. Take that child for his own? Did he not tell his sister when she married and went West that he never wanted to see her again? And now she had sent this baby to him to be a burden and an expense.

He stooped to unpin the shawl, and as it fell open he saw a tiny ribbon upon which hung an ordinary hickory nut, but curiously carved.

He dropped the shawl and stood upright, gazing into the fire. The hard lines in his face softened, and he seemed

to be looking far away. The whole scene changed; in the coals he saw the same room and the same fireplace, but O! so different. By the fire sat a sturdy young man, and on the hearth at his knee knelt a little girl in a snowy-white night-gown. The firelight danced from her little pink toes to her golden-brown hair, and seemed to enjoy their company. She watched her big brother as he carved the shell of a large hickory nut. When it was finished he gave it to her, and with a little kiss carried her off laughing, to her crib.

And this was the same brother, and not the same sister, but her baby. There, in the dying embers, a new world was opened, and bending over the chair old Jim did what he had not done in many years,—he kissed the lips of a child.

JOAN OF ARC.

MARION L. LAW, '99.



GENTLE girl was she, of
lowly birth,
But pure and chaste as is the
fleur-de-lis
For which she died. Upon
her brow no mirth,
Nor sign of earthly joy; but
hope to free
The "fair, sweet realm of
France" from slavery

Was her high purpose and her dearest prayer.
And fame of her was spread o'er land and sea—
Joan of Arc, who chose herself to bear
The heavy load of shame which burdened France the
fair.

II.

Her girlhood days were passed in far Lorraine,
And none more sweet and kind was in the land—
The Rose of Domremy. In every lane
And poor by-path was known her generous hand;
With streaming eyes she bent when anthems grand
Rose in the village church of Domremy.
A life more peaceful one could scarce demand;
And yet, the bravest one of all was she
When came the crash of war from England o'er the
sea.

III.

Her mother's anxious fears she would not see;
The priest's dissenting voice she would not hear;
But straight to Charles of France she took her plea,
And low on bended knee, the courtiers near,
She raised her fair, young face, unknown to fear,
And told of how the heavenly voices bade
Her tell the noble King, his fortunes drear
Would be restored, with all that e'er he had,
And his sad court would be transformed to one most
glad.

IV.

Then spoke King Charles right kindly to the maid,
And gave her power o'er all his grenadiers.
She kept her trust, and at his feet she laid
Her darling France, sweet cause of all her fears.
And then besought the King, with flowing tears,
That she straight back to Domremy might go.
But 'twas the royal will, and royal peers
Decreed that she the soldier's life should know,
And yet a little longer bear the battle's woe.

V.

But Rouen—bloody Rouen—was the end
To which the Maid was hurried by their zeal.
And England's rudest soldiery did send
That maiden martyr for her country's weal,
With clang of sounding bell, and peal on peal,
Unto burning stake and cruel death,
The which she met, and humbly did she kneel
And blessed her country's King with dying breath,
But last of all, her Saviour's name she softly saith.

ENGLISH SCHOOL LIFE.

HARRY W. JOHNSON, '99.



SCHOOL life in England is different from that in America, as we usually see it. The two systems, in fact, have little in common. The greatest difference, perhaps, is to be discovered in the relation existing between boys of the higher and lower classes. The discipline is almost entirely in the hands of the Sixth Form boys, or what we might call Seniors. An appeal is very seldom made from their decision to the masters, for it would usually bring additional punishment and the contempt of the school. The fagging system would not be tolerated in an American school. Imagine our Freshmen waiting upon and doing the menial work of the Seniors! How odd it would look to see a Senior practising with the bat, while one Freshman pitched for him and several others chased the ball, tumbling over themselves in the effort to get it first. I fear that Mr. Freshman, with his notions of equal rights, would make some serious and well-founded objections.

The fag is also required to perform many household duties for these venerable

Sixth Formers. He prepares and serves breakfast and tea, makes beds, runs errands, and copies; all of these duties he is supposed to do without a murmur. However, he has his reward. In return for his services, the Sixth Former, whom he serves, helps him with his lessons, explains the difficult passages, and solves the knotty problems; he also teaches him to play cricket and the other games correctly and well, gives him all the benefit of his labor and experience, and in a general way serves as a guardian and protector to him. If a fag should happen to turn out a great cricketer or oarsman, the old fag-master is as proud of him as if he were a younger brother. Under this system the boy, new to school life, is saved many troublesome and annoying experiences and quickly finds his place in the institution.

The boys are divided up among different houses, about forty to a house. Of each house a master is in charge. These houses consist of single and double rooms. Here the boys sleep, eat, and prepare their lessons—in a word, here is their home. When the new boy first enters his room he finds it pretty plainly furnished—a folding bed, a study table, a wash stand, and a few chairs. But with the aid of his pocket money and contributions from

home, he soon makes it comfortable and homelike; curtains are put up, the bare table is covered with a cloth, the walls are adorned with pictures, usually of hunting and sporting subjects, and with trophies, and last, but not least, he will probably become the possessor of a "froust"—a large arm-chair—in which he can sit on the hearth before the merry, crackling fire, talking over pleasant experiences with his friends while the bleak winter winds howl without.

The rivalry between the houses is intense, each one having its own cricket, football, and racket teams. It might at first be supposed that this house feeling would interfere with the loyalty to the school as a whole; but this is not so. Interest in the school and love for it are unbounded, as is shown by the enthusiasm displayed in the cricket games played between rival schools, between Eton and Harrow in particular.

The school week is divided into three full school days and three half school days or half holidays. Work commences early, an hour or more being spent in study before breakfast. Lessons are taken up again at various times during the morning and afternoon, except on the half holidays, when the afternoons are free.

One of the intellectual recreations at Harrow is Speech-day, which occurs once a year. This is a whole holiday; most of the boys, however, get up early and take a bath in "Ducker"—a large pond for bathing. Later in the day it is thrown open for inspection to the parents and other visitors. At ten o'clock the school band begins to play. This is more difficult than would at first be supposed, for it is very hard to resist the temptation to throw small cakes of soap and other soft articles into the gaping, upturned mouths of the musical instruments. They are

bound to fit in the horns somewhere, and when they are firmly lodged it is no easy matter to get them out.

About eleven the people begin to arrive in force, and a half-hour later the doors of the speech-room are thrown open. By twelve every seat is taken and the speaking begins before a thousand people. Here will be found ambassadors and other dignitaries, and the common workman and mechanic, who by his thrift has saved enough to send his son to a public school. The speeches consist of prize compositions, declamations, and dramatic scenes in Greek, English, French, or German. At this time also the presentation of prizes and medals takes place. As the especially honored guests descend the steps, they are cheered by the boys, led by one of the masters. In the afternoon a military band plays on the terrace, while the boys and their guests lunch in the houses. The day is concluded by a concert, given in the speech-room and consisting entirely of school songs, assisted by the school orchestra.

On entering school every boy, unless he has a doctor's certificate to the contrary, is required to choose some form of athletics, in which he intends to take an active part. Each house having its own teams, sometimes second teams, there is plenty of chance to play, and in this way the best material in the school is brought out and developed. Cricket is, of course, the most popular sport, occupying the position that baseball holds in America. Each house practices by itself until an eleven can be picked out, and then the matches for the championship of the school begin. The boys who play best in these matches are placed on the school team, which plays the teams of rival schools, and is privileged to wear the school colors.

The spirit exhibited in the minor games is very different from that shown in America at similar games. In America the minor games are regarded only as practice games, or very nearly so. Very little interest is taken in them except in so far as they may affect the final championship games, whereas, in England the main object is always an afternoon's sport; the idea of practice is there, but it is entirely secondary to that of pleasure. The greatest games are between Eton and Harrow, and Eton and Winchester; they correspond to our own Princeton-Yale and Harvard-Pennsylvania games. There is no organized cheering as in America, but plenty of noise is made. These games practically end the cricket season. Rowing and the games of football, fives, and rackets are also great favorites with the boys.

While as a rule the English schools do not go as deeply into scientific research

as our schools do, the men who graduate from them are generally more fit to meet the world with all its temptations and intricacies. First and above all, they are taught the first two principles of self-government—obedience to law and enforcement of law, those principles which are so lacking in American schools to their own detriment and hurt. The American educators are fast beginning to recognize this and are trying their best to have these ideas introduced into the schools and colleges. It has already been tried with wonderful results in many of our leading schools. The time is coming when it will be the system of all our schools, to their great betterment and advancement. We cannot fully appreciate a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, when we become citizens, until we learn its benefits in the smaller circle of school and college life.

CONTRA EXPANSIO.

HERBERT S. GLASBY, '99.



OW that Congress has ratified the treaty with Spain, by which, for a small "cash consideration," the Philippine orphans are dropped at our door for adoption, the question immediately confronts us: "Now that we have them, what shall we do with them?" In other words, "What shall be our Philippine policy?" The solving of this problem brings us, as it were, to the divergence of two paths—on the one hand, that tending toward imperialism and involving the pursuit of a hitherto untried course; on the other hand, to the maintenance of a pure de-

mocracy, with men like Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln as ideals.

Can it be well advised and prudent, can it be in accordance with our precedents, utterly to disregard the farewell advice of the "Father of His Country," his warning, "against the insidious wiles of foreign influence," and to have with other nations "as little political connection" as possible? Shall we ignore as antiquated and obsolete the avowed and fulfilled policies of the two later administrations?

Why not say, with Senator Hoar, that we are "old-fashioned enough to think that our fathers, who won the Revolu-

tion, and who framed the Constitution, were the wisest builders of States the world has yet seen?" They learned from the history of Greece one lesson—"the danger of an indulgence in the greed and lust of empire." How are we profiting by their ample experience? By annexing a group of islands thousands of miles away, which, as it is the purpose of this paper to show, can bring no good results to this nation.

First, the climatic conditions of the Philippines are unfavorable to European civilization and colonization.

The climate of this island, situated in the torrid zone, is tropical—"very warm." But why should we hesitate for this slight inconvenience? Because we hear of the rainy season with almost incessant rain for four months. We hear of a range of temperature from 90 degrees to 140 degrees during most of the remainder of the year, making work impossible except at early morning and late in the afternoon, but we never hear of a thoroughly healthful, salubrious period, when Europeans could enjoy themselves.

But these features are not all that are disagreeable. When with the rain and heat there come thunder storms, typhoons, earthquakes, all vastly destructive and deadly, we are too reluctant to advise our friends to go there.

The mortality throughout the group is very great, especially among foreigners, and is caused chiefly by the dreaded leprosy, malarial fever, smallpox and many other scourges of man which prevail. As it is everywhere acknowledged that we must maintain a standing army in the islands, to consist of several thousand men, can we conscientiously send our brave soldiers and officers there to suffer

and die miserably? Put yourself in their place. Would you like to go?

History shows us that all attempts made by Europeans to colonize tropical countries have been more or less failures. The lack of vitality in the South American republics is due to the absence of Anglo-Saxon "push, pluck and perseverance," while the record of the British soldiers in India and the Soudan, and of Stanley and Livingstone in Africa, prove that our blood can never thrive in the tropics.

The Chinese problem has a direct relation to the subject in question. How can the supporters of annexation dispose of our law restricting Chinese immigration? The population of the Philippines being largely Chinese, what, under the present state of affairs, is to hinder these people from pouring into our land in hordes, and, with their almost incredibly frugal habits, successfully competing with our workmen, with the result of lowering wages, health and morals? But why admit a Philippine Chinaman and exclude a Chinese Chinaman (if the expression may be allowed)? If one is debarred the other should be also, and as we have found it necessary for the maintenance of our welfare to keep out all Chinese, the annexation of the Philippines is out of harmony with our own laws.

The annexation of these islands will injure our industries.

Sugar, rice, and tobacco form the bulk of the products of our Southern States. If we admit into our land, duty free, the immense quantities of the same produce which the Philippines annually export, can our industries be kept up to their present high standard? That is a question of vital importance, to which there can be only one answer—they cannot be. Philippine labor will compete with our labor

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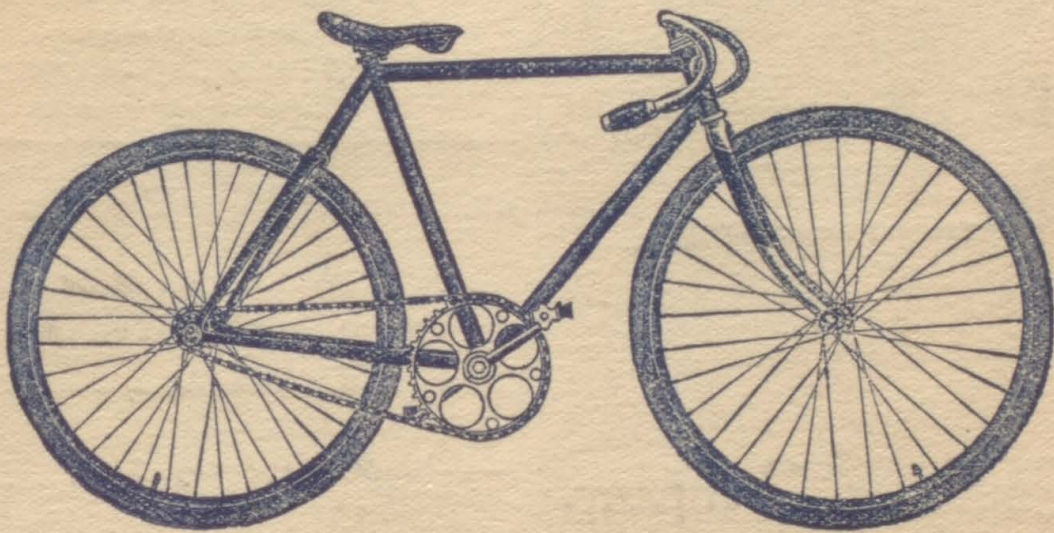
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as directly as if thousands of coolies and Chinese had been dumped into our cities and set to work in the mills and factories.

Commercial expansion will be retarded, instead of advanced, by annexation.

In order to augment foreign trade, absolute peace and security are essential. Last year, during the rumors of war among the European powers, the world's financial centre was temporarily transferred from London to New York. Why? Because capitalists, seeing that we were outside the storm region, preferred to invest their money in New York, where it would be more secure.

By annexing the Philippines we render ourselves more vulnerable in war by placing our country in the region of the threatening storm in China, and thus becoming involved in the troubles of Europe.

As trade does not follow the flag, but moves along the channels of least resist-

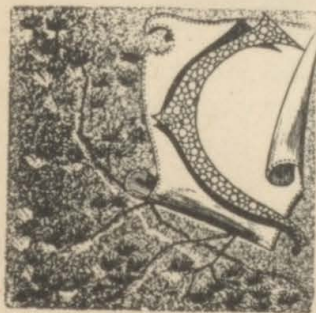
ance, as is proved by our great commerce with England's colonies of Canada and India, instead of more trade we would have less, if we should shoulder the white man's burden.

The question would confronts us, Shall we show to the world the open or closed door in our new possessions? If it is to be closed, then how may we suppose Russia, Germany, France, and even England and Japan, will feel toward us? The first three certainly will not lose any love for us, and the friendly attitude of the others will probably not be increased. These great powers are very much alive to their interests in the far East, and expect, and even demand, their share of Philippine trade, which, by the way, is seventy per cent British, and likely to remain so for some time to come.

The results of an open-door policy will be manifested in labor disturbances, financial depression, and perhaps even a repetition of the riots of '63.

ACROSS THE RESTAURANT TABLES.

BY ELIZABETH J. DOUGALL, '00.



CHRISTMAS shoppers, loaded down with bundles, hustling business men and women, and a crowd of eager, hungry schoolboys and girls were hurrying out of the cold into the warm

restaurant. The waitresses were pounding back and forth with trays piled dangerously high.

We girls had settled ourselves at a table in the corner. We had discussed the "Bill of Fare." and like three wise virgins had decided that rolls and hot chocolate for luncheon on a cold winter day

was the very best that a slender purse could purchase. Each of us had told the joys and sorrows that the morning at school had brought forth. Then we began to gaze about and wish that waitress would hurry, and not try to wait on three tables at once. "Do you see that tall, bent old man, with long white hair?" said Carrie. "He was at the concert last night, and Papa told me he was a composer. Wouldn't you think so, just by looking at him?"

"I think those girls at the next table act perfectly awful. I'd like to know what school they came from," said the other Carrie.

"Girls, just look at that little old lady at the table right beside ours," I whispered. "Isn't she the type of kind, gentle, innocent old age?"

The old lady I referred to sat all alone at her table. She was small and slight, and wore a gray dress and a bonnet with a tiny bow of lavender and a little piece of white lace among the black. Her black cloth cape and satin shopping bag lay on the chair beside her. Our orders came just then and we were silenced for a few moments, then I looked up and saw the two Carries winking and casting significant glances at me. They knew I was a particular admirer of handsome old men, and now an exceedingly fine-looking, elegantly dressed old gentleman was pulling out the vacant chair beside mine. The old man stood still a moment gazing about, and then, suddenly moved by some cause unknown to us, he started right off to the table where that old lady sat alone, calmly eating oysters. My old gentleman fussed a few moments, laid his hat on the chair next him, unbuttoned his overcoat and sat down. Then he took out his glasses and untangled the frail gold chain; he was glancing continually at the old lady opposite him. Finally he drew out his newspaper and pretended to read, but all the time he was looking at that woman. When his order came, oysters and custard pie, we girls just sipped our chocolate very slowly, for we were sure there was a romance connected somehow with those two. The old lady calmly and slowly finished her oysters, and my old gentleman bolted his last one just as she pushed her plate away. And there stood the two plates of custard pie side by side. The old gentleman's eyes twinkled. "Which is mine?" he asked, and as she looked up he gave her a searching glance.

"They are both the same," she said. "I think this is mine;" and she drew the nearest plate toward her. The old gentleman simply gazed at her and then he said bluntly: "Isn't this Miss Ashmore?" The old lady looked up surprised. She had started on her custard pie. "Why yes!" she said quickly. Then her face brightened and she stretched out her hand across the table, "Alex MacLaughlin," she said.

"I was sure it was you," he said. "I'd know that face anywhere, though I haven't seen it before since those jolly times. How long ago is it?" he asked, beaming over at her. "Well, anyway," he continued: "I haven't forgotten the winter that you girls spent at your Aunt Delia's; but, by the way, how is your sister? I suppose she made Max Brooker happy long ago."

The little old lady blushed. "O no; not Max! sister married Mr. Moore. I don't suppose you met him; he was in Europe studying that winter we were at Aunt Delia's."

"No, no; I never met him," said the old gentleman quickly; "but how about—," he lowered his voice.

We had lingered as long as we possibly could. It was quarter of one. We would have to hurry to be at school on time. "Give me your money and checks, girls," said Carrie, as we came to the cashier's window; "it will take less time for one to pay the whole thing." Then I knew that I'd be late, for I must have dropped my check on the floor, and I'd have to go searching back after it. I got back to the place where I had sat without finding it. My old gentleman and the old lady were still at their table. I spied my check lying beside my plate just where I had left it. I picked it up, and cast a long farewell glance at the next table. The little old lady's face was the picture of amazement. "Oh no," she was saying; "I'm not Ruth; how could you take me for Ruth?"

IDEAL COLLEGE LIFE.

BY OTTO F. SIEDER, EX-'99.



FEW people outside of the college student can realize what constitutes an ideal college life. The senior at the High School looks forward to his college career principally as a time for great intellectual and athletic distinction, and as that period of his school days which are usually alluded to as his happiest days. He has heard and read a great deal about college life, but has only a vague conception of its specific attractions.

With greater or less anxiety he patiently waits for his new career to begin. At last, on a cool September morning, the college opens, and our once dignified High School senior has become a freshman, and can be seen walking across the campus with the same air which he wore in his last year at the High School. The sophomore carefully observes him to see where he will have to apply some necessary remedies; the upper classmen pass him with a mere side glance, and he finds that his only friends are the representatives of some boarding club, literary society, or some similar organization which is desirous of increasing its numbers. By the guidance of these friends he is conducted to the recitation rooms and is introduced to the various branches of college activity. In this way the first day slowly draws to a close, and after retiring he lies awake many hours, meditating upon the events of the day just passed, thinking of the dear home and friends he has left and wondering why these should be called his happiest days. Wearied and tired, his eyes at length close, but in his

dreams he still sees the stern glance of the sophomore, whom he has already learned to fear.

The second day's experience is perhaps less exciting, and it does not take him long to become accustomed to his new life, and then all those strange feelings pass away. During all this time the sophomore is very careful in the discharge of his duties, and before many days have elapsed there is a decided change in our new freshman. He no longer wears that dignified air of the first day, but assumes a meeker attitude when he walks across the campus. These primary lessons must be learned by every college student, and, though very distasteful at first, they form a part of those fond recollections upon which an upper classman always likes to dwell.

The freshman year is undoubtedly the most fascinating of all college days. Perhaps the most interesting time in this year is the first attempt to take a class picture before matriculation without being discovered by the "sophs." Still more exciting, however, is the first class "rush," which causes so many gray hairs amongst the faculty. Though these events have not always the most pleasant results, still they create a feeling of class fellowship which is so dear to the memory of every college student.

When all these excitements have subsided and the new student once feels at home, he begins to appreciate the nobler side of college life. Who but the college student knows the value of those cold winter evenings, when four or five fellows gather about a glowing fire, and, leaning lazily backward in their chairs, with

their feet resting upon the edge of the stove, they evolve some philosophical or theological discussion, or try to solve some great problem in life, or perhaps relate some interesting events in their past history. Frequently something is said which causes a long silence, and as they steadily gaze at the roaring fire, lost in deep meditation, it would be interesting for an observer to try to follow the trend of their thoughts. At last the silence is broken, when one of the fellows strikes up a college song. All the rest join in, and after that they "break up," and each student goes to his respective room to study.

It is at these daily gatherings of students with the same noble ambitions and principles of life, that a friendship is cemented which can never be broken. Only at such occasions does the student realize that the specific objects for which

he comes to college are really the least valuable, but what he gets by association being the most valuable.

As the warmer weather returns, and as the fellows, instead of gathering in their rooms, now assemble in front of the dormitories, a student who chances to be on the other side of the campus on a mild and pleasant evening cannot help being impressed by sweet melodies which come floating toward him. In this sweet chorus of young male voices youth shines forth in all its brilliancy and happiness.

Such stirring events as these, occurring almost daily, form in each individual student a strong attachment to his college, and when his course is completed and he must go forth to battle with the world, how dear to him is the recollection of his college days, and how often does he desire to re-live them once more!

SPENSER.

EDNA M. FURMAN, '99.

WE hail thee, Spenser, born to grace the age
Of fair Elizabeth, the maiden queen,
In whose proud train were numbered many a sage
And many a warrior bold of courtly mien.
Yet of them all not one more dear is seen
Than thou, the poet whose sweet memory
Shall live and be with laurels ever green.
For in thy hand thou bear'st a golden key
That opens the enchanted realm of harmony.

Sir Walter Raleigh, that brave knight and true,
Who for himself a glorious name has made,
Loved him full well gave him honor due.
One day in dress of courtier gay arrayed,
He found him there "amongst the cool shade
Of the green alders of the Mullae's shore."
Together roved they over hill and glade.
And Spenser read that book of fairy lore,
And by her gentle voice he made its music more.

I sleep and dream I am in fairy land.
A splendid pageant moves before my sight,
A throng of ladies fair with many a band
Of noble knights in armor silver-bright.
I wake, and lo! the dream its golden light
Still sheds around me, for I hear thy lay,
O thou sweet bard of fancy's ariest flight.
And so I listen still, and all my day
Is filled with music and the flowers of lovely May.



HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., 1899.

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EDITORIALS.



THE last anticipation has become realization. We are really in the new High School. The invigorating air of the Acropolis is fast blowing away the cobwebs from our minds. We feel that we are in the abode of the Muses, and, in a frenzy of inspiration, we seize our pens and write. This explains the extraordinary excellence of the contributions to the Annual for '99. So putting aside the usual editorial modesty, we take great pride and pleasure in presenting to you this the forty-third High School Annual.

AFTER twelve years of waiting we are at last enabled to state that we are in

the new High School, and are all gathered together in one place. We were both sorry and happy to leave the old building. We miss Broad street and the large stores, but we enjoy the conveniences of the new High School and the delightful scenes surrounding it. The building is finely situated, standing as it does on the Acropolis and towering above every other edifice. The view of the surrounding country, from each room, is both varied and attractive. Looking west, one may see the beautiful park, the sparkling lake, Roseville and the Orange Mountains. Turning to the north, we look upon what will soon be the most beautiful section of the park, toward the right, the Soldiers' Home, and far in the distance the purple hills. Gazing eastward, the scene is most extraordinary. There is a large part of Newark under us, and beyond, the salt meadows, the silver, threadlike rivers, the broad bays, the miles of tall buildings in New York, the Statue of Liberty and the Brooklyn Bridge. To the south, the first thing that attracts our attention is the glorious stars and stripes floating idly on the breeze, or perchance spreading her fair folds strongly and proudly to the winds. Beyond, we may look upon the park and the surrounding towns.

The whole building is lighted by elec-

tricity and gas. In the basement are the heating plant, gymnasiums, bicycle, lunch and manual training rooms. The Principal's and Vice-Principal's offices are on each side of the main entrance on the first floor. The library is on the second floor, and the laboratories and drawing rooms on the third.

The rooms and corridors of the building are all well lighted, ventilated and heated. There was some trouble with the heating plant at first, but that difficulty, we believe, has been overcome.

One of the most appreciated features of the whole school is the magnificent auditorium. It has the aspect of simple grandeur that is wholly in keeping with the rest of the school. It is most satisfactorily arranged, being capable of seating, comfortably, over fourteen hundred persons. The pictures, which have been so kindly presented by the Alumni, relieve the wall in the rear of the rostrum of its somewhat barren appearance. Another feature of the assembly room is the large skylight through which the whole interior is lighted.

Perhaps the most striking advancement over former methods is exhibited in the science department. This occupies almost the entire top floor. On the east side there are three Physics laboratories in which ample provision has been made for individual work in all branches of the subject. The three rooms are equipped with dark curtains, water, gas and electricity. A converter in Room 90 reduces the five-hundred volt direct current to fifty volts. Cases adorn the walls, containing several thousand dollars worth of modern apparatus. Room 90 is especially devoted to electricity. In it also are kept the records and instruments of the Newark Branch of the United States Weather

Bureau. It has a telephone, No. 462, of the Newark Company, (of which a former graduate of the department is now superintendent). Room 89 contains apparatus for measurements of extension, capacity and weight. Room 88 is devoted to experiments in heat, light and sound.

Room 99 is the largest school room in the building. It is the physics lecture room. A table twelve feet long, equipped with water, gas and electricity, faces a semi-circle of one hundred seats, elevated in tiers. Dark curtains are provided, and an electric projection lantern, with all modern accessories, is attached to the rear wall. There is a side room for storing lecture apparatus. This room may be darkened at will, and contains a fine X-ray outfit. Rooms 77-80 are devoted to chemistry. 80 is the laboratory, with accommodations for forty-eight students. There are tanks, drawers and closets for each student, and an elaborate "fume" closet. Room 79 is for chemical stores. Room 78 is the "quiz" room for science, while room 77 serves both as lecture apartment for chemistry and a class room. Rooms 94 and 95 are devoted to biology, and are well furnished with microscopes and all the accessories usually needed for work in Biology and Botany.

There is a dark room in the garret where instructors may develop and print lantern slides, etc. The cases for mineral specimens have not yet been erected. It is expected that our fine collection will adorn the side walls of the upper corridors.

One of the most interesting rooms is the large Manual Training room. It contains six lathes, a circular saw, a planing machine and twenty-four working benches, each bench being equipped

with a full set of tools. The circular saw and planing machine are not, however, used by the pupils. The power to run the machinery is supplied by a fifteen horse-power motor. All the work in the shop is done from blue prints made in the drafting room, situated on the third floor. This room contains sixteen double tables, and each boy possesses a locker and drawing board. The tables, desks and chairs of both this and the drawing rooms are of the latest patterns and models, and are well adapted to their purposes. Drawing under these conditions becomes a great pleasure.

On the whole, it is our belief that Newark is to be congratulated on obtaining such a splendid building.

As we came to school on that last day of January, we did not believe that it would be the last time we should assemble there as a High School, even though we heard a whisper of it, for "Fame is as eager for false report as for messages of truth." But when Dr. Hovey stood before us with a piece of paper in his hand, we began to suspect. When he announced that we were to have a vacation and to enter the new High School on the following Monday, our happiness foamed into hilarity, so that Miss Greene was astonished and said: "Why, girls, how fast your tongues can run!" The tears that were in our hearts, if not in our eyes, as we sang: "We'll take a cup of kindness yet for the days of Auld Lang Syne," dimmed our happiness but for a moment, and the sadness of leaving the old building and its memories was soon lost in the pleasure of the new. It was hard to get our minds on lessons for the rest of the day, but the thought of the vacation spurred us on, and we were very diligent.

Then came vacation. Ah! but we

enjoyed it after the long array of tests. We enjoyed it more than usual because there was the novelty of going to the new building to look forward to.

We started off that Monday morning in good time, and those of us who did not have to ride, considered ourselves lucky when we saw the cars so crowded with boys and girls. At last we were there. We had the number of our rooms and expected to go straight to them, but when we got in, the number of rooms seemed endless; we turned numberless corners, and we seemed to meet nothing but strange faces, but at last we were shown where we were to go.

In the corridors everything was in a bustle. Everybody was hurrying. Some were carrying books, some packages. A little shriek now and then announced a collision. Everywhere was laughing and chatting. The seniors were recognized by the dignity and decorum which always attend their movements. We all worked so hard that at 10 o'clock, when we were dismissed, we ate our lunches heartily.

The next day we looked about us, and were well pleased with the large and well lighted class rooms.

As time goes on we are getting more conveniences and adornments. We all take pride in our rooms, and they are beginning to look very pretty. There are a few things we wish otherwise, but nevertheless we enjoy our school life very much, and are proud of our new building.

In January's *Forum* we find among the contributions an interesting and clear presentation of facts by B. C. Mathews, of our school, concerning the nativities of the inmates of the public charitable and penal institutions of New York City for a period of ten years.

"The study of these was undertaken by the writer for the sole purpose of ascertaining facts, and the paper is a statement of some of the facts found, but with little attempt at explanation or theorizing," in the words of Mr. Mathews. He has condensed the matter so thoroughly that to attempt to further condense it would be an undertaking far beyond us.

But in glancing over the article we meet some statements that seem to stand out more prominently than the others. Mr. Mathews says that the percentage of the subjects of the British Crown in New York City, and the percentage they hold in the matter of pauperism and crime, show, or seem to show, that the tendency of these people toward pauperism and crime is greater than those born in any other country or in the United States. That is rather surprising to us. Again, it is also shown, "that if the tendency of the native-born to pauperism was represented by 1, that the natives of Ireland in New York City would be represented by 20." To more fully develope this fact, he shows that the inmates of the almshouses born in Ireland are 10 per cent more than twice as many as those born in all the rest of the world, and that if all the inhabitants of New York were Irish-born they would require eight such almshouses as the one now maintained for the city.

"RUDYARD KIPLING as a Poet" is the subject of an attractive, careful article in a recent number of *The Arena*. The author is a member of our faculty, and his essay reflects credit on the school. Mr. Gilman shows clearly and concisely, as an introduction, the growth of literature, especially poetry, from the period of Homer to the present time, as influenced by such great denominating powers as Christian-

ity, the Renaissance in Italy, the Reformation in Germany. Mr. Gilman writes: "When Luther declared unto the world his proclamation of independence, 'Heir stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders, Gott hilf mir,' he not only freed himself, but made possible the liberty of all men when they should make themselves worthy of liberty." Later on he says: "Principles, however, are accepted in theory long before they are perfected in practice. Human sympathy, it is true, has gone down deeper and deeper into the strata of society; or perhaps it is nearer the truth to say that the individual has risen, century after century, into a larger comprehension of his duties and his powers. This growth into a larger vision has been the theme of English verse. Our master poets, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Burns, Wordsworth and Tennyson, have recorded and prophesied it. To the contributions to this tale of the ever widening circle of human sympathy, Rudyard Kipling is adding fresh chapters; he is interpreting to us our own material, scientific, democratic life; he is expressing in poetry the more inclusive modern conceptions of the importance of every individual; he is a part of a world movement that makes for the exaltation of man."

Mr. Gilman shows that Kipling's methods are exact, but not restrained. "In singing of the soldiers and sailors he employs their thoughts and expression." He points out to us that Kipling is a genius, as displayed in "McAndrew's Hymn," for, "To make the common marvelous, as if it were a revelation, is the test of genius," says Lowell. This characteristic of poetic genius is shown in many other poems, as in "Mandalay," where, "these two extremes are present." He points out Kipling's fine choice of

words, both in descriptive and sound effect, even to the extent of inventing words to express the exact sound required, as in

"Elephants a pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdy creek."

In summing up all the qualities of Kipling's writings, Mr. Gilman says: "Although it may be true that most of his verse lies nearer the base of the mountain than the heights, still no one, after reading the 'Recessional' and the 'Song of the English,' will deny that he can be both strong and tender, vigorous and refined. It may be true, too, that he lacks the sustained power that alone belongs to the broad culture and the ripe genius. The quality of his power is comparable to that of Marlowe, rather than to that of Shakespeare. And in making this comparison we must remember that Marlowe died before he was thirty, and that Kipling is not yet much older; and that 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' written when Shakespeare was about thirty, did not give much promise of 'King Lear' and 'Macbeth,' written when the dramatist was at the height of his power."

We give these few instances of outside work done by members of our faculty merely to show that the High School exerts an influence not only in Newark, but outside of it.

WHAT we are glad to see:

The new High School.

That the Traction Company now run cars on five-minute headway on all lines to the High School.

That Dr. Hovey has a private secretary.

That there is now a course in Chemistry for girls.

An attempt to properly heat the building on exceedingly cold days.

That blackboards are now in the mathematical rooms.

A new grand piano for the school.

That the price of the "Acropolis" has been reduced to five cents.

The mats at the doors.

WHAT we should like to see:

A lunch room for the scholars. (Coming?)

Some apparatus in the boys' gymnasium.

Some one who can check the draught that comes in around the windows on a windy day.

The girls' Basketball Team play a game.

More men join the Athletic Association.

The Baseball Team win the league championship.

Some arrangement by which many pupils would not have to study in rooms where recitations are being conducted.

WHAT we want to know:

Why Erler, '99, favors co-education.

How many years study in ventilation the architect of this building had.

Why Backus and Buehler do not spend noon hour in the basement any more.

Why Mr. C. L. Safford always faces the girls at chapel.

Why the High School was not put on the Orange Mountains.

NEWS ITEMS.

A number of important changes has been made in the Male Faculty. Mr. Ransom was forced to resign on account of ill health. Mr. M. L. Barr, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, has

been engaged by the Board of Education to fill his place. Besides Mr. Barr three teachers have been added to the corps of instructors. Mr. W. L. Morgan, of Syracuse University, has been with us all this school year. When we came to the new building Mr. T. F. Kennedy, of Seton Hall, and Mr. C. L. Safford, of Williams College, were added to the faculty. Mr. Safford takes charge of the music at the Chapel exercises in the morning, thus relieving Mr. Sonn, who is kept busy in the scientific department. Another new teacher, to most of the boys, is Mr. Pickwick, who has charge of the manual training work throughout the city, but who spends his mornings at the High School.

THIS year the girls' department is glad to welcome six new teachers—Miss Baker, Miss Blake, Miss Belcher, Miss Smith, Miss Schenck and Miss Upperco. Miss Baker, Miss Belcher, Miss Blake and Miss Smith are graduates of our own school.

Miss Baker was graduated from the Newark Normal School and studied art at the Art Students' League of New York. She is now teaching drawing.

Miss Belcher is also a graduate of the Normal School, and was a member of the class of '98 of Vassar College. She teaches English and History.

Miss Blake, who is a graduate of Smith, teaches Botany and Algebra.

Miss Smith was graduated from Wellesley in '97. After leaving college she taught a short time in South Tenth Street School. Now she is teaching German and Botany.

Miss Schenck was graduated from Packer Collegiate Institute. She taught in Winchester, Virginia, before coming

to our school, where she teaches English and Botany.

Miss Upperco is a graduate of Columbia College. Before coming to us she taught in South Tenth Street School. She is now teaching Botany.

We regret that Miss Tucker is no longer one of the faculty. Miss Tucker resigned at the mid-year. There is good authority for the rumor that a certain young man whom she met at the Leland Stanford University could tell the reason why.

THE Association of the Alumni of the High School, ever having at heart the welfare and comfort of the school, decided last August to present to the High School several fine copies of the most famous art masterpieces. A committee was elected to look after the matter, and after much labor purchased thirteen beautiful copies of well known and favorite works of art.

The afternoon of Friday, March 24th, 1899, was spent in most interesting exercises attending the presentation of the pictures to the school. Several songs were sung, after which Mr. John R. Weeks, the President of the Alumni, in a short speech turned the pictures over to the Chairman of the High School Committee, Mr. Lewis, who in turn presented them to Dr. Hovey. Julius Levy and Miss Edna Furman, in a few well chosen words, received them in behalf of the school. Then followed speeches by both Superintendent Gilbert and Rev. Dwight Galloupe, the "Fighting Chaplain," which were heartily enjoyed by all. The surprise of the afternoon was the unveiling of a remarkably life-like portrait of Prof. Quinlan, an old instructor of the High School. By the storm of applause which followed the unveiling of his pic-

ture, one may feel sure of the warm regard the scholars and teachers feel toward him.

The complete list of the pictures is as follows: "Return of the Gleaners," Jules Bréton; "Springtide," Corot; "Syndix," Rembrandt; Roman Forum; Cloisters of St. Paul; Arch of Titus; Sistine Madonna, Raphael; "The Gleaners," Millet; Gen. Colleoni, Verrochio; Theodoric (in the Royal Chapel at Innsbruck); King Arthur (in the Royal Chapel); "Winged Victory;" "Children of the Shell," Murillo; Prof. Quinlan.

The school is, indeed, deeply grateful to the Alumni, and assures its kind friends that their earnest and successful efforts to help beautify the building are fully appreciated. We value the pictures not only for their intrinsic value, but because they show the warm regard of those who have enjoyed the benefits of the institution. We extend our most hearty thanks to the Alumni at this time, and trust that the time may come when we may show our appreciation to the Association in a more substantial manner.

John R. Weeks, '76; David F. Nichols, '64; James M. Trimble, '64; William Weiner, '84; Louis A. Kempf, '94; William Nicoll, '90, and Samuel M. Riker, '97, were the committee.

BEFORE the old building was evacuated the Seniors held an entertainment and sociable in the old chapel, the scene of so many happy events. The programme was quite an elaborate one, consisting in part of shadow pictures which depicted the love affairs of a poor maiden, showing that the course of true love runs not in smooth channels. There were shown several dramatic and some heart-rending events, one of which shows the poor girl on her knees with her hands clasped

appealing for mercy. Above her stood the hard, relentless father who has sworn to kill the girl unless she will marry her rich suitor and forsake the poor but true one. Slowly the horrible meat-axe descends. The girl ceases to plead but awaits her fate. Suddenly the true suitor runs up; shows that he has wealth, and both kneeling receive the blessing of the father. Miss Rogers was the maiden, Edward Quigg the rich suitor, Herbert Glasby the poor lover and Russell Backus, the father. Miss Marion Law read the ballad.

The rest of the programme consisted of songs by the quartet and Senior Boys, recitations by Miss Skinner, and a piano duet by Misses Kempf and Hervey.

After the entertainment, refreshments were served and a short social hour was indulged in. It is rumored that some of the boys got lost in trying to find the way home from some place in which they had mysteriously found themselves. Others who, a few days before had sustained the negative side of the debate concerning co-education, were heard to say that "after all co-education would be all right for the Senior Class." Such were the results of that evening.

THE Girls' Basket Ball Team, organized in '98, met again last December, ready for work. By frequent practice through the winter they have become (notwithstanding bumps and bruises) most skilled players, and will soon challenge the first Basket Ball team in the country. But their debts have been increasing with their skill. The rent for the hall on New Street, in which they have practiced for some months, was becoming alarming. After many discussions and several meetings, they decided to raise money by a lunch. Then the girls went

home to bake and burn their fingers. Gay posters appeared in the corridors, and one Wednesday morning we exchanged our neatly strapped books for baskets and bags and bundles. With Miss McNary's assistance the lunch was spread in the gymnasium, and all was ready by 12 M. Then how fingers and tongues, oranges and green pickles, fudge and molasses taffy flew! Ten smiling Juniors, with red cheeks and new silk waists, handed out these dainties to their hungry, chattering customers. But under such patronage the dainties did not last long, and in ten minutes the board (not the table) was cleared. It was reported that one of the professors bribed a boy to buy him his lunch. The boy came too late, and the professor went without. The profits were twenty dollars, which will pay for the rent of the hall for the rest of the year. We heartily congratulate the girls on the success of their luncheon. It was the first given in the new building, but the Basket Ball Girls say it will not be our last.

THERE were many sad hearts and tearful eyes at the last meeting of the Senior boys in the boiler room, where we had enjoyed ourselves so thoroughly during our senior year. We always felt secure and happy in there; the immense furnace and genial Dick, bless him, always made it seem cozy and altogether delightful. Here discussions of our chances with Academy and other schools in sports took place; here were settled weighty questions in Economics or Sociology and knotty problems in "Trig" were unraveled, or perhaps a hard passage in Latin or Greek was successfully translated by the "smart boys." How comfortable it seemed in there when we saw other boys standing out in the cold and peep-

ing in through the window. Selfish? Oh, no! just merely satisfied with the condition of affairs. Of course, we were sorry for the non-elect; but we couldn't help it that we were Seniors and they nothing but Juniors, or still lower classmen.

Yes, we were sad that day. The old table, the rickety chairs and boxes, the stone floor, the huge furnace and the surrounding walls never seemed so dear to us as on the day when we bade farewell to the boiler room. The last thing we saw before we left were the red and blue numerals of "'99," the symbol to us of all our happy days spent in the dear old building. Yes, after all, it was hard to leave the old place.

LAST spring, when the soft breezes, laden with perfumes, began to blow over the beautiful, fragrant Passaic, and when those marvels of grace and luxury, the Coney Island boats, began to make their daily pilgrimage to that haven of peace and rest, an idea was originated in the acute mind of one of our present Seniors; an idea so great, so grand, so high that the poor fellow was smitten as if by sunstroke, and even forgot to partake of the delicious raisin studded cakes which he had so luckily found in his ten cent lunch.

By the aid of heroic efforts on the part of his numerous friends, he recovered from his dazed condition and whispered loud enough for his anxious schoolmates to hear: "I've an idea, fellows!" Whereupon the said fellows slowly shook their heads. "It is a sad case, boys!" one tall young man said huskily, and he voiced the sentiments of all, "I wonder how long he will be confined on South Orange avenue?" No one knew, but all realized the seriousness of the malady. After a long illness of brain fever, caused

by the overtaking of that important organ, the young man lived to see his idea carried out. The result was that eighteen or so brave members of his class appeared at school one morning wearing the most beautiful caps of a most exquisite blue, bearing directly over the long peaks in numerals of a heroic size the figures "99" in startling white.

ON the 17th of March, the Junior A of the girls' division held a debate. The question was: "Shall the Joneses live in New York or Roseville?" This family consists of Mr. Jones, a bookkeeper, Mrs. Jones, general health delicate, Miss Jones, aged twenty, artistically inclined, Mr. Jones, Jr., medical student, two younger Miss Joneses, a baby, subject to a peculiar kind of fits, and a dog.

Miss Watson and Miss Fowler took the affirmative; Miss MacBride and Miss Gaston the negative. The girls were put upon their mettle by the presence of a real live reporter; and after a heated and very amusing discussion, lasting three-quarters of an hour, the debate was closed. The question was left open, but all agreed that the interests of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and the little Joneses, had been most admirably defended.

DEBATES form an important element in the Senior English work, which is separate from that of the Literature Class. The members of the class have indulged in several discussions of interesting topics. Among them may be mentioned, as two of the most enjoyable, the questions of co-education and of dissection and vivisection in classes of science in the High School.

ONE more picture has been added to Dr. T. B. Hascall's collection, by the

Commercial Class of '99. It is a picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and now graces the front wall of his room.

DR. HOVEY wished, when we entered the new school, to have some sort of ceremony attending the raising of the flag in the morning and the lowering of it at night. At a special meeting of the Senior boys, for it was the purpose of Dr. Hovey to give the honor to the Seniors, after a short speech by Professor Morgan the boys chosen to perform the ceremony were: N. W. Hill, G. H. Bickley and F. E. Clark. When Hill left, another special meeting was called and A. Egner was chosen as third man.

The flag is raised at five minutes before nine in the morning, and lowered at half past two in the afternoon. During the ceremony J. A. Chamberlain, of the Junior class, plays the flag call. Just before it is taken in for the day it is dipped according to military custom.

LAST December Prof. Sonn gave a lecture at Association Hall to a large audience of High School scholars and their friends. The lecture, which was entitled, "In the Far North," was a recital of the personal experiences of Prof. Sonn in Norway and Spitzbergen during the summer of 1898. Before the lecture Mr. C. L. Safford played several selections on the piano and sang the national anthem of Norway. The audience saw Prof. Sonn on the Baubrae Glacier, where he spent the Fourth of July, waving the American flag, which one of the boys presented to him just before he left Newark. During June Prof. Sonn had told the boys what he expected to see, and had asked each one of them to set off a fire-cracker on the Fourth in his honor, and

had promised to return the salute from the Northland. He now took occasion to tell the boys that he had fulfilled his part of the bargain, and had fired off his pistol at just about the time appointed. He then explained the curious customs of Norway and the other places he visited. The lecture was beautifully illustrated throughout by stereopticon views made from photographs which Prof. Sonn himself had taken. These views were pictures of the beautiful Fiords of Norway and barren wastes of Spitzbergen, where no man dwells. The lecture was given to raise money for a piano to be used in the Auditorium. After all expenses had been paid Prof. Sonn turned over to the Music Committee two hundred dollars, with which they immediately secured the piano which we now use.

ONE noon last October the Junior and Senior boys participated in a rush on West Park street. For five or ten minutes all one could see was a struggling mass of once dignified juniors and seniors. Finally one side retired, and their opponents made the neighborhood ring with the victorious class yell of

Hacka, racka, ree-raw,
Hacka, racka, res;
Ninety-nine, ninety-nine,
N. H. S.

For a time strong feeling was displayed between the two classes, but Dr. Hovey effectively removed the possibility of any future encounter by giving a private talk to the members of each class.

THE *Acropolis* is the fitting name of the Juniors' new class paper, which made its first appearance on January 25, 1899. In submitting the *Acropolis* to the public the Juniors undertake a new venture, which we hope and believe will be a success.

The *Acropolis* is a ten-page magazine devoted to the interests of the class and school. The first number contains a story entitled "A Quail Hollow Victory," by J. A. Gies, and several pages of editorials. The editor, Mr. R. D. Clarke, is to be congratulated on the neat appearance of the sheet. He is assisted by J. W. O'Connor, C. F. O'Neil and J. A. Geis, and in the second edition we see the names of Miss Mary A. Mahan, Miss Edna F. Johnson and Miss Laura E. Marble as assistant editors. The business manager is Mr. W. L. F. Hardham. The price, which was ten cents, has been reduced to five; this is a more popular price for a paper of that size.

The ANNUAL extends its hand in friendship to its new-born companion and wishes it a long and prosperous life.

THERE is a problem which we are trying to solve. Did the scarlet fever germs come to the annex to study Latin and Mathematics or to allow the boys to study Bacteriology? At any rate they came, and the boys left the field of study to them. One Tuesday morning in November Mr. Wiener noticed that one of the boys who had been suffering from scarlet fever had returned to school before he had entirely recovered. The Health Board was notified, and at noon the boys from the annex were sent home for the day. Some of the boys from the main building, who passed the annex while the boys were being dismissed, were stricken with wonder when they saw that Dr. Hovey was actually compelling the boys to leave their books in the building. The various rooms of the annex, with all the books, were fumigated that afternoon and the next day, and the only evil result was that the annex boys had two days extra vacation.

NOTHING in school gives us more pleasure than the pictures in Miss Buettner's room. Bits of European scenery, the ice-covered Jungfrau, Mt. Blanc, deep crevasses spanned by slender bridges of ice, natural caves and the sunny "Lake of Lucerne" are now and then hung up on one side of the room; on another side wall we see the famous old city of Nuernberg, with its quaint, tall-roofed houses, imposing Gothic cathedrals, the "Bridge of St. Nepomuck," with its picturesque towers, and the "Coronation Hall" and reception room of the Imperial Castle at Berlin. All these pictures and a hundred others can be hung up in five minutes, thus transforming the room into a beautiful picture gallery. They are the gifts of the classes of '97 and '98, and were purchased by Miss Buettner when she was abroad.

ON the evening of the 14th of December the members of the Senior Class gave a debate to their numerous friends in the chapel at the old building.

The topic selected for discussion was one both timely and interesting. It was *Resolved*, "That the United States is wise and just in holding the Phillipines." Messrs. File, Bickley and Wharton sustained the affirmative, while Messrs. Levy, Glasby and Baxter upheld the negative. Professor Gilman presided. The participants revealed in their several speeches close and careful study, and many points were well taken.

Before the debate Messrs. Glasby and File rendered a piano duet. During the evening the Senior quartet, Miss May Wilson, Miss Leslie Hervey, Howard Crane and Fred. Clark sang several songs in their usual effective and satisfactory manner. Miss Clara Kempf accompanied them on the piano.

The Class of "'99" celebrated its farewell to High School life, as Juniors, in a Junior Recital held in Association Hall on Wednesday evening, June 22d., 1898.

The entertainment was a delightful conglomeration of essays, music, sketches and mirth-provoking papers. It was a success in every way, owing to the thorough training given the boys by Professor Gilman. The large number of friends who attended the recital went away well pleased and, perhaps, a little surprised at the remarkably satisfactory program that had been arranged for them. The surprise of the evening was the violin solo which was credited to H. J. Strahan on the program. None of us knew that he played so exquisitely, and some of us remarked about the strange similarity of his playing and that of Mr. George Kuhn. It was several weeks before many of us realized that a clever deception had been practiced upon us, and that it really was George and not Herbert that had delighted us with the harmonious strains of music.

After the entertainment the boys walked several miles about the city, serenading the different teachers of the institution. They were well received at all places, and if the boys can only remember all the good words of advice that were spoken to them on that night, they will grow up to be honored men in their community.

At Professor Gilman's they were particularly well received. Mr. Gilman, with the aid of several charming young ladies, provided an entertainment for the boys that put even the "Recital" to shame, so the fellows afterward said. The sun was just peeping over the housetops when the weary Juniors at last reached home tired but happy.

The program was as follows:

FIRST PART.

1. Quartet Song—"Come where the Lillies Bloom,"
Soprano, Miss L. May Wilson.
Alto, Miss Leslie Hervey.
Tenor, H. J. Strahan.
Bass, F. E. Clark.
2. Greeting,
Charles R. Fairchild.
3. An Essay—"Newark yesterday, to-day and
to-morrow."
Ralph C. Morris.
4. A Sketch—"A Summer's Day,"
Wilfred S. File.
5. Piano Duet—"Chariot Race," E. J. Paull
W. S. File and J. C. Schmitt.
6. Debate—"Educational Test for Restricting
Emigration."
Julius Levy, Affirmative Presentation.
Otto F. Seider, Negative Presentation.
7. Quartet Song—"Sing and be Merry," C. A. White
The Quartet.

SECOND PART.

1. Class Essay—"The Jubilee and Kipling's
Recessional,"
Herbert A. Glasby.
2. An Event worthy of Record,
Herbert J. Strahan.
3. Piano Solo—"Hark! Hark! Hark!"
Miss Clara L. Kempf.
4. Class History,
Howard F. Kirk.
5. Violin Solo—"La Cinquantine,"
H. J. Strahan.
6. Class Prophecy,
Nathaniel W. Hill.
7. Farewell to the Class of '98.
Sidney W. Fuerth.
8. Quartet Song—"Good Night, Gentle Folks,"
The Quartet.

THE Junior girls feel deeply grieved over the loss of their schoolmate, fondly called "Binxy" Wilson, who died April 2d.

IN A short time Prof. Wiener will have on exhibition samples and models necessary to illustrate the work done in the industries depending upon the use of chemicals. These models represent the different processes of manufacturing the articles from the raw material to the finished product. Among those contributing to the exhibition are Kaufherr &

Co., skins of different animals; Heller & Merz, ultra marine blue works; Maas & Waldstein, chemicals; Hanson, Van Winkle & Co., electro-platers' supplies; and the Art Metal Co., a supplementary exhibit in electro-chemistry. As yet, only the leather goods have arrived, and among them are specimen parts of the following animals: alligator, hog, boa-constrictor, rattlesnake, water-snake, shark, elephant, Mexican Chameleon, rhinoceros, sturgeon, porpoise and the sea cow.

THE new High School is soon to have two other class papers besides the Acropolis, if reports are true. "Sparks" is the suggestive name of the proposed Senior paper, and from what we know of the Senior Class, we believe it is an appropriate name. Why, just look at—no, we can't give names, but just keep your eye on "Sparks" and the Class of '99.

The "Thermostat" of the second years' is soon to appear. It will be devoted to the interests of the school and the Class of '01. The price is two cents. We hope it will not meet with such a cold reception as the thermostats throughout the building received not long ago. We predict a frost in business if it does.

These papers are beneficial both to the class and to those members in charge. Let all support the papers and so indirectly help yourselves in various ways. We hope the time will soon come when a monthly school paper will appear. It would further the interest of the school and give us a prestige in other schools to which we could send the paper.

THE members of the Senior Literature Class find ample opportunity in their course of study for differences in opinion. Consequently debates are nearly always

in order, and many are the periods when the class has been divided against itself, but it has not fallen. The members always seek to settle the dispute in argument, which is fully enjoyed by the class and it is hoped, also, by the teacher. The Seniors find the training a great help to them, for it teaches them to frame their thoughts in ready and effective speech.

OWING to the unsettled state of our affairs at the beginning of the year, the Montagu Society was not organized until after we entered the new building. Then Miss Green called a meeting of the Senior and Junior girls in order to find out whether they wished to continue the old society, which has been for so many years an established institution in the High School. The vote was unanimously for the Montagu. The usual officers were elected. The society is now in good running order and will undoubtedly be heard from before the end of the year.

ON THE Friday before the Spring vacation the girls of the Senior Class gave a '99 afternoon. The invited guests were Dr. Hovey, Miss Greene, the teachers who have charge of the Senior classes, Miss Leyden, Miss Coult, Miss Buettner, and Mr. Mathews, and the Senior boys. The entertainment was held in the lecture-room, which answered the purpose very well. The piano that used to stand in the girls' department at the old school was used for the occasion. The program, which was delightful, was as follows: 1. Piano solo, Miss Delaney; 2. Duet vocal, Misses Wilson and Hervey; 3. Reading, selected, Miss Law; 4. Piano solo, Miss Hedden; 5. Mandolin solo, Miss Mercy; 6. Vocal solo, Miss Koehler; 7. Monologue, Miss Skinner;

8. Piano solo, Miss Kempf. After this refreshments were served, and then there was one of the jolly good times for which '99 is noted. Miss Juchs and her committee received many congratulations on the success of their efforts.

THREE or four trips were taken in connection with the geological work since the school year began. The first one found its destination in the National History Museum at New York. Here the second year boys spent a few hours examining the different specimens in relation to their work. A second trip was made to Burger's Paterson quarry, and a third trip to the same place was announced a little later on.

This time the girls were invited to aid the boys in their geological researches. Two long trolley cars groaned beneath the weight of so much intellect, and one wheel actually snapped off causing a little delay. At the Belleville Sandstone Quarry a stop was made, and the local phenomena was observed. At Paterson the pupils enjoyed two or three hours of real geological work, some having discovered fine specimens. Here one might have seen a blushing lad assisting some likewise blushing lassie in reaching some height where with the assistance of little hammers masses of amethystine quartz crystals, pectolite, trap and other minerals were divided among them.

WAY back in April, 1861, we find that the girls of the High School presented the First Regiment of New Jersey with a fine flag made by Madame Harriott of Newark, at a cost of over eighty dollars. This flag, infinitely more valuable now on account of the associations connected with it, will be given back to the school on April 30th. There will be, at this

time, several speeches by prominent men, and a general enthusiastic assembly is confidently expected.

OTTO SEIDER, who was elected president of the Class of '99, last June, tendered his resignation last September, as he had obtained a scholarship in the Lafayette College. While we disliked to part with him we rejoiced in his good fortune. He was succeeded by F. E. Clark, under whose leadership the class has made much progress in its social career.

THE concert which was given by the Junior Boys on the evening of April the sixth, in the Auditorium, was excellent. The programme was an elaborate one, and each piece was so loudly applauded that an encore was given with but few exceptions. The programme, was as follows:

PART ONE.

| | | | |
|---|---------------------------|---|------------------------|
| The Violet, | - | - | Willis F. Johnson, '79 |
| Sextette from N. Y. University Glee Club. | | | |
| Dinah, | - | - | Strauberg |
| | Mr. Haynes and Quintette. | | |
| Marcel, | - | - | Godard |
| Nocturne, | - | - | Chopin |
| Polonaise, | - | - | Chopin |
| | Mr. Safford. | | |
| For All Eternity | - | - | Mascheroni |
| | Mrs. Frank G. Gilman. | | |
| "Young Lucretia," | - | - | Miss Wilkins |
| | Miss Lindner. | | |
| Introductione, | - | - | Vieux temps |
| Romance, | - | - | Svendsen |
| | Mr. Trevlyn. | | |
| "Let Me Love Thee," | - | - | Arditi |
| | Mr. Petry. | | |

PART TWO.

| | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|---|------------|
| Miss Maria Johnson, | - | - | Williams |
| | Mr. Hodley and Quartette. | | |
| Nymphs and Fauns, | - | - | Bemberg |
| | Mrs. Gilman. | | |
| La Drammatique | - | - | De Beriot |
| | Mr. Trevlyn. | | |
| Yeoman's Wedding Song | - | - | Pianitoski |
| | Mr. Petry. | | |
| A Sisterly Scheme, | - | - | Bunner |
| | Miss Lindner. | | |
| "Oh What a Beautiful Ocean," | - | - | Gray |
| | Quintette. | | |

EXCHANGES.

The Pennsylvanian, from the University of Pennsylvania.

The Targum, from Rutgers College, New Brunswick.

The Concordiensis, from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Triangle, from New York University, New York.

The Hackettstonian, from Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J.

The University Bulletin, from the University of Pennsylvania, Penna.

The Red and White, from Battin High School, Elizabeth.

The Wesleyan University Bulletin, from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

The Bixler Business College Reporter, from Bixler Business College, Wooster, Ohio.

The High School Argus, from Harrisburg.

The Polyminian, from Newark Academy.

The Acropolis, N. H. S., Class of 1900.

The Parthenon, from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

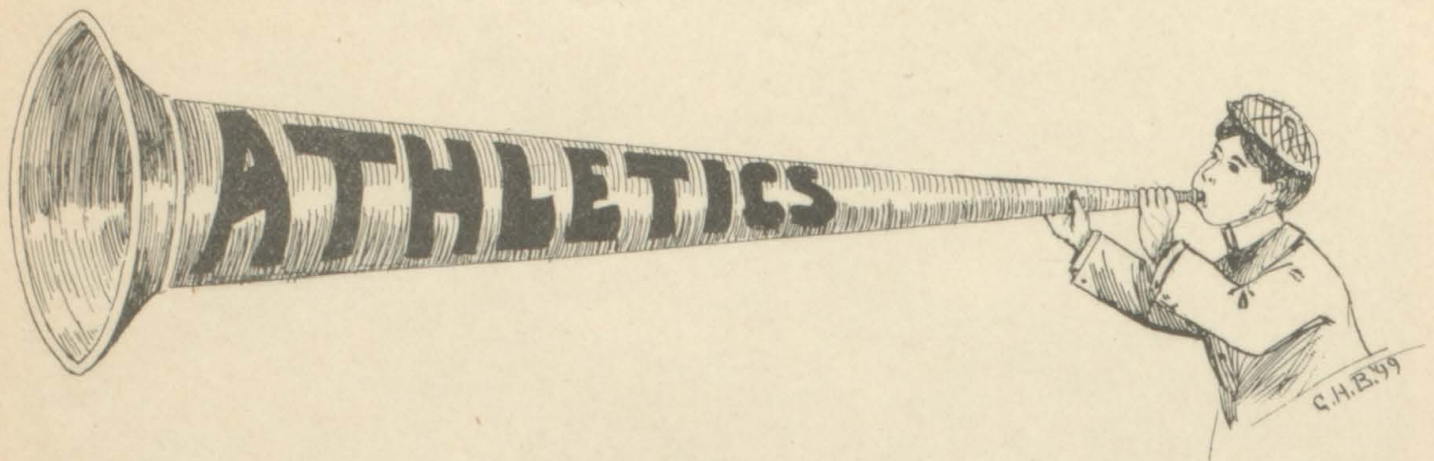
The Porcupine, from Santa Rosa High School, California.

The Ball High School Review, from Galveston, Texas.



NEWARK HIGH SCHOOL FOOT BALL TEAM, 1898.

From Photo by G. Rae Lewis, '00.



Just before the base ball season of '98 opened we joined the New Jersey Inter-scholastic Athletic Association, and as it was therefore necessary to have enclosed grounds, we rented the Newark Athletic Club's field for certain days during the season. This was the first time the High School had ever had regular grounds either to practice or play on, and it proved to be a great boom to athletics in the school. We had the use of the dressing rooms, shower bath and lockers. These accommodations induced a large number of men to try for the team that would otherwise not have done so.

On Monday, March the twenty-eighth, all the candidates for the team were notified to report for practice, and about forty men responded. Titchen, '98, had been elected captain, and Warner, '98, manager. The first game that we played was against the Brooklyn Latin School, and was won by us with ease. The second game, which was against Montclair High School, we lost on account of lack of practice, but the defeat made us go to work all the harder, and when we came out for our game with the Faculty, we were in fine condition, and although they had their strongest team in the field, we won by a score of ten to two. The game with Brooklyn High School was played on their grounds, and although the score was five to nothing in their favor, it was very

exciting throughout. Our boys had all the bases filled every inning and played a fine fielding game, but fortune was in their favor, and we were defeated. East Orange High School had things all their own way and easily won the next game, but when the fellows went to Plainfield they showed that they could play ball when they wanted to. On account of a little difficulty after this game we were obliged to play a scrub team in our second game with Brooklyn Latin School and consequently lost. The next and last game of the season was against our old-time rivals, the Academy. It was the finest game of ball that we played during the whole season. Our fellows had been practicing hard for a week and went in to win and they did.

The season, taking it as a whole, was a good one, although we did not win the league championship, we defeated the Academy, and that is next best thing. We would rather lose the league and defeat the Academy than win the league and have them defeat us.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----|-------------|----|
| April 14, Brooklyn Latin School.. | 2 | High School | 16 |
| " 16, Montclair High School.. | 23 | " " | 7 |
| " 21, Faculty..... | 2 | " " | 10 |
| " 26, Brooklyn High School.. | 5 | " " | 0 |
| " 30, E. Orange High School. | 27 | " " | 0 |
| May 4, Plainfield High School.... | 10 | " " | 13 |
| " 10, Brooklyn Latin School.... | 15 | " " | 2 |
| " 20, Academy..... | 2 | " " | 6 |

THE TEAM.

Catcher—Young, '98, Inglin, '00;
 Pitcher—Titchen, '98, (Capt).
 1st base—Clark, '99.
 2d base—Hill, '99.
 3d base—Eagles, '98.
 Short—Girtanner, '01.
 Left field—Murray, '00.
 Center field—Rowe, '98.
 Right field—Feind, '01.

The Second Annual Field Day of the Newark High School Athletic Association was held at Riverside Track on Saturday, May 28, 1897, at 2 o'clock. It had rained the day before, and consequently the track was heavy and not suited for record breaking. Notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the ground, three records were broken and good time made in other events. In the mile run none of the contestants would set the pace, and consequently it was slow. In the broad jump and half-mile walk Krementz, '00, did some good work for his class, winning both events and breaking Bruyere's record for the jump by one inch. Schneider, '98, made the greatest number of points for his class and won the first "all-around" medal. Schwinn was the only man from '01 that scored a point. For '99 Hill did the most work. Wiedenmayer easily won the hammer throw and shot put; the only man who came anywhere near him was Hill, who in the shot put was putting further than Wiedenmayer, and would probably have won had he not been disqualified for stepping over the circle. O'Connor, '00, broke the record for the four-forty-yard run by two-fifths of a second, winning from Schneider by a few feet. There were four men, Hill, Wiedenmayer, Krementz and Kuhn, tied for the second "all-around" medal, and it was decided to let them draw for it. The result of this was that Wiedenmayer was given the second and Hill the third medal. The one

mile Grammar School Relay Race, which was a new feature of the games, proved to be a great success, and the handsome silver cup, which was presented to the Athletic Association by the Alumni, was won by Franklin School. Both the medals and cup were presented to the winners at the old High School building by Superintendent Gilbert on Friday evening, June 3d. The medals were a great deal superior to those of the year before, and were something worth having.

Owing to a change in the date of the N. J. I. A. A. Field Day, all the entries from the High School were withdrawn, as those games were then too near our own for the men to compete in both. The Newark Academy and East Orange High School also cancelled their entries for the same reason.

This year we ought to do better than ever before, not only by breaking records, but also by having a large entry list. The greatest fault of the games is that there are not enough men in the events. Last year there were only two entered from the first year class. The reason why there are so few entries seems to be that the boys have not enough confidence in themselves and do not enter because each one thinks he cannot win. This is a mistake. A boy ought to have enough pride in his school and class to go in, even if he only gets third. First medal is not the only one. If he only makes one point, that point may win the banner.

100-YARD DASH.

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1st. H. Schneider, '98 | 3d. N. Hill, '99 |
| 2d. F. Charles, '98 | Time, 11 seconds. |

220-YARD DASH.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1st. H. Schneider, '98 | 3d. F. Charles, '98 |
| 2d. N. Hill, '99 | Time, 25 2-5 seconds. |

440-YARD RUN.

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1st. J. W. O'Connor, '00 | 3d. H. G. Lord, '00 |
| 2d. H. Schneider, '98 | Time, 58 1-5 seconds. |

HALF-MILE RUN.

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1st. G. H. Bickley, '99 | 3d. E. Keepers, '98 |
| 2d. J. W. O'Connor, '00 | Time, 2 min. 39 sec. |

MILE RUN.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1st. F. Schwinn, '01 | 3d. W. L. Voorhees, '98 |
| 2d. G. H. Bickley, '99 | Time, 6 min. $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. |

HALF-MILE WALK.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1st. A. Kremenz, '00 | 3d. W. Kremenz, '98 |
| 2d. F. E. Clark, '99 | Time, 4 min. 23 2-5 sec. |

75-YARD HURDLE.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1st. G. Kuhn, '98 | 3d. H. Strahan, '99 |
| 2d. F. Charles, '98 | Time, 10 1-5 sec. |

HIGH JUMP.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1st. G. Kuhn, '98 | 3d. C. A. Gross, '00 |
| 2d. R. D. Ward, '00 | Height, 4 ft. 8 in. |

BROAD JUMP.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1st. A. Kremenz, '00 | 3d. W. Kremenz, '98 |
| 2d. H. Hill, '99 | Distance, 18 ft. 3 in. |

POLE VAULT.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1st. R. D. Ward, '00 | 3d. E. Dickerson, '98 |
| 2d. N. Hill, '99 | Height, 7 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. |

SHOT PUT (12 LBS.)

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1st. J. E. Wiedenmayer, '98 | 3d. N. Hill, '99 |
| 2d. W. Kremenz, '98 | Distance, 31 ft 5 in. |

HAMMER THROW.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1st. J. E. Wiedenmayer, '98 | 3d. F. E. Clark, '99 |
| 2d. F. Titchen, '98 | Distance, 73 ft. 6 in. |

GRAMMAR SCHOOL RELAY RACE.

Won by Franklin School.

2d. Eighteenth Avenue School.

THE '98 football season for the High School was inaugurated by a game with Montclair Military Academy on October the 5th. This was one of the three games that we played on our opponent's grounds, and although they were assisted by their faculty, we defeated them by a score of eleven to nothing. The South Ends were next on the schedule, and were defeated by a score of seventeen to nothing. The first league game was played with Stevens Prep. on the Athletic Club's grounds, and resulted in a victory for the High School. The contest came off in a heavy rainstorm, and on a field half a foot thick with mud. The second league game, which was with Pingry, was the easiest of the season. There was no place in the Pingry line through which we could not make a gain, and when they had the ball, that is, *when they did*, they were not able to keep it for five downs. The next game on the schedule was that with the Academy, and

on account of *une tête gonflée* on our part, resulted in neither side scoring. Then came the regular league game with Princeton Prep. Princeton had the advantage in weight, but our boys put up a stiff battle and held them down to five points, and those were made when only ten seconds remained to play. This was highly commendable, for Princeton was the strongest team in the league and won the championship. Before the game the general opinion was that the High School would have a big score piled up against them. Then came the "great game" of the season with the Academy, in which our boys covered themselves all over with glory. There was a larger crowd at this game than the previous one, and without doubt it was one of the most exciting games in the entire league. The Orange High School was the next team to face us, and were defeated by a score of thirty-five to nothing. We then played a tie game with the Montclair High School, and then came the game with East Orange High School, which, in reality, was no game at all. It was "played" on the Orange Oval. The field could not have been in worse condition; all the lines were washed away by the rain, and it poured during the whole game. We had but ten men, and only eight of those were regular players. East Orange succeeded in scoring eleven points. They refused to give us another game, acknowledging that we had the better team. The last game of the season was also played on Orange Oval with Montclair High School. Neither team had any special advantage, and one put up as good a game as the other, but the fortunes of war were against us, and Montclair won by a score of six to nothing.

It is only within the last three years that the High School has had an eleven

which might be said to represent the school. Last year the season was a very successful one, and it taught us that there is no reason at all why we should not have as good a team as any other Prep. school. The boys are playing more scientific football than ever before, and although we did not win the league championship, we did defeat the Academy.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|----|-------------|-----|
| Sept. 30, Seniors..... | 0 | High School | 6 |
| Oct. 5, Montclair Military Academy | 0 | " | 11 |
| " 11, South End..... | 0 | " | 17 |
| " 14, Stevens Prep..... | 0 | " | 11 |
| " 18, Alumni..... | 5 | " | 0 |
| " 21, Pingry..... | 0 | " | 34 |
| " 24, Academy..... | 0 | " | 0 |
| " 28, Princeton Prep..... | 5 | " | 0 |
| Nov. 2, Academy..... | 0 | " | 11 |
| " 4, Orange High School..... | 0 | " | 35 |
| " 11, Montclair High School..... | 0 | " | 0 |
| " 19, East Orange High School..... | 11 | " | 0 |
| " 22, Montclair High School..... | 6 | " | 0 |
| Total..... | 27 | | 125 |

THE TEAM.

Left End—Charles, '99, Bickley, '99
 " Tackle—O'Connor '00, Bradley, '99
 " Guard—Kellar, '01
 Center—Astley, '00
 Right Guard—Chamberlain, '00, Obersider, '01.
 " Tackle—Grafke, '01, O'Crowley, '00
 " End—Doremus, '01
 " Half—Inglin, '01
 Left " —Schwinn, '01, (Capt.)
 Full—Gauch, '99
 Quarter—McKellar, '00, Aigletinger, '00

This is the first year that the High School has ever had a Basketball team, and although we only won two out of seven games, we feel that we have had a very successful season considering all the difficulties that were in our way. The High School gymnasium is not high enough to play in, so we had to go elsewhere for a place to practice. At first we used the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium for one day a week; but this was hardly enough time, so we secured the Institute gymnasium on New Street for every Monday, Wednes-

day and Friday. Of course we did not expect to win from the Academy. All the men on their team have played Basketball for years, while most of our fellows never had a basketball in their hands before this season. The second game we played against them, in their gymnasium, the score at the end of the first half was 12 to 10 in their favor. The next half they made six points and we scored three, making the final score 18 to 13; but they had to play hard to win. The most exciting game of the season was the first one with the Y.M.C.A. team. At the end of the second half the score was 7 to 7. Five more minutes we played in which we succeeded, after the fastest kind of playing, in scoring the necessary goal. We easily defeated the South End team in their own gymnasium. Two other games were played, one with the Montclair Military Academy and one with the Montclair High School, both of which we lost on account of lack of practice. Next year we ought to have a winning team. Pollard, captain of this year's five, will still be in the school, as will Vreeland and Gross. If the fellows will practice hard and stick to it they will be able to easily turn the tables on the Academy.

FIRST TEAM.

Forwards—Pollard, '00, (Capt.), Vreeland, '01, Gross, '00
 Center—Clark, '99
 Guards—Crane, '99, Inglin, '99

SECOND TEAM.

Forwards—Charles, '99, (Capt.), Bickley, '99
 Center—O'Connor, '00
 Guards—Kirk, '99, Boylen, '01, Callahan, '01.

SCHEDULE.

| | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-------------|----|
| Feb. 8, Montclair Military Acad.... | 22, | High School | 4 |
| " 11, Montclair High School..... | 23, | " | 5 |
| " 18, Newark Academy..... | 21, | " | 8 |
| " 24, South Ends..... | 4, | " | 28 |
| Mar. 4, Y. M. C. A..... | 7, | " | 9 |
| " 10, Newark Academy..... | 18, | " | 13 |
| " 22, Y. M. C. A..... | 14, | " | 6 |

At the end of the football season the Athletic Association decided to have a standard High School emblem made. A committee was appointed to draw up regulations to govern the awarding of these emblems, and the following is a copy as adopted by the A. A.:

For any member of the Newark High School to be eligible to wear an emblem—

I.

He must be a member of the Athletic Association.

II.

He must fulfill one of the following conditions:

- (a.) Played in four league games of Football
- (b.) Played in four league games of Baseball.
- (c.) Played in three league games of Basketball.
- (d.) Played in three league games of Hockey.
- (e.) Scored a point for the High School in the N.J. I. A. A. Field Day.
- (f.) Broken a record in the High School Field Day.
- (g.) Won first "all around" medal in High School field day.

NOTE—No man can have more than two emblems.

Men eligible to wear High School emblems:

- '99—Bickley, Clark, Charles, Crane, Gauch, Inglin, Bradley.
- '00—Pollard, McKellar, Gross, Chamberlain, O'Connor, Astley.
- '01—Schwinn, Kellar, Vreeland, Grafke, Doremus.

GRADUATES AT COLLEGE.

Isaac C. Bates, '98, Union.
 Franklin M. Clark, '98, Columbia.
 Charles B. Courtright, '98, Physicians and Surgeons.
 Edgar L. Dickerson, '98, Rutgers.
 Wentworth Holmes, '98, N. Y. Medical.
 Clarence C. Jackson, '98, N. Y. Medical.
 Edgar S. Keepers, '98, Stevens.
 Arthur P. Hager, '98, Stevens.
 Walter M. Krementz, '98, Yale.
 Henry S. Lyon, '98, Columbia.
 Charles D. McCracken, '98, Princeton.
 James McWood, '98, Columbia.
 John L. Osborne, '98, Columbia.
 Fred. W. Smith, '98, Rutgers.
 Alonzo Warner, '98, N. Y. Medical.
 Joseph E. Wiedenmayer, '98, Lafayette.
 Gayle L. Young, '98, Princeton.
 D. Fred. Burnett, '97, Rutgers.
 John A. Linnett, '97, Rutgers.
 J. Spaulding Reade, '97, Rutgers.
 E. Voegtlen, '97, Rutgers.
 V. Miller, '97, Rutgers.
 William L. Westfall, Jr., '97, Rutgers.
 E. Judson Blake, '97, Princeton.
 Paul T. Bruyere, '97, Princeton.
 Jasper E. Crane, '97, Princeton.
 G. Haussling, '97, Columbia, Law.
 S. B. Leyenberger, '97, Columbia P. and S.
 Julius Gottlieb, '97, N. Y. U.
 Arthur E. Hill, '97, N. Y. U.
 Paul W. Mueller, '97, N. Y. Homœopathic College.
 J. Walter Heller, '97, Cornell.
 M. Fleming, '97, Cornell.
 George E. J. Pistor, '97, Cornell.
 Edward Schribner, '97, Cornell.
 P. B. Preston, '97, Columbia P. and S.
 Frank Lehmacher, '97, Columbia P. and S.
 H. A. Welcher, '97, N. Y. Dental.
 H. J. Eberhardt, '96, Rutgers.

Harry Cooper, '96, Rutgers.
 Boylan Fitz-Gerald, '96, Rutgers.
 Joseph Hart, '96, Rutgers.
 Benjamin Rosenbloom, '96, Rutgers.
 Jacob Fischel, '96, Princeton.
 Charles Levy, '96, Princeton.
 Julius Wolff, '96, Princeton.
 Joseph Altman, '96, N. Y. U.
 Richard Eble, '96, Yale.
 Fred. Tegan, '96, Columbia.
 Louis Weiss, '96, Columbia.
 Ralph Van Duyne, '96, Lehigh.
 Albert Hager, '96, University of Pennsylvania.
 Elmer Eberhardt, '96, Stevens Institute.
 Leslie Price, '96, N. Y. U.
 Samuel Kneustlich, '96, N. Y. U.
 Otto F. Seider, '99, Lafayette.
 Charles R. Fairchild, '99, Rutgers.
 Jessie L. Creamer, '98, Baltimore.
 Edna M. Fiske, '98, Baltimore.
 Belle W. Hanson, '98, Smith's.
 Carrie Mundy, '98, Vassar.
 Audrey Urick, '98, Normal, Trenton.
 Antoinette J. Rehman, '97, Vassar.
 Ida J. Watson, '97, Vassar.
 Annie A. Hanson, '97, Wellesley.
 Gertrude Andrews, '97, Baltimore.
 Gertrude Snodgrass, '97, Baltimore.
 Susan B. Geddes, '97, Woman's Medical College.
 Jennie E. Clark, '97, Oberlin.
 Leslie Fowler, '96, Vassar.
 Mabel Horst, '96, Vassar.
 Edith Merritt, '96, Vassar.
 Vilda Sauvage, '96, Vassar.
 Edna McNary, '96, Cornell.
 Elizabeth Garrabrant, '96, Teachers' School, N. Y.
 Alice Keepers, '96, Wellesley.
 Lydia Bannister, '96, Baltimore.
 Martha Levy, '96, Baltimore.

MARRIAGES.

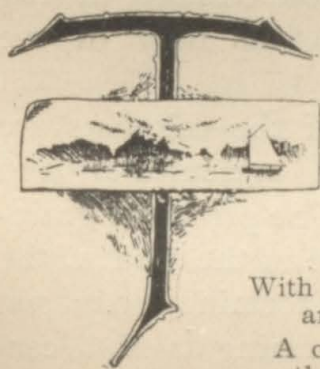
Walter Sweet Decker, '92, to Daisy Rider Taylor.
 George N. Reeves, '88, to Eva Allen.
 M. Elsie Nicols, '92, to Frank J. Urquhart.
 Helen E. Reeve, '87, to James P. Dally.
 Myrtle H. Smith, '92, to Chas. G. Colyer, '90.
 Julia A. Osborne, '93, to Harry Hobart Condit.
 Ida Douglas, '97, to S. S. Battin.
 Henry Hahn, '90, to Regina Oppenheimer.
 Carlyle Sutphen to Edna Blanchard.
 James R. Blake, '90, to Florence A. Abbott.
 E. Florence Chedister, '94, to Walter H. Jackson, '88.
 Ida J. Morrison, '80, to William Freer.

DEATHS.

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| H. Bedell Crane. | Ralph W. Simonds, '94. |
| Alice I. Johnson, '77. | Charles Eggerking, '97. |
| Mrs. Amelia Wilkins Schuepel, '90. | Richard L. Poinier, '97. |
| George N. Reeves, '88. | Spencer Negbaur, '00. |
| Eugene Cramer, '96. | Sadie D. Lewis, '98. |
| Gabriel Rich, '99. | Henrietta Wilson, '00. |

THE WHITE SHIP.

IMOGENE E. URICK, '99.



HE waters rippled in the
 Norman bay,
 The winter sun shone
 over Harfleur bare,
 It lighted up the chill
 November day,
 And changed to gold the
 white ship lying there,
 With England's prince, its knights
 and ladies fair.
 A courtly strain is borne across
 the wave,
 Gay jests and laughter fill the frosty air,
 Away they glide! and none is sad or grave,
 For everyone is happy, all are fair or brave.

The white ship's prow skims off the ocean's foam,
 As fifty rowers ply the gleaming oar,
 Three hundred souls shall never reach their home,
 And far behind them lies the Norman shore.
 But nearer still to hidden rocks they bore!
 Onward they dash! swift as the eagle's flight!
 And no one sees that death flits on before!
 One awful crash that shakes the starry height!
 One wild, despairing cry rings on the cold, dark
 night!

And still the sea rolls on in ceaseless tread,
 And moaning seems to chant a dread refrain,
 The moon looks down on faces cold and dead,
 Three hundred wrestled with the waves in vain.
 The rolling deep has drowned that cry of pain!
 On English shores the watchers stand in dread,
 In gloom and anguish long the king has lain,
 Eternal sorrow for the souls long sped!
 Go! sound a holy requiem for the noble dead!

NEW ZEALAND, OR THE WONDERLAND.

BY GABRIEL I. LEWIS, '01.



ERY vague ideas exist here concerning the location of New Zealand. This is shown, in a manner both striking and amusing, by the inquiries following any mention of

that country, usually in this form: "Oh, New Zealand! let me see—that's somewhere around Australia, isn't it?" And the inquirer always states confidently that he "knew it was in that part of the world, somewhere." A similar state of blissful ignorance existed in this country concerning the Philippines, until the rapid rush of events following the declaration of war drew all eyes to that quarter of the globe, and caused the revision of many a long-forgotten lesson in geography. It is but natural, however, that the people of a great country like the United States should lose sight of a country so small comparatively as New Zealand, since the magnitude and importance of its own affairs is doubtless sufficient to employ the citizens of this country.

The truth is, however, that New Zealand is widely separated from the other Australasian colonies, and will always remain so. In the first place, the colony occupies an extremely isolated position, a thousand miles from the nearest land, and is really a little world in itself. This barrier might be removed, were it not that the people themselves are exclusive and independent, having comparatively little in common with the other colonies, and choosing to follow a different course,

in many respects in their government. Direct evidence of this is given by the refusal of New Zealand to join the recently—formed Australian Federation.

The colony lies in the South Pacific Ocean, between the 34th and 47th parallels, south latitude. It consists of two large islands, the North Island and the South or Middle Island, together with a smaller one known as Stewart Island; and includes also several smaller groups, the Chatham, Auckland, Campbell, Bounty and Antipodes Islands. The length of the chain is about eleven hundred (1,100) miles, and its average width one hundred and fifty (150) miles, giving a total area of 104,000 square miles (English), nearly equivalent to that of Great Britain.

As this area lies wholly within the temperate zone, the islands are favored with a mild and equable climate, having no extremes. Snow falls only in the more southern parts.

The greater part of the colonists are therefore engaged in agricultural and pastoral industries. The principal grain-producing districts are in the South, the plains of Canterbury forming one vast wheat-field. Sheep-farming is also carried on extensively, New Zealand alone having ten times as much land under sown grass as Australia and Tasmania combined. The immense sheep and cattle runs (ranches) are very interesting sights to those who visit the colony. During recent years the frozen meat trade has increased and developed wonderfully, and has already reached immense proportions, more than four millions (4,000,000) carcasses being handled annually.

New Zealand now supplies the English market and many foreign ones, and her trade in this line is rivaling that of Argentina.

Besides the agricultural and pastoral industries before mentioned, there is considerable mining done, gold being found in the Thames district, North Island, and coal along the west coast of the Southern Island. The immense forests of the North yield the valuable Kauri wood and Kauri gum, two important products. In summary, the principal exports are: wool, gold, timber, Kauri gum, frozen meat, flax, and provisions.

By means of its wonderful and varied resources, aided by the energy and pluck of its colonists, New Zealand has advanced rapidly, so that it is now one of the most progressive and prosperous colonies of Great Britain. This is true not only in its commercial relations and in its patriotic government, but also in its splendid educational advantages. The free and public education provided there have produced many a bright young lawyer and rising doctor.

New Zealand was not recognized as a colony by Great Britain till 1841, though it had been colonized some time before by the New Zealand Company. Until 1876, it was divided into nine provinces, four in the North Island and five in the South; but this system was then abolished and the country divided into sixty-three counties.

The Governor, or the executive officer of the government, whose term lasts four years, is appointed by the Queen, as in the other Australian colonies. He is assisted by a legislative council, appointed for life, and a House of Representatives, or Lower House, elected by the people. They correspond in a measure to the American Senate and House of Represen-

tatives. These bodies meet at Parliament House, in Wellington, where the governor's official residence is also situated.

The population consists mostly of English colonists, who form a very respectable class. Of the native Maoris, but a few thousand remain, and these are almost entirely confined to the North Island. Frequent conflicts have taken place with these bold and warlike tribes, though they are now largely civilized. Many have intermarried with the whites, and sad to say, this interesting people is rapidly diminishing. These Maoris possessed a high civilization of their own before they ever saw a white man, and are undoubtedly the brightest and noblest race of savages in the Southern Pacific.

The principal cities of New Zealand are Auckland and Wellington, in the North Island, and Christchurch, Dunedin and Camaru in the South. Between the two first-named a great rivalry exists. Auckland, the former capital, is a beautiful city at the northern end of the island, and is the first port of call for San Francisco mail steamers. In 1864, the seat of government was removed to Wellington, because of its central situation. This city, in the district of the same name, has a population of from thirty-five to forty thousand, and has considerable manufacturing interests. It possesses a splendid land-locked harbor, and is connected with all the important steamship lines. Dunedin, with a population of 50,000, is a manufacturing city, and the largest of New Zealand. Christchurch, a handsome city on the river Avon, has been dubbed the Cathedral City. Let us hope it sustains its reputation better than Brooklyn has done.

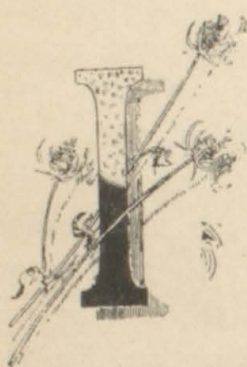
To more skillful pens than mine must be left the description of the beautiful

scenery of the islands, of their unparalleled freaks of Nature, of their delightful climate; but no article would be complete without at least a passing mention of the fiords and sounds of the South, of the grand and lofty Southern Alps and of

the boiling springs and geysers of the Hot Lake Region, which have charmed the thousands of visiting tourists, and earned for New Zealand the title of the "Wonderland of the World."

THE ADVANTAGES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

BY J. CLARENCE WRIGHT, '01.



IN speaking on this subject, I do not hesitate to announce my preference for country life. It has been said that "God made the country, but man made the city," and there is here, as in all things, the same measureless distance between the works of Divinity and those of humanity. The country, moreover, was ordained by our Creator, to be the natural abode of mankind. There he is in constant communion with nature, and as he daily walks through beautiful valleys, green meadows and cultivated fields, he is constantly reminded of that devotion due the Great Giver of all good.

The city, on the other hand, affords less opportunities for the development of moral and spiritual nature. It is the nursery of social vice; that vice, I mean, that can thrive only in crowded communities; that shelters itself under the concealment of trade, fashion and politics, and whatever else may yield a fair outside, and so saps unseen the very foundations of virtue. Why is it that people, worn out with the toil and turmoil of trade, or disgusted with the wearisome round of fashion, fly to the enchanting embrace of rural life, and seek

in nature what was vainly sought amid the artificial arrangements and restraints of city life? It is because the country, being the handiwork of nature, affords just the enjoyment needed by one worn out with the frivolities of the city. There the eye is gratified with scenes of beauty and sublimity; there the ear is delighted with the song of birds, and all the melody of nature, and there, if we will, we may in truth

"Look through nature, up to nature's God."

Whittier has said that the word home may be written for heavens, and the best homes are those which have been established in the country. The true farmer's home is a "Little Eden that has no Satan in its bowers." In the city there is a great contrast between the costly mansions of the rich, and wretched hovels of the poor. But in the country, the beautiful well-kept cottages of the farmers, surrounded by the fields of golden grain, and trees laden with fruit, show indeed, that all men are created equal.

You may claim that there is in the country no established school system, and therefore it has not so great educational advantages. But you must remember that it is not the school-house, nor a large store of books, that is needed for an education. An education may be obtained by one's own efforts. There are

thousands of examples of the most incredible hardships and difficulties overcome in the pursuit of knowledge. The discipline that comes through self-education, success seasoned and corrected by failures and mistakes, is the best kind of education in the world.

You cannot deny that our great men, whose lives are like granite statues, ever pointing truthward down the course of their countries' history, first received their greatness from the fields and flowers. Washington sprang pure and clean from the virgin soil. Lincoln, whose soul was unpolluted as nature's; whose heart was broad and deep as the world; who ever stood by the rights of a toil-bent people, even in the time of strife, was born in *primaeval* forests of Kentucky.

"And one mid Caledonia's rocks,
Snatched out the sands the rustling lute of song;
And swept such tones from out the broken strings,
That king and peasant wept.

This was Robert Burns, Scotland's immortal poet, who first received his inspiration from the birds and flowers. Burns is the product of the soil. Why is

it so? It is because there is something in very quiet and solitude of rural life which tends to develop character, widen thought and to make the man. Well has the poet said:

"Where is the wise, or the learned or the good, that
sought not solitude for thinking,
And from seclusion's secret vale brought forth his
precious fruit?
Forests of Aracia, your deep shade mellowed Numa's
wisdom;
Peaceful gardens of Vancluse, ye nourished Petrarch's
love;
Solitude made a Cincinnatus, ripening the hero and
the patriot,
And taught De Stael self knowledge even in the
damp Bastile.
It fastened the piety of Jerome, matured the labors
of Augustine;
And gave imperial Charles, religion for ambition;
That which Scipio praised, that which Alfred
practiced;
Which fired Demosthenes to eloquence, and fed the
mind of Milton.
Which quickened zeal, matured genius, found out
the secret things of science;
Helped repentance, shamed folly and comforted the
good with peace;
By all men just and wise, by all things pure and
perfect.
How truly Solitude, art thou the fostering nurse of
greatness."

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

AGNES MARTIN JENKS, '99.



AN ISLAND in a still, secluded spot
Affords a haven by its jutting sides,
At which each wave from ocean's
bellowy breast
Doth hurl itself, and thence it rushes
back

In foaming bubbles to a quiet bay
On either side, twin rocks and barren crags
Extend t'ward heaven with a lowering air,
Beneath whose cliffs, the water near and far
In silence lies at last serene, and clear.
Aloft a forest, robed in garb of green,
Stretches its branches grim with grisly shade,

And hangs with flashing sheen and angry frown
Above a cave. Within are rocky seats,
Fierce overhanging brows, a threatening sight,
'Tis filled with water sweet; a fair retreat
And for the nymphs with unbounded locks, a home.
The weary ships, tossed high on ocean's wave,
At last find shelter in this peaceful work,
And resting from the toils of many days,
Are riding unrestrained by hook or rope,
The brave Aeneas, on the peaceful shore,
Now draws his seven ships with wave-worn sides.
The crews alight; they rest their wearied limbs,
And take possession of the wished for soil.



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LeRoy Traphagen,
Frank F. Turnbull,
Walter R. Umbach,
Wilmer C. Van Duyne,
William T. Vidito,
Paul Wakefield,
Edwin T. Walker,
F. Fordham Ward,
D. Howard Warren,
Robert Wightman,
Albert Willets,
Robert E. Willis,
Elwood Wilson,
George S. Woodruff,
Wilbur F. Wriggins,
George E. Zabriskie.

Post Graduates.

Carl Hanson,

Arthur H. Bradley,

David Bloom.

GIRLS.

Seniors.

Anna F. Adam,
Lucie B. Aiguier,
Grace P. Baldwin,
Hilda Belcher,
Louise E. Bieler,
Florence N. Bockel,
Grace G. Browatzki,
Harriet I. Bull,
Eleanor B. Conklin,
Edith Crane,
Edith M. Curren,
Mabel J. Curtiss,
Florence Day,
Regina Delaney,
Lydia A. DeWitt,
Louisa Eggers,
Ida E. Eichhorn,
Lydia M. Flamman,
Clara Louise Frey,
Edna McChesney Furman,

Emma E. Geiger,
Louise J. Graves,
Mary Grimes,
Alice M. Haddow,
Augusta Hagney,
May E. Hart,
Grace M. Havell,
Ethel Headley,
Frances M. Hedden,
Leslie Hervey,
Elsie Hirsch,
Bertha F. Horst,
Agnes Martin Jenks,
Frederica C. Kees,
Clara L. Kempf,
Carolyn M. King,
Lidia Koehler,
Marion L. Law,
Rose M. Ledwith,
Henrietta Lenox,

Grace Louise Mentz,
Emelie Mercy,
Estelle Morgan,
Ida Elise Munn,
Hanna C. Pfrommer,
Amelia Poortman,
Helen L. Price,
Florence Adele Price,
Margaret Riordan,
Leila Janet Roberts,
Ida S. Robinson,
Lucia Robotham,
Metta M. Rogers,
Mabel Estelle Roil,
Alice Ross,
Ida B. Runyon,
Gertrude Evens Ryer,
Helena M. Skinner,
Helen M. Smith,
Theresa Constance Stein,

Seniors—Continued.

Laura Stucky,
Elizabeth Thistle,
Laura E. Tidey,
Imogene Urick,
Nellie E. Van Derbeek,
Mary Van Nostrand,

Cora Vreeland,
Elizabeth Ward,
Nettie L. Warrender,
Mabel Watt,
Esther Weber,

Mary L. Wilson,
Emma Wolf,
Julia Wolf,
Winifred Wooster,
Jessie Young.

Juniors.

Leah J. Abeles,
Mary E. Adams,
A. Mildred Anderson,
Mary C. Anderson,
Mae Apgar,
Emily C. Averbacher,
Adelaide Averbach,
Ethel Baldwin,
Ida Ball,
Elizabeth H. Belcher,
Ida Isabella Bennett,
M. Alice Berry,
Emma L. Blair,
Mamie Blewitt,
Rosina Boiland,
Susie R. Bonnel,
Fannie A. Boylan,
Edith Brewer,
Alice S. Brown,
Grace E. Brown,
Mabel Brown,
Louise Bulkley,
Alice E. Campbell,
Jessie Campbell,
Sue Chamberlain,
Amelia Charles,
Carolyn N. Chase,
Adelaide K. Cox,
Lillian E. Dain,
Eva Ellen Dennis,
Annie C. Disch,
Lillian F. Donnelly,
Margaret K. Dorsch,
Elizabeth J. Dougall,
May Dunham,
Jeannette C. Fahr,
May Fitzpatrick,
Mabel E. Forshay,
Nina A. Foster,
Florence Fowler,
Sophie Frost,
Ethelwyn Gaston,
Hazel Gibson,
Rebecca Gilbert,
Lydia E. Glein,

Adelina Glennon,
Grace I. Gruman,
Blanche Gunhouse,
Amanda P. Hafner,
Emma Hagney,
Theresa E. Hahn,
Frances Halstead,
Myra Heaton,
Hazel Hetfield,
Florence B. Huber,
Helen Issler,
Grace E. Jancovius,
Helen Jedell,
Ethel Johnes,
Edna F. Johnson,
Eleanor M. King,
Florence M. Kingston,
Elizabeth I. Kohl,
Delphine Kraemer,
Ethel Lake,
Eleanor Lautz,
Jessie E. Larter,
Mamie Leary,
Florence A. Logan,
Edna MacBride,
Mary Angela Mahan,
Laura E. Marble,
Alleta Marcell,
Annette L. Martin,
Bessie A. Mathews,
Laura E. Mathews,
Maud Mayhew,
Anna McConnell,
Anna E. McDonald,
Grace McDougall,
Elizabeth D. Menagh,
Ida M. Mergott,
Henrietta Morton,
Isabella Moskowicz,
Henrietta Myers,
Helen A. O'Connor,
Dorothy N. Osborne,
Maud A. Osborn,
Ruth Osborne,
Ethelwyn A. Pell,

Agnes Blanche Postill,
Elsie Pullin,
Irene H. Pullin,
Anna F. Rauh,
Constance Riehman,
Carrie S. Richardson,
Bertha Robinson,
Mabel L. Reuff,
Violet Ryley,
Frances M. Schaub,
Marguerite Schaumann,
Miriam Schlesinger,
Annie E. Schrick,
Minnie M. Schrick,
Josie M. Scudder,
Bertha Seidl,
Louise Seidler,
Mamie Sharp,
Ray Simon,
Theresa Sinnott,
Anna Spann,
Gertrude M. Stein,
Sara M. Stein,
Florence N. Stout,
Sophia Thielman,
Blanche L. Thomas,
Lillian M. Toms,
May Topping,
Orpha Mabel Turton,
Edith May Tuttle,
Mabel Van Clief,
Louise Van Derbeek,
Alice E. Van Duyne,
Sadie Van Hest,
Edith M. Watson,
Edna Weiner,
Florence Weiner,
Ruth C. Wells,
Bessie Wheaton,
Edna Wilkins,
Cora W. Williams,
Harriet Augusta Williams,
Henrietta Wilson,
Bessie M. Wood,
Rebecca Wright.

Second Year.

Emily Adams,
Julia T. Adam,
Agnes Templeton Aiguier,
June T. Allen,

Flora Anderson,
Hermine Bachmann,
Grace Florence Baxter,
Minnie R. Becht,

Olive M. Beers,
Helen Belles,
Gussie Bergfels,
Mabel Blake,

Second Year—Continued.

- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Albina Bond, | Edith Gore, | Clara M. Meyer, |
| Edna Crane Bonnell, | Katherine Gougerty, | Elizabeth Middleton, |
| Alice Irene Bragaw, | Katherine Theresa Green, | Adaline C. Miller, |
| Ida Brandt, | Minnie H. Gronan, | Edith B. Miller, |
| Florence A. Brewer, | Helen M. Guenther, | Blanche H. Millering, |
| Ethel Broadnax, | Mabel Jolette Hamburg, | Elizabeth Milwitzky, |
| Mabel H. Brookfield, | Grace Helen Hamilton, | A. Louetta Moleson, |
| Ethel Anna Brown, | Ena Florence Hampton, | Alma Moll, |
| Ida A. Brown, | Ida Hampson, | Blanche Morrow, |
| Edna E. Bull, | Grace Harrison, | Harriet Mueller, |
| Helen B. Bullard, | Ray Heaton, | Clara Mugler, |
| Ella M. Bullivant, | Jennie Hartmann, | May Mulford, |
| Aimee Butler, | Rosaline B. Hartshorne, | Emily Mulholland, |
| Clara Butler, | Lulu Josephine Hedden, | Clara Murphy, |
| Clara Burner, | Amelia Heineman, | Lucille C. Murray, |
| Flora Byram, | Augusta C. Hepp, | Edna O'Crowley, |
| Florence A. Campbell, | Josie Hepp, | Amelia C. Ohr, |
| Irene F. Canfield, | Florence Herold, | Florence Parberry, |
| Jessie Yearance Cann, | Lulu Herold, | Olive Parsons, |
| Emma Carley, | Ella Marguerite Hertzog, | Mabel Perry, |
| Jennie Carnahan, | Mabel B. Hesse, | Pearl G. M. Pfeifer, |
| Edna Carter, | Letitia Holmes, | Elizabeth J. Pierson, |
| Florence Champlin, | Elsie I. Honeychurch, | Zelda Platt, |
| Daisy Louisa Clay, | Jessamine Hulbert, | Olive G. Potter, |
| Agnes Clifford, | Marjorie Huff, | Caroline A. Pratt, |
| Lillian A. Coddington, | Grace A. Johnson, | Lillian L. Quimby, |
| Alice Louise Colcord, | Martha Johnson, | Katherine M. Quinn, |
| Florence Augusta Cole, | Agnes Maxwell Keane, | Mana Ralley, |
| Theodora Conger, | Alicia Kelley, | Grace P. Reeve, |
| Marietta Anna Corbett, | Adelaide Kempner, | Grace Reynolds, |
| Eliza Corry, | Jessie Kilpatrick, | Nellie Reynolds, |
| Mabel Cox, | Emma A. Knickmeyer, | Clara Riley, |
| Elizabeth Ward Crane, | Emma Koehler, | Helen T. Riordan, |
| Marion Hood Crane, | Matilda Krementz, | Norma Fallows Robinson, |
| Mary A. Dalrymple, | Saida Krementz, | Elsie Rodgers, |
| Helen Dawson, | Edna May Lacey, | Lottie Rose, |
| B. Adelaide Decker, | Salome Lambert, | Pauline R. Ross, |
| Cornelia DeGroff, | Maude H. Lawson, | Edna L. Runyon, |
| Beatrice Dempsey, | Agnes R. Lee, | Josephine F. Russel, |
| Lulu Agnes Donovan, | Helen E. Lemassena, | Daisy Safer, |
| Anna Dougherty, | Elizabeth M. Leyenberger, | Millicent R. Salisbury, |
| Edna Duncan, | Ethel R. Liming, | Carrie Sanders, |
| Mary Durmer, | Eleanor Adelaide Littell, | Viola Sanford, |
| Rebecca Edwards, | Grace P. Lyon, | Elsie Satterer, |
| Emma Egge, | Cynthia M. McKellar, | Annie Schaefer, |
| Allie Engelberger, | Alice Madden, | Lillian Schaffer, |
| Frances Fales, | Martha Mangold, | Emma Scharringhausen, |
| Amy Roberta Felmy, | Clara B. March, | Sadie S. Schulmann, |
| Helena Fieg, | Florence M. Martin, | Millie Seher, |
| Mary FitzGerald, | Bessie McConnell, | Cornelia Shawger, |
| Florence FitzGerald, | Adele McCree, | Julia Sinnott, |
| Isabel B. Foley, | Nora McDowell, | Eva F. Skinner, |
| Beatrice Fornwalt, | Isabel McGrath, | Claudine Small, |
| Anna L. Fritts, | Kathryn F. McQuade, | Anna C. Smith, |
| Tessie Froelich, | Maud McVey, | Elsie E. Smith, |
| Hermine Turschbach, | Frieda Mendel, | Sue M. Smith, |
| Alice Fuerth, | Elma C. Mennen, | Ida May Solliday, |
| Florence Geraghty, | Gertrude E. Mergott, | Sophie Spann, |

Second Year—Continued.

Nellie V. Steck,
 Ruby A. Stevens,
 Dorothy Storch,
 Angie V. Sutton,
 Susie Sylvester,
 Regina Teeling,
 May Terlinde,
 Margaret B. Thistle,
 Fedora S. Thompson,
 Virginia F. Thorburn,
 Edna Tichenor,
 Lillian D. Titus,

Charlotte E. Todd,
 Jo Anna B. Tallman,
 Ethel Trier,
 Grace E. Turner,
 Isabel Umbach,
 Vivian B. Vail,
 Adela Vanderpool,
 Edna Van Nostrand,
 Lucinda Voorhees,
 Daisy Wadsworth,
 Adelaide Waldmann,

Louise Weis,
 Bessie E. Wenzel,
 Lillian Williams,
 Mabel Wilson,
 Laura Wirtz,
 Alma M. Wolf,
 Grace C. Woodland,
 Jessie M. Wright,
 F. Ethel Yule,
 Claribel Zellhofer,
 Aline Zoerner.

February Class, 1898.

Alma J. Aigeltinger,
 Alethea Baar,
 Marion M. Bennette,
 Elsie Blair,
 Nettie Buchan,
 Mary L. Cannon,
 Margaret H. Carberry,
 Hazel Clarke,
 Lillian Cobb,
 Mary S. Cook,
 Regina Coyle,
 Laura L. Dauber,
 Edna Dawson,
 Nellie M. Dickerson,
 Grace Dixon,
 Marjorie Doubleday,
 Jean R. Dunham,
 Alliene E. Dwyer,
 Helen Dye,

Alice C. Flamman,
 Katherine M. Forman,
 Lizzie P. Galligan,
 Elizabeth Gibney,
 Sarah L. Gulick,
 J. Dea N. Halstead,
 Agnes E. Harrison,
 Maude E. Hurd,
 Blanche A. Kinsey,
 Mae E. Klink,
 Martha J. LeLong,
 Mary E. Manser,
 Hattie L. Margott,
 Florence M. Miller,
 Grace Miller,
 Lillie Miller,
 Hattie Moore,
 Lulu M. Nagel,

Edith H. Olds,
 Mattie Post,
 Mamie A. Quimby,
 Clara L. Rahm,
 Edith H. Rogers,
 Elsie C. Ruckelshause,
 Isabel Stewart,
 Ethelyn J. Thomas,
 Florence Sanford,
 Anna V. Slater,
 Jessie Walker,
 Josephine Watson,
 Kathleen C. Watts,
 Grace M. Webbe,
 Elsie Willetts,
 Bessie O. Winans,
 Loulu V. Younge,
 Rena A. Zehnder.

First Year.

Albertina Abbott,
 Ada Revere Allen,
 Eva May Allen,
 Katherine Angleman,
 Frances Arend,
 Edith Arundell,
 Bertha Carroll Axt,
 Ruth M. Baker,
 Marion Ball,
 Kathryne Banner,
 Grace E. Bates,
 Laura M. Beach,
 Helen Bendet,
 Mattie Bendet,
 Sadie E. Benbrook,
 May Rose Bennett,
 Matilda Berger,
 Ruth D. Berkhout,
 Tinie Bierman,
 Edna Rioren,
 Gwen Blake,
 Constance Bland,
 Grace E. Blevney,
 Emma L. Bloom,

Sielle Borgman,
 Estelle Bosch,
 Florence Bosch,
 Jeannette Boyce,
 Sadie Brady,
 Grace E. Bruen,
 Esther A. Buckley,
 Mary L. Buehler,
 Edith Bulkley,
 Bessie Campbill,
 Katherine Carroll,
 Hilda H. Carter,
 Florence Carris,
 Lillian Castle,
 Louise Chadwick,
 Ada B. Chandler,
 Gertrude Cokefair,
 Mary H. Cole,
 V. May Cobb,
 Adele Cohn,
 Edna Condit,
 Edna L. Condit,
 Grace Cook,
 Marguerite Corcoran,

Margaret Commerford,
 Amy L. Crane,
 Cecelia A. Crane,
 Catherine M. Crawford,
 Esther W. Cresse,
 Elsie H. Cronk,
 Elizabeth W. Dakin,
 Mabel Daniels,
 Ethel C. Dawson,
 Elsie DeCamp,
 Julia A. Decker,
 Daisy Demarest,
 Bertha Dorsch,
 Marjorie Drake,
 Miriam Eddowes,
 Julia Elston,
 Bessie Ennis,
 Florence Erb,
 Bertha M. Fancher,
 Charlotte Fisk,
 Sadie Flaherty,
 Bella Fleishman,
 Clarissa Flood,
 Eleanor A. Foster,

First Year—Continued.

Bertha Fonda,
Sadie M. Frazer,
Elsa Franklin,
May Elizabeth Freeman,
Adele C. Frenot,
Mabel Freize,
Rose Fried,
Sarah Fried,
Elizabeth Gardner,
Carrie A. Garwood,
Bessie H. Garwood,
Madeline Gates,
Fannie Geschwind,
Bertha N. Glasby,
Julia C. Green,
Iola Green,
Agnes Grogan,
Grace G. Gubbie,
Ethel Guenther,
Clara Guenther,
Carrie Gumbisjer,
Estelle M. Guy,
Clara H. Hager,
Margaret D. Haines,
Rose Halper,
Norma Hamilton,
Madelene Hardham,
Bessie Harlow,
Lucy Harrison,
Ethel Hartshorne,
Estelle Hauser,
Julia Hauser,
Rose Hauser,
Madelene Heath,
Florence Heller,
Mamie Hellriegel,
Amelia Helmstaeder,
Emma Hemstreet,
Olive A. Hendricks,
Jennie Hicks,
Lillian Hirschfield,
Blanche Hoagland,
Lillie Holder,
Emma M. Holmes,
Bertha Hood,
Carrie Hoole,
Margaret Horn,
Lydia Hotz,
Henrietta Howarth,
Emily M. Hoyt,
Clara E. Hurlburt,
Maud Jacobus,
Celia Jeiteles,
Marion Jordan,
Fannie A. Jones,
Grace M. Johnston,
Mary Kilpatrick,
Mary Kelly,

Evaline Kent,
Mildred Krohner,
Clara Krudop,
Annie Landes,
Esther Lawrence,
Thekla Lather,
Belle Lee,
Mabel Lehman,
Lillian Lemassena,
Clara Levy,
Blanche Lewis,
Olive Lines,
Charlotte Lyle,
Adelene Mabile,
Juanila Marquez,
Anabelle Marsac,
Delia L. Marsh,
May Marsh,
Florence MacPherson,
Nana Martin,
Lillian Mason,
Florence Matthews,
Emma Manser,
Edith A. McCrea,
Louise McCully,
Emily L. McEwan,
Effie McLean,
Christine McKechnie,
Laura Meerbolt,
Anna Melberger,
Bertha Mendell,
Mollie J. Mendels,
Jennie Miller,
Ruth Mitchell,
May Monaghan,
Helen C. Monroe,
Mary Moore,
Claudia Morris,
Mary L. Morris,
M. Elizabeth Murphy,
Loretta Murray,
Sarah E. Neville,
Edna F. Nichols,
Helen P. Nolan,
Irene O'Crowley,
Lillian Parker,
Nellie Peach,
Alma Dell Pearce,
Bessie F. Perkins,
May E. Poulson,
Jeannette Pullin,
Nellie Quinn,
Marie Racter,
Edna Ralph,
Marie L. Raquet,
Bertha Rathgeber,
Celia Rathgeber,
Othelia J. M. Rauch,

Lyda Reeve,
Elsie Reiner,
Eleanora Rhiem,
Daisybelle Rinck,
May R. Rink,
Mary E. Robertson,
Maybel Robinson,
Anna Roeber,
Edith Romaine,
Esther Rosner,
Nellie Rowden,
Florence S. Rowe,
Bella Sachs,
Nellie Scanlon,
Alice R. Schaeffer,
Ida Schelhardt,
Adelaide Scheik,
Regina Scheik,
Clare E. Schoebel,
Amalia Schmidt,
Bertha Schmidt,
Minnie Schmitt,
Clara Schultz,
Eleanor Schwabe,
Sophie Schwabacker,
Abby E. Scott,
Rella Sears,
Lillian V. Seitz,
Sarah E. Sharp,
Edith Sheridan,
Calista Simmons,
Carrie Simon,
Nina Simon,
Gertrude E. Sims,
Mary Slaik,
Bessie W. Smith,
Carrie Smith,
Kate L. Smith,
Lizzie Smith,
Estella R. Snook,
Esther Sobel,
Elizabeth H. Sonn,
Elizabeth Staib,
Matilda Stansbury,
Renie Steiner,
Elsie A. Stengel,
Ida M. Stiles,
Marcia B. Stillwell,
Nellie Sturgis,
Charlotte Taylor,
Elizabeth Taylor,
Henrietta Thiessin,
Emma Thompson,
Flora Thompson,
Florence I. Townsend,
Anna Traud,
Irene Ungar,
Caroline Van Dorn,

First Year—Continued.

Edith Van Ness,
Edyth Van Syckle,
Charlotte Vogel,
Ella Virtue,
Christina Wagner,
Anna Walsh,
Eva Walsh,

Philetta M. E. Ward,
Hattie Weiss,
Anna Weiss,
Mamie Wentz,
Gertrude Wharton,
Mary Wharton,
Ethel Whitenack,

Edith Whittingham,
Lavinia Williams,
Jessie Willis,
Ida R. Wilson,
Fanny Wolf,
Margaret Wolfarthe,
Louise Zimmermann.

February Class—1899.

Marjory Adams,
Geraldine Albray,
Mabel E. Allwood,
Emily Atlerbury,
Charlotte E. Barton,
Helen Bennett,*
Adaline Bolles,
Emma A. Buehler,
Louise Boston,
Ethel Camp,
Nellie Carson,
Grace Catalini,
E. May Chandler,
Edith Chapman,
Bessie Cipperly,
Harriet Colcord,
Maybel E. Comes,
Etta V. Conger,
Edith Connor.
Priscilla Cort,
Lois Crawford,
Belle DeVausney,
Angie Duffy,
Esther Ely,
Anna M. Faughnan,
Margaret M. Fox,
Irene Frey,
Helen M. Geer,
Julia Geistweit,
Lillias V. Gibb,
Estelle Goldsmith,
Lulu Grammer,
Mabel J. Hallock,
Reta Hamilton,
Marguerite Hann,
Loretta Harris,
Julia Harrison,

Mary Hawley,
Mabel Luella Heath,
Grace Heath,
Olive Anna Hendricks,
Carrie Hemmendinger,
Tillie Henemer,
Clara Holliday,
Belle Howard,
Anne Jeannette Howard,
Mabel Jackson,
Jennie Louise Johnson,
Lillian Johnson,
Helena Jones,
Beatrice Knight,
Anna L. Kaiser,
Elsie Lehman,
Mabel Jennie Lind,
Ella Elizabeth Logan,
Jessie R. Lowerie,
Florence Blanche Lunger,
Emma Mackinage,
Evelyn H. Mahon,
Edna Mains,
Arrabel Marsac,
Vira Mason,
Elsie Mawba,
Agnes McDermott,
Irena Mercy,
Blanche Miller,
Emma E. Mitchell,
Ethel Mizer,
Gertrude Moras,
Mary Morris,
Hazel Morson,
Cecelia Mullin,
Bessie Mulliner,
Bessie Murphy,

Eva E. Noll,
Essie Palmer,
Florence M. Park,
Ida Parsons,
Lizzie Patrick,
Cora M. Purdy,
Amelia M. Pfeffer,
Katie Rink,
Elsie Rosseter,
Carrie E. Rudolph,
Hattie Rueger,
Virginia E. Runyon,
Ethel B. Runyon,
Lizzie Ryno,
Winfred A. Sammis,
Lulu Scheider,
Adelaide Schwarz,
Jennie Schwartz,
Lulu Schwartz,
Floy Selby,
Ora Sharpe,
Florence Sheets,
Alice H. Small,
Laura R. Smith,
Alice Speicher,
Mary Spillane,
Edna Stucky,
Margaret Togg,
Jessie Townley,
Carrie Urick,
Antoinette Van Dyne,
Tillie Weisgerber,
Elsie G. Wilde,
Edna Wilson,
Edna Whitehill,
Emma F. Wyckoff.



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...The High School Annual...

PUBLISHED BY THE PUPILS OF THE

NEWARK HIGH SCHOOL.

THE LEGEND OF ST. OSWALD.

BY G. RAE LEWIS.

I.

Mid the splendor of his palace,
With a band of trusty thegns
Sat the great and mighty Oswald,
King of Northumbrians.

II.

All around sat knight and noble,
At his side a Christian priest,
Gathered there in regal grandeur
For the good old Celtic feast.

III.

Suddenly there was a murmur
From without the castle wall,
And the wail of many voices,
Plainly heard by king and all.

IV.

Each then looked unto his neighbor
With a glance of fear and dread
For they knew it was the people
Crying at the doors for bread.

V.

But the king was filled with pity,
And he bowed his noble head ;
Then he cried, "Throw wide the portals :
Let each sufferer be fed."

VI.

In they rushed ; men, mad with hunger,
Ate like ravenous dogs the food,
But when all was gone and eaten,
Yet a host still hungry stood.

VII.

So he ordered gold and silver
From the plates and goblets rare
To be broken up and given
To the rest who waited there.

VIII.

Good St. Arden watched his monarch
Give the silver to the band,
And he went and knelt beside him,
Clasped and kissed that generous hand.

IX.

Then he made this prayer to Heaven,
"Tho grim Death may lay him cold,
Yet we pray thee, Heavenly Father,
May this kind hand ne'er grow old."

X.

Turning then, the priest addressed them,
And a lull was over all,
As the fiery words he uttered
Echoed up and down the hall.

XI.

"Come, ye brave men of Bernicia,
Come and join with him to fight
For the cause of Christian freedom
'Gainst the heathen tyrant's might.

XII.

"Stand by him, now and forever,
Fight for him whene'er he wills.
Swear it hereby earth and Heaven,
Swear it by Northumbrian hills."

XIII.

Then right willingly they promised:
That no matter what the strife
For their good and saintly leader
Each would gladly give his life.

XIV.

When the heathen hosts of Penda
Covered Maserfield with gore
With the men who swore allegiance
Oswald fought the cruel war.

XV.

But the little band was shattered,
Death had drunk its fill that day
For upon the field there bleeding,
Scores of Christian heroes lay.

XVI.

O'er the field then rushed the victors,
Bore away exultingly
To the flames the lifeless bodies
On the air rose shouts of glee.

XVII.

In the flames there rose an image.
Untouched by that fiery breath
'Twas the snow white hand of Oswald,
Piety had conquered Death.

THE CELEBRATION OF LEGAL HOLIDAYS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The exercises with which we celebrated our legal holidays were extremely interesting. The first of the exercises which was distinctively the product of our labor were in commemoration of Lincoln's birthday. The programme consisted of the reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, by Albert Mersfelder, an oration on "Lincoln and His Work," by Leon Kohn, and a dramatic narrative of Lincoln's death, by Miss Ida Eichhorn.

The privilege of celebrating Washington's birthday fell to the share of Miss Nettie Warrender, Miss Mary Mahan and Mr. Charles O'Neil. Miss Warrender read an essay on Washington's Love for the Drama. Miss Mahan recited an appropriate poem of Miss Weber's composition. Mr. O'Neil delivered an oration on Washington's State Policy.

The school did not neglect to celebrate Arbor Day. On this occasion Miss Van Clief read an essay entitled "Nature as a Resource." George Tempel delivered an oration in which he discussed the Boers as a people living in close contact with nature and Miss Dennis read a pathetic story composed for the occasion.

The Decoration Day exercises were out of the ordinary. Mr. Sonn, in the name of the High School Alumni, presented to the school a tablet to the memory of Ralph Simonds. Everett Brett accepted the memorial in behalf of the school, and expressed our thanks to the givers. Mr. Gilbert then addressed the school in an enthusiastic speech. Miss Fowler rendered a recitation from Lowell's Commemoration Ode, and Ralph Clark read a letter which the High School had received from an

officer of the "Texas." Miss Helena Skinner recited a sonnet composed by Miss Belcher.

In all these celebrations only Seniors had participated but the Juniors also found an opportunity to display their talent. Robert Cobb delivered Stoddard's poem on "Old Glory." James Talbot read a newspaper extract on the "Use and Abuse of the Flag," and Charles Matthews read a letter written by General Miles. The letter discussed patriotism and its expression. The programme was rendered without preparation and deserves particular credit. We may say without vanity that the exercises were a success.—LEON A. KOHN.



THE COMMERCIAL COURSE.

During the first years of the New High School no Commercial course existed. This deprived those who could not go for four years, and who did not wish to go for two years and receive no diploma, of valuable information. A plan was therefore proposed by which these boys, after a two years' course could receive a general knowledge of business *and their diplomas*. Since the Commercial Course was introduced in 1876, and in 1878, the first pupils, twelve in number were graduated. Each succeeding year the number increased, thus proving that the course, at least, was popular.

As this course is a business course, business studies are pursued. A good general knowledge of book-keeping, commercial history and commercial law is gained. Penmanship, which is essential to a business man, is taught. Commercial arithmetic, algebra, and geometry are also included in this course.

But a successful business man

soon become an unsuccessful one, if he confined himself to business only. He would soon become narrow-minded. To distract his thoughts, he must become interested in something else. To be *interested* in the current topics he must know the cause of the effect. History teaches this and is therefore a useful study. From Roman History we have learned that vice, and lack of love ruin even the greatest kingdoms.

A business man should use correct grammar. Interesting and instructive books and papers have been studied, and by reading them we unconsciously grow familiar with the author's language and thus improve our own. Business letters, social letters, answers to advertisements, and everything connected with this line of work have been taught.

Though a successful course, like other good things, it might be made better. Rapid adding which is very necessary to a book-keeper is now entirely neglected. To save time we have a new art of writing called "short-hand." Every business man needs it; and it should be taught in the High School. A graduate from our Commercial Course must go to Business College to learn it.

Spelling is a subject worthy of serious thought. Does this subject receive the attention it deserves? Is it not the fault of the schools that so many poor spellers are among the students?

Still when considering everything as a whole, we look back upon our two years' course with pleasure, feeling that we may enter business with some knowledge of the work it employs.—HARRY J. HOF, 2-A, COMMERCIAL.

ECHOES FROM THE LATIN DIVISIONS.

Opinions of Cicero heard in room 45.

Teacher:—"In richness and fulness of expression, in beauty of language, in everything that goes to make true eloquence Cicero has no peer in any language."

Girl:—"I think Cicero's horrid. Half the time he's trying to say something he hasn't thought out and the other half he's trying recall what he started to say. No wonder Mrs. Cicero got a divorce!"

Boy:—"Old Sick um was a dead-easy rubber who tried to see beyond the *ego* on the ancestral wart on his nose and couldn't. I wish Catiline had got half a chance; he wouldn't have down a thing to "talkative Mark."

The boys think that the financiering of the girls is "something fierce." At a recent candy sale of 100 boxes \$11.76 was turned in and there was no embezzlement either. At a second sale 84 boxes @ 10c. brought \$9.60!

AN EPITAPH. (NEARLY)

There was a boy, Cicero Rudge,
Who ate fifteen cents worth of fudge—
To his home kind hands bore him,
The doctors worked o'er him—
Not yet from his bed can he budge!

Class Motto:—"So far as a man thinks he is free."

Class color--Red--cordiality, united with the school colors it form the red, white and blue.

The class ivy was planted under the windows of room 45 on Wednesday.

On Wednesday, June 13th, the Commercial class of '00 formed a class society. Eighteen members were enrolled. The officers elected were:—Geo. Fluke, President; Robert Klemm, Vice-President, and Fred Axt, Secretary and Treasurer.

....GHOST STORY....

A stranger in a ruined city
Wandered through its streets so old,
"Tis the ancient town of Newark,
Long deserted," he was told.

"What is that so gray and ghostly
Rising on yon lonely hill?"
"Tis the old High School of Newark,
Take heed, the place is haunted still!"

But warnings could not keep the stranger,
Up the hill he went apace.—
"Hist! what ghostly sounds is that
Rattling, chattering through the place?"

"Tis the sound of teeth that chatter,—
Chattering teeth as heard of yore!
Haste away, the place is haunted!"
But the stranger ope'd the door.

"What is this, that quakes and trembles,
Thrills and shakes the very walls,
Makes the windows dance and rattle?"
"Tis the shivering in the halls!"

"What is this I see before me,
Caked with ice a century old,
What is this, so ghastly, deathly?
Prythee, why this Arctic cold?"

"Tis a Thermostat, O stranger!
Ask not how, or when, or why;
'Tis the coldest of all cold things.
Tarry not, but hasten by."

"Nay! methinks I see a figure
Flitting by with noiseless tread,
Who is she in shawls and muffler
With an afghan round her head?"

"Hush! it is a restless spirit,—
A teacher, as in days of old.
'Tis the way they used to bundle
Ere they perished with the cold!"

Now they stopped before a door-way—
Lo! the number thirty two!
From within arose a murmur,
Like a muttering storm it grew:—

"Oh Miss Leyden, send us homeward!
We can study here no more!"
Cautiously the stranger tip-toed
O'er the crumbling concrete floor.

Opened wide the swinging portals:
"Who are ye, O mournful band?
Who are ye, with red-blue noses,
Overcoats, and muffs in hand?"

Spoke the ghosts in piping voices:—
"We're the children long departed!
Murdered innocents they call us,
Victims of the stony-hearted!"

"We're the spooks of nineteen-hundred.
Oh a wondrous class were we!
But like roses touched by hoar-frost
So we drooped and ceased to be.

"Go forth, stranger, leave this building,
Ere your heart is overcome
By our piteous, woeful story,
Go, but take this lesson home!"

"Tell the tale to all your city
How we lived and fought and died.
Have your High-Schools warmed by steam-pipes
Profit by this homicide!"

And the children all were silent,
Drew their mittens on anew,
Drew their collars round their ear-tops.
And the stranger said adieu.

Quickly with his trembling comrade
Left those spirit haunted halls,
Left the sound of teeth that chatter,
Left the chills that shook the walls.

Travelled to his native city,
Told his strange and harrowing tale,
Built a wondrous model High School
On a philanthropic scale.

And there, within that far-off High School,
In that balmy Paradise,
The boys and girls sit round the steam-pipes
And profit well by our advice.

HE DIDN'T KNOW THEM.

Perhaps some of the second years, whose
Fortune favored by allowing them to talk
Algebra with Mr. Taylor, will remember
this little episode. Mr. T. to scholars
"Will you please define a conjugate imaginary?"
Pupil: "I don't know how to conjugate them."

....PARAGRAPHS.....

Although the boys of Room 31 refused to have their pictures taken with the girls, the distinguished friends of the latter, Milton and Shakespeare, honored them with their presence. We must make allowance for the boys, however, for it was impossible for them to visit the looking-glass before the appointed hour.

Christmas was celebrated most suitably in Room 35. The boys were presented with "jack-in-the-boxes", paint-boxes, brooms, dolls and other suggestive gifts,—compliments of the Girls.

"It is your turn to treat" said one of the party of three as these came up the basement stairs. "O; I don't want to break a nickel" was the reply. "Well you can give me the change," said the first speaker.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY OF 1901.

A flourishing debating society has been maintained in this school for two years. It was organized by the boys of the Second Year Classical Division in December, 1898, for the purpose of gaining proficiency in the art of debating and of promoting a greater love for literary pursuits. When in February, 1899, we moved from the old building to the new, the change affected the Debating Society, as well as everything else in the school. The members were evidently so absorbed in studying the new heating system, that they forgot their duty toward the organization, and for a time it seemed as if the club would go to pieces. But it was decided to allow the girls to join, and it was largely through their influence and the great interest they took in the society, that it was started again on the road to success.

Now a word as to the work which the organization is doing. It meets bi-weekly and the members debate with much spirit and enthusiasm, questions relating to economic and national affairs. No partisan questions are discussed. There are some promising speakers in the society, both among the young ladies and the gentlemen. On Friday, April 27th, a memorial concert was given under the auspices of the Debating Society, in honor of the birthday of Ulysses S. Grant. A very creditable programme was rendered. On Friday, June 7th, the society gave its closing sociable in the library.

We feel safe in saying, that this society stands foremost among the class organizations of the school. Every Junior should feel very proud to lend what aid he or she can in maintaining an organization, which is destined to be not only an honor to the class of 1901, but the pride of the entire school. The present officers are Mr. Robert L. Davis, President; Miss Marion Crane, Vice-President; Miss L. D. Titus, Secretary; Mr. Eugene Schaefer, Treasurer; Miss Watson, Honorary President.



ON BEHALF OF THE COMMERCIALITES.

Everyone knows that the 1-A Commercial is the "pearl beyond compare" of the brilliant circle of classes that adorn the High School, but fame is a bubble that is apt to break; it is of no material value.

The would-be freshman, gazes over the course of studies and says, "Lo, yonder is a course in which I may gain a year," and straight way hies himself, and becomes a Commercialite. Let all such be warned, and take some other course.

If the powers that be, would but consent

to ease the way, then every aspiring student could join us, and march through a vale strewn with roses, but as I have warned you, and we shall soon be the *only* Commercial class in the building, I will proceed to give you a little of our history.

When we joined, we all thought we would go to the top, as a cork seeks the surface of water. We were soon undeceived, and settled down to hard work. One by one our genuises left us, and now these many moons have we mourned for someone to assist us with algebra and detail unto us the dry and varied mysteries of German conjugations. But we have mourned in vain; none has come to help us, and yet there is only one subject in which we but stay—that is a state secret, and may not go beyond the confines of the class.

In some subjects this class resembles Markham's "Man with the Hoe," in that we are never through with work; but I wish to say for the class, that we get there somehow. Some day we may all may wear medals.—Perhaps.

As we have bored you long enough, we will conclude by saying that what ever we do at all we intend to *do*, as we have something of a bull-dogs characteristic and, hold on to all we grip till we're through with it.

Gentle readers, if this does not satisfy you, you must call on some more gigantic brain, some more poetic temperment, to weave this into a romance instead of a cold, hard recital of facts —R. CROSSON.



HIS ANSWER.

The following is an answer to a question in a Latin examination. The pupil is evidently imbued with a spirit rebellions and irreverent toward antiquity. The ques-

tion is, Give an outline of Cicero's oration for Archias.

The answer: In the introduction Cicero explains that he had no brains of his own and that his tongue was only rudimentary until he inherited everything but his toga praetexta from Archias. Then he tells the judges that as Archias has no case he, Cicero, will keep on talking until an acquittal is rendered. He hnts about a hot time in the old town for his brother, Quintus, who is presiding judge, if Archias is turned down.

He presents the following arguments to prove that Archias is a Roman citizen:

1. Archias was used for advertising purposes by some of the leading families of Rome.

2. As taxes were high in Rome, and as he was in with the president of the tax-board of Heraclia, he must necessarily have been enrolled in the latter city.

3. He joined Lucullus's Rough Rider in the Asiatic campaign as reporter for the Roman "Nudius Tertius" (in English "The Daily Day before yesterday"), which position none but citizens could fill.

4. The fact that we can't prove Archias's citizenship by the records, because they have been burned, proves that they were burned to destroy the proofs of citizenship.

5. If Archias is not a citizen he ought to be.

After the above conclusive proofs, Cicero hypnotizes the judges into a condition of imbecility by talking against time on the advantages of a liberal education. He gets off a ghastly joke about Sulla and a wordless poet. I know it's ghastly and I suppose it's a joke because the teacher says so. After talking about every writer from Homer to the latest novelist he concludes with the hope that he may live and continue to talk in another world. Cicero means well but like Kipling's orang-outang "Dere vas too much ego in his Kosmos." (the

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

1900.

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PRICE, - - FIVE CENTS.

THE ANNUAL.

AS A RULE, we do not believe in apologizing for our efforts. But it seems necessary for the sake of our reputation to offer a few words of apology for the paper this year. Everyone had given up the idea of a school paper, including ourselves, when a sudden great and unaccountable longing for a record of this remarkable year seized us. It seemed impossible to let the first year of co-education, and the last year of the old century pass by without comment.

A staff of editors was quickly appointed, the literary people of the school besieged, and a few scraps of the year's works collected. Therefore, in view of the lightning speed with which the paper has been put together we crave the readers leniency.

LAST YEAR the Senior class inaugurated the custom of publishing a class paper just before commencement, in order to take with them a memento of their talent. This year the Seniors decided to continue the custom, and as a result we have a small publication of thirty-two pages, entitled "Impressions." The first article is a dissertation on the troubles of a contributor to a class paper by L. A. Kohn, which, we think, the opinions of a majority of the contributors. The next, as indeed,

are nearly all the remaining articles, is a poem, and we congratulate the Senior class on having within its folds such promising poets as Ford, Lewis, Gross, and the Misses Simon, Fowler, and Adams. We hope to see in a year or two a new and much enlarged edition of Pancoast which will do them justice. "Impressions" closes with a list of the students and teachers of the Senior class, and leaves on the mind an impression of dazzling poetry, striking editorials, and telling "knocks" and, we think on the whole, of a remarkably good paper.

CO-EDUCATION.

THIS YEAR has been experimental in so far as co-education has been instituted in place of the old system, which separated the boys and girls. Co-education has been weighed and has not been found wanting. Its results have been most satisfactory. Both boys and girls have enjoyed it, and a spirit of good fellowship and mutual respect has arisen between them which has done much to unify the school. Of the work accomplished, the teachers can best judge, but we all feel that our work has been the better and more cheerfully done, because we have worked together. We must ever be glad of the fact that we have been made one school in which boys and girls work together.

IT HAS not taken the teachers and pupils very long to appreciate the value of Mr. Stearns as a principal and friend. When one realizes the magnitude of the task which Mr. Stearns had before him when he came to the High School and the success associated with the methods he has pursued, it seems perfectly natural that he should win the good-will, which has been shown him on all sides.

A GYMNASIUM CLUB

To many of the girls, this year has been, in a special way, both a pleasant and helpful one. When before, in the history of the school have the girls looked so happy and healthy as they do now, although the long dreaded examinations are drawing near? Do you ask what is the cause of this change? It is because our High School is fortunate enough to have a Physical Culture teacher who takes an interest in the health and welfare of the girls. The stooping shoulders, the slouchy walk and the utter lack of grace in so many of the girls, was a daily eyesore to Miss McNary and she set to work so devise some plan by which those girls, who had the good fortune to have suits, might be benefited by the exercise and recreation which the gymnasium afforded. After much thought Miss McNary succeeded in thinking of a most excellent scheme. It was to organize a gymnasium club. This idea was welcomed with so much enthusiasm that the "Pentathlon" was formed and soon enrolled so many members that Miss McNary had to meet them in two sections on Mondays and Fridays at 2.45.

Although we were supposed to begin our work just on time, it was generally three o'clock before the well known command "fall in line" was given, the roll called and we were ready for work. The exercises were begun with marching and running, which acted like a charm, giving us life and enthusiasm for the harder work that followed. During the first few months the exercises were very simple and to those of us who were over-anxious immediately to accomplish great feats on the various pieces of apparatus, they seemed almost useless.

But those months, though we seemed to improve so very slowly, were steadily accomplishing their purpose. They were preparing us for the harder work to come.

And now, after eight months of training under the careful instruction of our teacher, as we look back and compare ourselves with what we were when the gymnasium was first opened, we see a decided change. Shoulders have been straightened, pale cheeks brightened and that miserable, aimless, "don't care" aspect has been corrected. Watch the girls during the noon intermission and you can soon tell those who have been practising in the gymnasium by their fresh, happy appearance. We consider our club a great success and one and all heartily thank Miss McNary for the many happy hours she has given us.



2-A LESSONS.

There are lessons by the bushel,
And lessons by the peck,
And in this school with lessons,
We are right up to the neck.

There is so much to study
And so very much to learn
That really its no wonder
That we sit in school and squirm.

There's geometry for one
And Latin, if you please,
And drawing, singing, English,
And history with all these.

Gymnastics is not a study,
We have it just the same
And it is fun, I tell you,
But oh! it makes you lame.

So I think that it's but natural,
That when vacation's here
We give a shout of welcome
To the end of the school year.

Then three cheers for vacation,
Three cheers for teachers, yes,
And let us last of all give
Three cheers for N. H. S.

—D. MARSH

SACRED TO THE MEMORY TO EDMUND BURKE.

Long before we reached our Junior year there were rumors of the horrors that awaited us. Direful experiments in physics, brain-wearing and nerve-straining lessons in Cicero were mentioned as mere nothings beside the name of Burke.

We were Juniors at last. One day some innocent-looking books were placed in our hands, and though we were inclined to think that the reports were but rumors, so deeply were the horrors impressed on our minds that a silent groan went around the class.

But there was work to be done: our feelings must be forgotten. We had expected to be obliged to read the speech understandingly—but to make an elaborate oration! The girls turned pale at the thought, and the boys looked happy.

The evil day came all too soon; the day when we were to be Burke and the class, Parliament. The speech was opened by a girl, who launched boldly forth and in glowing language began to address the class. What made her hands shake so, and her voice tremble, and why did they look at her with such pitying glances? The words "just wouldn't come." If she only had a handkerchief to twist or a pencil to bite, perhaps she could remember. But why had she forgotten the little outline in her hand? One glance at that, and she was able to finish her speech in a manner that would have done credit to Burke himself.

Then came a boy. Who ever heard of a boy being nervous? The shadows of Burke had fallen even on him. He marched forward with a quick step, but stood, first on one foot, then on the other. Unlike Burke,

he addressed not Parliament, but an audience somewhere out in the beautiful park.

Slowly, painfully, but with ceaseless energy we toiled through the speech, and as we neared the end we fully realized that sorrows as well as blessings brighten as they take their flight.—MARY S. COOK, Junior B.

A COMMENT.

In "The Last of the Mohicans," James Fenimore Cooper has drawn a picture of the struggle of the English with the Indian commander, Montcalm, and his Indian allies. Although Cooper is not a fine portrayer of character his Hawkeye is a creation of uncommon unity and consistency. In a style peculiar to himself, Cooper leads us on, step by step, until we are in love with Hawkeye's dignity and simplicity of character; his strong vanity and reverent piety; his fine discriminating sense of right and wrong; his hearty, although peculiar humor; and his fascinating dialect.

Cooper, in his character of Uncas, demonstrates how all that is best and noblest in an Indian may be brought to the surface by contact with all that is pure and elevating in the woman of our race. The characters of Cora and Alice afford so striking a contrast that new beauty is added to the story. Cora is an example of true womanhood. We all admire her steadfast courage in the face of her numerous perils. Although the characters of Duncan Heyward and Colonel Munro are not skillfully portrayed they are necessary adjuncts to the tale. David and Chingachgook, while not leading characters, add interest to the study of this book.

Cooper through his fondness for adjectives has greatly overdrawn many portions of his

novel, but the beauty of his nature descriptions remains with us long after the too vivid coloring has been forgotten.

We must admit that Cooper's Indians are types rather than individuals. Uncas and Chingachgook represent the Indian at his best, while Le Renard Subtil seems to be without one redeeming trait.

We are not surprised at the success of this novel, for one's interest is closely held from the beginning to the end. How we loved to wander with Cooper through the forests of the Adirondacks! Even now we can feel the cooling wind and see the magnificent foliage. This tale will live in the minds and hearts of Americans so long as they are interested in the lives of the Indians, who inhabited America at this period.



A BOOK REVIEW.

Had we followed Charles Lamb's motto, "When a new book comes out, read an old one;" much pleasure would have been lost during the past year, for the new novels have run against each other in their eagerness to bid for the public favor. This is the era of the historical novel. Dr. Weir Mitchell's clever "Hugh Wynne" was the pioneer in this line. Following in his steps, Miss Johnson has written her delightful book "To Have and to Hold," a tale of the early Jamestown days. The background, Virginia, has always been a favorite one for stories of romance and adventure. Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel" deals with the stirring events of a later period in our country's growth, the Revolutionary War and shows us a picture of the eighteenth century England. The happy-go-lucky gallants, the high-born ladies with powder-

ed hair and flowered gowns, the uninitiated colonial gentlemen—all form a fascinating, moving picture. Paul Ford's pretty "Janice Meredith" is a fitting companion for the chivalrous "Richard Carvel." We all remembered Mr. Ford's "Peter Sterling," and another book from his clever pen was received with delight. But the time of our great grand-fathers is not the only one of interest. Mrs. Burnett has represented the period succeeding the Civil War in her latest book, "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim." This lady is continually surprising us by departures into new literary fields and this book is as popular as her "Lady of Quality." Although the great events in our own history afford such opportunities for weaving romances and tales of adventure, yet Mr. Charles Major has scored his success in those chivalrous times "When Knighthood was in Flower." In this quaintly titled book we find a pleasing picture of the days of the Bluebeard King, and perhaps we shall never again think of him without seeing by his side his sweet, wilful sister, Mary Tudor.

We cannot deny that the historic novel has been the supreme favorite with the public, but yet it has had powerful rivals. A year ago whimsical "David Harum" appeared, and was received with delight. His stories, so varied by his wide experience and told with his dry humor, found thousands of listeners, and revived memories of the "Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres" which are in a way dramatic parallels. "The Gentleman from Indiana" had many enemies but his friends were stronger and through their watchful care he was saved to his love. Lastly, the Russian Tolstoi has sent us his latest book, "Resurrection" a story of the land of Russian convicts,

Siberia. It is a rather disagreeable, but strong, dramatic tale.

So we have feasted royally at the literary table, and if the publishers' *menu* for next season prove as tempting, we have yet some palatable courses before us.—BLANCHE A. KINSEY, 1901.



THE JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

An "Entertainment and Sociable" given by the Junior A. Class, on Friday evening, May 4, 1900 in the Auditorium was really the only function of any social nature which may be credited to the class this year. The entertainment consisted of a highly romantic farce, entitled, "A Bunch of Rosés," a cornet solo, by Edson G. Clark, a violin solo by Frank E. Eberhardt, a piano solo by Homer C. Zinc, and several recitations by Robert Cobb. The cast of the farce was as follows:—

| | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|--------------|
| Mr. Peter Petlove, | - | Robert Davis |
| Mrs. Peter Petlove, | Miss Gussie Bergfels | |
| Miss Hilda Greavs, | Miss Belle Foley | |
| Miss Pilkington, | Miss Edith Brewer | |
| Mr. Herbert Mason, | Wesley Price | |
| Mr. George Hargrove, | Frank Eberhardt | |
| Higgs, | Miss E. Hampton | |
| Hopson, | - | Robert Cobb |

Each number of the program received a liberal amount of applause, and the wonderfully realistic electrical effects in the dark scene of the farce held the audience spell-bound. A collation of ice cream and cake followed the entertainment.



THE FATE OF A FIRST YEAR.

A Freshman stood in the workshop,
Watching the wheels go round,
He put his finger on a cog,
Alas! He can't be found.



Naughty naughty is bad enough,
But we are naughty too, ('02.)

SENSATIONS ON READING ONE'S THEME IN CLASS.

One cannot imagine the sensation of reading a theme in class; it must be felt to be appreciated. We all know how we have gone into class, feeling proud of the neatly written paper under our arm, but alas, only too soon, "pride goes before a fall," and our name is called, while upon the startled air falls like a death-sentence, "Please read your theme." The eyes of the class are turned from our unfortunate predecessor to us, and with all the self-possession at our command, we rise and look nonchalantly about us, while within us all is dark, and we feel that now, with the whole world looking on, it is do or die.

After the first few sentences, we can see its effect. If bad, there will ensue the buzzing sound of voices, the tap of a pencil, the rattle of an inkwell, or the quiet, but to us, only too evident, sneer of some one who chanced to catch our eye.

If good, and the paper is upon some weighty matter, as the "Causes of the Punic Wars," a death-like silence will prevail, during which even the air can be heard tapping against the window-panes.

But a theme that is rather comical is the best of all, for during the whole deliverance reader and audience are in perfect accord. Under cover of bursts of laughter, we can leave out certain parts of it not conducive to mirth or while waiting for quiet, recover a few of the lost senses.

A good recipe for a theme is to take equal parts of fact and humor, mix well together, add a pinch or so of sarcasm, and flavor with pathos. This done and written on paper, we may not fear for the reception of the fruits of our labor by the class.

When the whole has been baked (criticised) it is safe to assume that our next venture will be more successful.

The boggy of themes is a dreadful fetich, and scowls on even his most ardent admirers, sometimes causing them to sink into the deepest abyss of despair, and then like a bird of ill-omen, hovers over them and utters shrieks of triumph. Well for us if our humble offerings at his shrine are accepted, and if his most trying prayer, called "When to use do and done," is well conned.—ETHEL BAMFORTH, I-B.



FOOT-BALL.

The record of the football team is one of which every student of the High School is proud, and justly so. The team was without doubt the best that has ever represented the school, and the coachers deserve great credit in developing so excellent a team out of what was practically green material, for only three players of last year's team took an active part.

The team was coached by Mr. David Brown, Mr. Walter Meier, and several other graduates, who showed much interest in the boys. Under their constant direction was turned out a successful eleven. It has thus been proved that what we needed most was the assistance of the older and experienced players.

In the early part of the season the coachers were not very confident of the success of the team, but in the opening game with Stevens Preparatory we made so large a score that all doubt as to the excellence of the eleven vanished.

Our next game with East Orange High School was one with the result of which the school and players were not satisfied. Victory was in our grasp, but at a crisis in

the game the referee, an East Orange man, gave a decision against us in regard to a disputed point. This was disastrous to us, making the score at the end of the game eleven to six against us. It is a very difficult matter to play a team and the referee, too.

Then came the game with the team from Trinity School of New York City, who played anything but clean football and when our boys rushed the ball to within a few yards of the goal line Trinity left the field. The referee, of course, awarded the game to us.

Our next opponents were the Princeton Preparatory team and at the end of the first half the score stood eleven to nothing in our favor, but on account of "*une teler-gonflee*" we failed to score in the second half while Princeton rolled up eleven points thereby tying the score.

Following the Princeton Preparatory game our schedule called for a game with Dwight School, but they disappointed us by cancelling the same at the last moment.

We then played a tie game with Montclair High School on their own grounds. Several times we were within a few yards of their goal, but failed to carry it over.

We crowned ourselves with glory in playing off the tie game with Princeton Preparatory a week later by defeating them ten to six. This game put new life in the boys, Montclair Military School forfeited their game, and the tie game with Montclair High School was played which proved to be one of the best games of the season, victory being our fortune. This game proved what value good punting is to a team. Kicking the ball began to be a feature of all our following games.

Our old rivals Newark Academy were next on the schedule, and amidst a large crowd of spectators and in a heavy snow-storm we won the day by making eleven points while Academy failed to score. Pingry School were our next victims, followed by Westerleigh Institute of Staten Island whom we defeated by the overwhelming score of sixty-three to nothing. We closed the season by defeating the Stevens Sophomore team after an exciting struggle.

Undoubtedly we had the best team in the league and although we did not win the championship we feel greatly encouraged over our prospects for the coming season. Of course, we lose several of our best players by graduation, among whom is Bigelow, probably the best schoolboy punter in this section of the country, but there is always good material to be found in the school and every endeavor will be made to bring it out.—F. SCHWINN, '01.

Following is the line-up and scores of games—

Morehouse, '00.....Left End.
 Corlies, '02.....Left Tackle.
 Keller '01.....Left Guard.
 Lyon, '00.....Centre.
 Astley, '01.....Right Guard.
 Vreeland, '01.....Right Tackle.
 Willis, '03.....Right End.
 Smith, '00.....Quarter Back.
 Bigelow, '00.....Left Half Back.
 Schwinn, '01, (Capt.). Right Half Back.
 Lord, '00.....Full Back.

Girtanner, '01
 Martin, '02½
 Shipman, '03
 Kridell, '02
 McKellar, '00

}Substitutes.

| | | |
|---------|----------------------------|----|
| Oct. 5. | High School..... | 25 |
| | Stevens Preparatory..... | 0 |
| " 12. | East Orange H. S..... | 11 |
| | High School..... | 6 |
| " 17. | High School..... | 6 |
| | Trinity School..... | 0 |
| " 21. | High School..... | 11 |
| | Princeton Preparatory.... | 11 |
| " 28. | High School..... | 0 |
| | Montclair H. S..... | 0 |
| Nov. 3. | High School..... | 10 |
| | Princeton Preparatory.... | 6 |
| " 8. | High School... [forfeited] | 6 |
| | Montclair Mil. Acad.... | 0 |
| " 10. | High School..... | 6 |
| | Montclair H. S..... | 0 |
| " 14. | High School..... | 11 |
| | Newark Academy..... | 0 |
| " 17. | High School..... | 11 |
| | Pingry School..... | 0 |
| " 21. | High School..... | 63 |
| | Westerleigh Institute.... | 0 |
| " 23. | High School..... | 10 |
| | Stevens Sophomores..... | 0 |



....FIELD DAY....

The Fourth Annual Field Day of the N. H. S. A. A. was held Friday, May 18th at the grounds of the South Orange Field Club. Although the weather was extremely disagreeable, still the events passed off very successfully. Four records were broken and one tied. The class of 1900, with 72 points, won the class banner for the second time; 1901 was second with 53; 1902 was third with 7, and 1903 failed to score. Outside of the record breaking, the most encouraging feature to be noticed was the splendid class spirit exhibited. This was especially apparent among the Senior and Junior girls; and since it has never been so lively before it must be set down as another result of co-education. The names are in

the order in which the contestants finished.

...SUMMARY OF EVENTS....

100 Yard Dash.—E. Pollard, '00, H. Lord, '00, F. Kaufhold, '01, L. Everet, '01. Time 11 2-5 seconds:

220 Yard Dash.—F. Schwinn, '01, E. Pollard, '00, R. Drummond, '00, L. Everet, '01. Time 25 2-5 Seconds. (H. S. Record tied.)

440 Yard Run.—F. Schwinn, '01, D. Axtell, '02, F. Bigelow, '00, S. Barnett, '01. Time 58 Seconds.

880 Yard Run.—F. Schwinn, '01, R. Campbell, '00, D. Axtell, '02, H. Gordon, '01. Time 2 Minutes, 30 Seconds.

Mile Run.—F. Schwinn, '01, D. Axtell, '02, H. Gordon, '01, E. McKellar, '00. Time 6 Minutes, 3-5 Seconds.

75 Yard Hurdle.—S. Barnett, '01, F. Bigelow, '00, C. Gross, '00, F. Kaufhold, '01. Time 10 2-5 Seconds.

Hammer Throw.—H. Lord, F. Mandeville, J. Lyon, H. Pritchard. 86 Feet.

High Jump.—W. Vreeland, '01, C. Gross, '00, F. Bigelow, '00, E. Pollard, '00. 5 Feet, 4 Inches. (H. S. Record Broken by 3 1-2 Inches.)

Broad Jump.—H. Lord, '00, S. Barnett, '01, E. Pollard, '00, R. Campbell, '00. 19 Feet. (H. S. Record Broken by 8 1-2 Inches)

Pole Vault.—Pullin, '01, Smith, '00, Gross, '00, McKellar, '00. 8 Feet, 3 Inches. (H. S. Record Broken by 1 Inch.)

Shot Put.—H. Lord, '00, E. Pollard, '00, J. Lyon, '00, E. McKellar, '00. 36 Feet, 6 Inches. (H. S. Record Broken by 4 Feet, 5 Inches.)

Discus Throw.—H. Lord, '00, S. Barnett, '01, F. Mandeville, '00, H. Pritchard, '02. 82 Feet.

Grammar School Relay Race.—Won by Summer Avenue School. Time 1 Minute, 51 3-5 Seconds.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL NEWS.

At last the High School girls have a real basket-ball team. An unsuccessful attempt was made last year to organize one. This year the girls, with the help of Miss McNary, effected an organization which we hope will win laurels for the school next year. Not being accomplished in their art, the new teams were timid about playing a match game, thereby subjecting themselves to the *superior* criticism of the school athletes, who questioned whether girls are adapted for athletic sports, and freely expressed their opinions on the subject. Notwithstanding these discouraging conditions, the girls plucked up enough courage to arrange, between two picked teams, to which these critics were cordially invited. (You see we do not bear any malice.)

The second Tuesday in March the two teams met in Bayley Hall and tried to wipe out the bad reputation the critics had given them. The line up was as follows:—
Ida Brandt, Right Forward Ida Wright,
Martha Johnson, Left “ Lillian Toms,
Pearl Pfeifer, Centre Given Blake,
Leah Abeles, Right Guard Sadie Kremantz
Mabel Forshay, Left “ Matilda Kremantz

Anxiously, we watched the faces of our superiors in the art, and saw that their expressions said, “Good play!” We wish to thank them here for their gracious commendations and also for the nickels which helped us fill our treasury.

The game proceeded without any *serious* mishaps, and as it advanced the girls became more and more enthusiastic, and each succeeding goal was accompanied by louder cheers from the gallery. The struggle continued until time was called, and the

score was 18 to 6. The victorious team, captained by Miss Pfeifer, left the field satisfied with the work of the day, and confident that next term would find many new names added to the roll of those who have already won honors for the "Newark High School."



TRACK ATHLETICS.

After very little practice the High School entered teams in the following games;

On May 5th, Barnett, Schwinn, Bigelow, and Lord in the Princeton Interscholastic Games; and on June 2nd Vreeland, Pullin, Barnett, Smith, and Lord in the New Jersey Interscholastic Games. In the former games Schwinn and Lord were placed, Schwinn getting third in the two mile run and Lord third in the discus throw. In the latter the High School managed to get 13 points, thus tying Steven's Prep. for third place. In these games Vreeland and Pullin got fourth in the High Jump and Pole Vault, respectively, Lord won the Shot Put and was placed in the Hammer Throw, Broad Jump and Discus Throw. The other fellows failed to score, but if Schwinn had not been laid up with an injured leg we would probably have heard from him in some of the runs. When we consider the character of our training facilities, this showing was extremely creditable, and when we get our new "gym" we shall undoubtedly be able to give any school in the League as "bad a rub" on the track as we have formerly on the base ball and football fields.—HOWELL LORD, '00.



BASKET-BALL.

The Second Basket-Ball team of the High School was much more representative of the school than the one of 1899 and

made a far better showing. One advantage that the team had over last year's was that it had a regular place to practice from the beginning of the season. Manager Bigelow had secured the use of the Bayley Lyceum on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ridge Street. Here the boys began work about the middle of December, and when they played their first game with Columbia Freshmen they were in fairly good condition. They steadily improved however and although they lost the Academy league game they put up a pretty stiff fight. We kept on improving and when we played the Academy again we beat them by the score of 14 to 9.

In this game we defeated the Academy in the one game at which we have never before beaten them and we hope that victory will be our's next year in the league game as well. The second team did good work and ought to be of great help in developing the players, and so aid the first team next year. The personnel of the teams and the schedule of games played follow:—

FIRST TEAM.

Forwards— { Vreeland, '01. Bigelow, '01.
 { Gross, '00.
Centre—Pollard, '00.
Guards—Schwinn, '01.

SECOND TEAM.

Forwards—Stoecker, '01.
Centre—Pritchard, '02.
Guards—Dewolf, '01. Clark, '01.

GAMES PLAYED.

| | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Newark H. S. 10. | Columbia Freshmen, 12 |
| Newark H. S. 14. | Lincoln A. C. - 8 |
| Newark H. S. 11. | Newark Academy, 18 |
| Newark H. S. 6. | Montclair H. S. 18 |
| Newark H. S. 34. | Columbia H. S. 0 |
| Newark H. S. 12. | Bayley Lyceum, 9 |

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Newark H. S. 14. | Newark Academy, 9 |
| Newark H. S. 14. | Y. M. C. A., 11 |
| Total, 115. | Total, 85 |
| Games Won 5. | Games Lost 3. |



BASEBALL SEASON OF 1900.

An improvement in the make-up of the baseball team of this year was quite evident. The most important drawback of the team work was the inability to secure good grounds in time for early practice. The league games were as follows :

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| Stevens Prep., 2. | H. S., 12. |
| Pringy, - 0. | H. S., 9. |
| Montclair, 5. | H. S., 5. |
| Academy, 1. | H. S., 17. |
| Prin'ton Prep. 4. | H. S., 3. |
| East Orange, 11. | H. S., 5. |

This gave the High School second place in the league, Princeton Preparatory winning, and East Orange tying with High School for second.



The Junior Latin classes of room 45 have done considerable hard and valuable work that is not prescribed in the course of study. Each student has written a paper or has produced a drawing that relates to some prominent phase of Roman life. The most suitable drawings have been framed and form pleasing and valued decorations for the walls. The money for framing the pictures was earned by a candy-sale, in preparation for which the pupils captured their teacher's house one afternoon after school and introduced him into the classic mysteries of fudge-stirring, fudge-cutting and running errands.

The drawings framed are, The Ruins of the Forum, The Colosseum, Arch of Titus, Map of the Forum, Capitolian Hill, Floor Plan of a Roman House, and Interior Per-

spective of a Roman House. A novelty is a relief map of the Roman Forum showing the principal buildings carved in wood. The compositions have been read at a special assembly of the classes. With part of the proceeds from the candy-sale a picture, reading from Homer, and plaster casts of Appollo, Diana, Triton and Winged Victory were bought.



OUR DEBATE.

As was our wont, each lad and each lass,
Assembled one day in our dear English class,
Our book we laid down,
With never a frown,
Not a word from our lips was let pass.

Miss B-lch-r with eyes all twinkling and bright,
Stood up in front as a brave soldier might.
She now would suggest
What would please all the rest,
In fact, fill us all with delight.

Our teacher smiled, so happy was she,
That she'd an idea we plainly could see.
"Twill be a debate
And I'll leave to their fate
Whoever the leaders will be.

"Please look this way and close both the doors,
The debate will be one the English and Boers.
Now your leaders choose,
(Those who will not lose.)
And please to choose them by fours."

B-ss P-rk-ns took the proud Englishman's fate,
She said she'd go on at a terrible rate,
She promised she'd look
Through every book
So she'd be posted for the debate.

Miss Gu-nth-r we chose the Boers to defend,
But not, as of old, her garments to rend
So she worked very hard,
The poor Boers to guard
And her voice in their chorus to blend.

Bessie was calm, but oh! she was red,
"The Boers are ignorant," so she said,
"And cannot teach school
Or keep any rule,
But by Oom Poul alone are led."

Miss Gu-nth-r used the adjective "poor,"
"The English are there much gold to secure."
Her arguments strong
She passed along
'Till of us she was almost sure.

"Now each raise your hand for English or Boer.
Fourteen to fifteen," the teacher counted o'er,
Bessie had won
But it wasn't much fun,
So hurrah for the English once more.

—C. T. SCHULTZ, 2-A.

